

THE
MARRIAGE ACT.

A
NOVEL.

CONTAINING A
SERIES

OF
Interesting Adventures.

*— tædæ quoque jure coissent,
Sed vetuere patres: quod non potuere vetare,
Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo. Ovid.*

VOL. H.

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THE
MARRIAGE ACT.

CHAP. XLIII.

A very natural, and yet a very unlucky Consequence. A Letter from Mr. Hearty. Eliza arrives at Mr. Thoroughgood's. The true Use of Female Friendship.

AT last the Moment came, which gave Tokens to *Fanny* that she had conceived from this stolen Embrace. She told him this in a Letter, which he answered; and which, of all those he wrote her from *London*, one excepted, we intend giving to our Readers.

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“ *My dearest Fanny,*

“ I KNOW not whether the Pains I feel on
“ your Account exceed the Joy which I
“ perceive on my own. My Soul, keep
“ yourself superior to the little Prejudices
“ of the World ; and believe me, the Mo-
“ ment that you think fit to let your Pa-
“ rents know in what Condition you are,
“ I will be present ; and, clasping thee in
“ my Arms, declare thee my dearest Wife.
“ From this no Father shall deter me. I
“ have it now in my Power to shew how
“ disinterestedly I love you, dearer to me
“ than before ; I long to be present with
“ thee, to soothe thy melancholy Hours,
“ and prattle out whole Days of Tender-
“ ness and Truth with thee, thou lovely
“ Partner of my Soul.

“ THO’ the Laws have denied all Power
“ of uniting our Hands, they cannot take
“ off that of our Hearts ; I am thy Hus-
“ band more firmly than ten thousand
“ nuptial Ceremonies can make me, by
“ the truest, tenderest, strongest Tie, thy
“ adored Embrace.

“ TELL me when I shall be present to
“ declare this to your Father, I will be in-
“ stantly with you. But, my charming
“ *Fanny*, let me implore you by yourself,

“ the

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“ the dearest Thing on Earth, suffer no
“ Dejection to take hold of your Mind, be
“ as gay as possible, till the Hours bring
“ me to thy Arms; the Arms of my dear-
“ est Wife.

“ *I am thine most affectionately,*

“ *and for ever,*

“ OLIVER HEARTY.”

THIS Letter imparted to her Soul all the Tranquillity she possibly could receive, yet she was still under great Dread how this fatal Secret should be disclosed to her Father. At this time arrived the lovely *Eliza*, whom the Reader may remember we left on the Road to *Exeter*; to which Place being arrived, she hired a double Horse, and came to the House of Mr. *Thoroughgood*. Nothing can express the Amazement which her Presence threw the Family into, each received her with Tokens of the greatest Joy and Welcome; and yet there appeared to them something inexplicable, in her Manner of Coming; and which, as the Reader knows it already, we shall only say that *Eliza* told it the Family.

B 2

MR.

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MR. *Thoroughgood* said, "He did not disapprove of her flying from marrying the Man she must detest: But, says he, my dear *Eliza*, we must let your Pappa know where you are, or it may have an ill Appearance, that I keep you here contrary to their Knowledge." To which she answered, "Sir, I will do that myself."

ELIZA being much fatigued with her Journey, *Fanny* proposed to her to retire to Rest early that Evening: "My Dear, says she, you will sleep with me." "Without doubt, says *Eliza*; whom should I sleep with but the loveliest Friend I have on Earth."

AFTER many mutual Endearments on both Sides Sleep seized on the Eyelids of *Eliza*, her Mind tasted a Repose which it had not known during the Journey; like a Bird of Passage tired with Flight, she rejoiced in being arrived at a Place of Rest. Whilst *Fanny* lay sleepless, debating whether she should declare her unhappy Situation to this tender Friend. The Morning came, and the pearly Tear ran down the Cheek of the unhappy Maid; she wept in Silence, yet not so secretly, but that *Eliza* waking, discovered her dearest Friend in Tears. "My Friend, my dearest *Fanny*, tell me the Cause of this Affliction: Tell me, says

"*Eliza*,

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“ *Eliza*, I must know.” “ What Afflic-
 “ tion? answer’d *Fanny*, what is gotten in-
 “ to your Imagination?” “ Deny it not,
 “ my lovely Friend, says she; you have
 “ been secretly weeping, I have perceived
 “ it some time.” In vain she tried to e-
 scape from the Inquisition of *Eliza*; she
 urged her so strenuously, mixed with so
 much Tendernefs that she could not refuse.
 “ Is there, says she, a Thing on Earth that
 “ *Fanny* can conceal from me? Is there a
 “ Suffering, which *Eliza* would not drive
 “ from the Heart of *Fanny*? or Danger,
 “ which I would not willingly engage in,
 “ to serve my dearest Friend?— It is in-
 “ human in you, lessen my Apprehensions
 “ of I know not what Evil which is fallen
 “ upon you; make me acquainted with the
 “ Truth, participate your Grief with me,
 “ and render your own Sorrows less afflict-
 “ ing by dividing them.”

URGED by these persuasive Words, she,
 at length, disclosed the whole Secret from
 her Bosom, intermixed with Floods of Tears,
 and Sighs without Number. “ Will *Eliza*
 “ pardon her fallen Friend, she cry’d? Will
 “ she have pity on her poor deluded *Fanny*?
 “ And yet, my dear Maid, says she, there
 “ was no villainous Intent which urged
 “ him to my Undoing; he loves me still,
 “ calls me his Wife, and vows eternal

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“ Truth. Yet, I am ruin’d ; my Fame
 “ is for ever gone ; I must eternally hide
 “ this guilty Head in Shades. Oh ! fatal
 “ Hour in which I suffered him to enter in-
 “ to my Chamber. Was every Power that
 “ waits on Virtue sleeping ? Oh ! lost—
 “ lost—undone—thy *Fanny* is undone.”

“ You are not undone, nor lost, cries
 “ *Eliza* ; the Crime is nothing ; it only
 “ proves the preposterous Attempt of pre-
 “ venting those from being legally mar-
 “ ried, whose Souls are too strongly at-
 “ tracted by each other to resist the Powers
 “ of Love ; the Crime is theirs. Can Pas-
 “ sion be restrained by Law, and human
 “ Hearts be governed like Watches turned
 “ to go faster or slower, as the Bearer
 “ pleases ? Believe me, *Fanny*, Mankind
 “ will pair like Turtles, if this Violence
 “ continues ; nor wait the Marriage Rite,
 “ which is to unite them with what they
 “ detest.”

“ I FEEL this Moment, says she, that I
 “ had been guilty of the same Offence, if
 “ this can be named Guilt, had I been in
 “ your Circumstances : Let me intreat you
 “ to cheer your drooping Soul, and drive
 “ this ill-founded Sorrow from your
 “ Heart.”

THIS gave some Relief to the weeping
 Fair-one : She then cried, “ But how shall

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" I disclose this fatal Secret to my Parents?
" How will that best of Men sustain the
" Discovery? Oh! *Eliza*, says she, I trem-
" ble for his Life; and surely my poor
" Mamma will sink beneath the Woe."

" LET me undertake this Task, says *E-*
" *liza*, some way shall be found out to
" convey it to him, so as the Pain shall be
" almost taken off. The Powers which
" guard the Virtuous, of which Number
" surely thou art one, (taking *Fanny* into
" her Arms) will assist me in this Under-
" taking. It shall be soon disclosed, that
" we may retire together, and prevent the
" Discovery. I will be thy Companion in
" thy Retirement, soothe every Care, soften
" every Pain; nay, Mr. *Hearty* himself
" shall be with us, and yield thee every
" Comfort: He cannot be false, who con-
" tinues to write you such tender Letters,
" expressing so much Constancy."

THIS Conversation alleviated the Distress
of *Fanny*; she felt her Heart more light, the
afflictive Weight was now supportable, and
some little Gleam of Hope dawn'd in upon
her Bosom; she talked with Ease, and en-
quired into the Particulars of *Eliza's* Jour-
ney. And here, as Matters seem a little
mending, we close this Chapter.

C H A P. XLIV.

Mr. William Worthy leaves London, becomes a Baronet by the Death of his Brother. A small Touch of the Author's Philosophy in the old Way. A fainting Fit. A Marriage. A Discovery. A Duel. A Dream. And, a Miscarriage. With several other Matters, all in one Chapter.

NOW the Reader must remember that we left Mr. *William Worthy* in the deepest Melancholy, on account of his being utterly unable to find by what Way his loved *Eliza* had escaped; and really believing she had put an End to her Days to fly the detested Arms of *Sir Roger Ramble*. This haunted his Mind with eternal Pain, which, as the corroding Acid of Nitre dissolves the purest Silver, wore down his Soul.

HE therefore determined, since his Health hourly declined, to desire Leave to retire to his native Air, in *Cornwall*; which he had obtained in a Week after she left her Father's House.

Now, the very Day before he departed, there came a Letter which brought him

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News of Sir *Simon Wortby* his Brother's Death, on his Travels in *Italy*. This gave him great Pain, and yet it was mixed with some Pleasure; not because his Estate was at present Two Thousand a Year, but because it inspired him with Hopes, that if *Eliza* was yet alive, he might claim her with great Reason, and be happy in Possession of all he loved.

THIS News he communicated to the Family, and desiring Mr. *Barter* to discharge him from farther attending his Business, in suffering him to pay what he should be pleased to ask. He and his Servant set out by gentle Journies to re-visit his native Soil.

NOW there belongs another Part to our Philosophy of Love; which is, that certain Emanations escaping from Souls, are received by others at some Distance, whose Fabric is composed of the same Quantity and Quality of Materials. This Power, like the Powers of Attraction, acts in some Ratio not yet discovered by Mathematicians, in proportion as those Beings which contain it are more or less distant from each other. From thence, or from some other Cause it was, that this Gentleman, now Sir *William Wortby*, felt himself more and more influenced with a Belief that *Eliza* was still alive. And when he arrived at *Exeter*, tho'

the House of Mr. *Thoroughgood* was distant from the Road, he was determined to go thither, attracted by the Increase of that emanating Power, and by Approximation to his dear *Eliza*; for he had never seen Mr. *Thoroughgood* but two or three times at Mr. *Barter's* Table, and yet he felt some insensible Power which would not suffer him to go on without visiting him.

To this House then he arrived, the Moment the Family was seated at Table; at which time a Domestic entering with a Message that a Gentleman and his Servant was asking for him, he bid the Servant ask him in to dine: "Tell him, says he, (be who he will) that we are at Table, and shall be very glad of his Company."

THE Door being opened, who should *Eliza* behold but Sir *William Wortby*, and he her: He shrieked out, "*Eliza!*" is my *Eliza* living?" and then fell motionless on the Floor; whilst she fainted into the Arms of *Fanny*, who sat next to her. This alarmed the Family, till both recovering, Sir *William* asked ten thousand Pardons of the Company, and approaching *Eliza* with a Look of inexpressible Tenderness, he took her Hand, longing to kiss her Lips, "Are you still alive? Do I behold thee yet living, after all the Pangs my Soul has felt for thee?"

THIS

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THIS *Eliza* heard with thrilling Joy, drooping her blushing Head in much Confusion. "Hah, hah, says Mr. *Thorough-*
" *good*, this is not the Gentleman surely
" from which you fled to avoid Matrimo-
" ny; this Part of your Story was con-
" cealed it seems?" He then desired Sir *William Worthby* to sit down, which he did; and he and *Eliza* dined as well as two Lovers can possibly do, whose Eyes had been long detained from feeding upon one another, and cannot find Time to satiate other Appetites of less Consideration.

DINNER being finished, he took an Opportunity of telling her he was now Sir *William Worthby*; "Which, says he, has
" made no other Alteration in me, than
" that of loving you ten thousand Times
" better than before: At least, says he, I
" can now prove it to be disinterested." After having tarried here several Days, and often laughed at *Eliza's* Escape and his own Sufferings, he said, "Now my dear-
" est *Eliza*, I suppose that your Parents
" will give me their Consent to wed you;
" especially, says he, as I shall desire no For-
" tune but those three Linnen Gowns, which
" you had made for your Escape: Will
" you permit me to ask it?" This Mr. *Thoroughgood* persuaded her to grant; and accordingly Sir *William Worthby* wrote a Letter
to

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to Mr. *Barter*, requesting his Daughter in Marriage, which was easily granted, as he asked no Fortune; however the old Man complimented him with Ten Thousand Pounds, and Mr. *Thoroughgood* united them in Marriage, a sincerely happy Couple.

To this Resolution Lady *Worthy* was truly inclined from her own Sensations; notwithstanding which, the Friendship she had for *Fanny* made her hasten the Nuptial Day.

“ I shall now have, says she, an Abode for
“ my lovely Friend, where to conceal her
“ Hour of Pain from the prying Eye and
“ babbling Tongue of Infamy.”

ONE Day then as Sir *William* and his lovely *Eliza* were walking Arm in Arm in the little Wood, which we have described, she discovered to him poor *Fanny*'s Condition, and took his Advice in what way to open it to her Father and Mother: “ For,
“ says she, if she should die in her Hour of
“ Peril, how shall we vindicate ourselves
“ from Censure ?”

“ POOR *Fanny*! says Sir *William*, how
“ do I pity her! lovely Girl! continued he,
“ we must, my dear *Eliza*, save her from
“ the Sarcaſm of an insensible World.”

They then consulted on the best way of declaring it to her Parents; which *Eliza* did in the following manner.

ONE

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ONE Day Sir *William*, Mr. *Thoroughgood* and she, taking an Evening's Walk together in the little Wood, *Eliza* began in this way: "Sir *William*, suppose you were
" a Parent, who had the loveliest Girl alive for your Daughter, and she was
" caught in Love to Distraction with a
" Man that was under Age, who loved her
" as well; and let us imagine, that as being absolutely forbidden to marry by this
" late Law, they transgressed the Bounds
" of the most severe Virtue, and she proved pregnant from his Company: Let us
" imagine also, that after this Discovery he
" still loved her better than ever, and continued the most faithful Man on Earth:
" How would you behave in such Circumstances towards this Daughter, who was
" guilty of no Crime but such as you and
" I might have committed, loving one another too well."

"INDEED, my Dear, I can scarce answer you." "What, says Mr. *Thoroughgood*?
" Why indeed, he replied, I should lament
" mine and her Misfortune; yet I would not
" withdraw my parental Fondness from her;
" There are many Crimes, in my Opinion,
" attended with much worse Circumstances
" than this, and that Parents behold it
" with too scrupulous an Eye, and punish
" it with too much Severity."

ELIZA heard this with Joy, and the next Day she disclosed to the good Man (he and she only in the Wood, Sir *William* staying with *Fanny*) the Circumstance of his dear Daughter: He wept and smote his Breast, and cried, "Am I fallen into this Affliction in my elder Days? Oh! *Fanny*, *Fanny*, poor deluded Creature! I did imagine something hung heavy on thy Heart by thy pale dejected Look, yet whatever my Sufferings may be, thine must be still greater: I will not add to thy Afflictions by my Behaviour towards thee: I will prepare thy Mother for the Reception of this fatal Affliction."

LADY *Worthy* then told him her Design of taking *Fanny* into *Cornwall* with her, no one can suspect the Cause, it is so natural for young Ladies to go to the Habitations of their new-married Friends, there she shall lie in in private; and I make no doubt of Mr. *Hearty's* marrying her with Raptures, when he is of Age.

THINGS being settled in this manner, Mr. *Thoroughgood* kissed his dear Child at returning home, only letting fall a few Tears and uttering some deep Sighs without ever mentioning that which he knew would give her the utmost Pain; and in the same manner the Mother behaved to her dear afflicted Daughter.

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A FEW Days after this *Sir William* and *Lady Wortby*, with *Fanny*, departed for his Seat, full of Gratitude for their Reception at this good Man's; *Sir William* presenting him with a Bank-bill of an Hundred Guineas, accompanied with these Words: "My more than Father, says he, who have given me the most perfect Creature upon Earth, my dear *Eliza*." This he said with Tears of Approbation; and then they all three mounted into the Coach for *Cornwall*.

THO' this best of Men and Women had held their Lips from uttering one single Word which might give *Fanny* Pain, yet it hung heavy on their Hearts; he had several times an Inclination to discover this Affair to *Sir Oliver Hearty*, but then he was afraid of his divulging the Secret. He therefore wrote an Account of it to his Son in *Oxford*, and forgetting to explain the Fidelity which *Mr. Hearty* protested in his Letters to his Daughter. He added, that the Author of this Affliction was in *London*.

THIS *Mr. Thoroughgood's* Son construed into an infamous Desertion of his Sister; and, without farther Pause, rode Post to *London*. He knew him when he studied in the University, and therefore did not doubt soon to find him. Within a few Days after his Arrival he discovered his Lodgings, and the

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the next Morning he waited upon him, and found him at home; when he entered the Apartment, young *Hearty* saw something in his Face full of Emotion: He was rising to receive him, when Mr. *Thoroughgood* said, “ You know my Errand, Sir, I suppose?” “ Not I, indeed, Sir;” says Mr. *Hearty*. “ Villain, says *Thoroughgood*, do you think “ to go unpunished for having seduced the “ loveliest Woman that ever breathed, you “ have ruined my Sister’s Fame for ever: “ I am determined to have Satisfaction.”

“ SIR, says the young Gentleman, the “ Moment I am of Age, I will wed her. “ Believe me, my Soul suffers more than “ her’s, on this Occasion; no Return shall “ be wanting on my Side to atone for this “ Indiscretion, and to make her happy.”

“ INDISCRETION! Villain, says he; this “ is the Cant of all such perjured Rascals: “ Your Baseness first prompts you to swear “ and to deceive, and your Cowardice to “ extenuate the Crime, and to keep from “ Danger: You shall give me Satisfaction “ for this heinous Injustice.”

“ SIR, says the young Gentleman, no o- “ ther Man on Earth durst say this to me, “ but I own you are the Brother of my “ lovely *Fanny*. It may appear to you that “ I have injured her, I can see some appa- “ rent Reason for your Resentment; but, “ believe

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"believe me, Sir, void of all Baseness or
"Timidity, she shall be my Wife with-
"out one Moment's Delay when I am of
"Age; which will be in nine Months
"Time."

"NINE Months—her Reputation will
"be undone before that Hour; Sir, I see
"your Artifice: You think to escape my
"Vengeance by this pretended Love for
"her; therefore, Coward, as you are, tell
"me whether you will behave as a Man,
"or as a treacherous false Seducer? Shall
"I brand your Name with Infamy; with
"that of Coward?"

"SIR, says young *Hearty*, I dare meet any
"Man but you."

"ANY Man but him that opposes you,
"you timid Wretch;" replies *Thorough-*
good.

"TO-MORROW Morning then, in the
"Fields behind *Montague* House, I will
"meet you, says young *Hearty*, at Five in
"the Morning." Not being able to bear
such Treatment.

"You shall find me there," says *Tho-*
roughgood, going away.

THE intervening Time young *Hearty*
employed in doing several Things, in pre-
paring for the Uncertainty of a Duel.

AMONGST which he wrote a Letter to his
lovely *Fanny*.

"My

" *My dearest Wife,*

" IT is impossible, my dearest *Fanny*, to
 " say how the coming Morning may
 " dispose of thy Husband's Life; then
 " am to meet the only Man on Earth
 " I should wish to shun on such an Occa-
 " sion, and give him Satisfaction for the
 " Injury which he supposes I have done
 " thee; Brother to Brother. I have en-
 " deavoured to avoid this, till human Na-
 " ture could no longer sustain his Insults
 " He loves thee to Distraction; yet not a
 " I do: What hard Fate! that the Love of
 " the same Person must prove the Death of
 " one of us, where there is no Rivalship
 " I have bequeathed thee, my Soul, all I
 " have in my Power to bestow thee, Four
 " Thousand Pounds in Money, and my
 " Picture set in Diamonds, which I intend-
 " ed to have sent you by some private
 " Hand. If it be my Fate to fall, I part-
 " don from my Soul the Man that is the
 " Cause of it, being persuaded it is only
 " the Love of thee, and the Vindication
 " of thy Honour, which urges him to this
 " rash Deed. Weep over my Resemblance
 " sometimes, and believe me the sincerest
 " and tenderest Lover, that ever lived on

" died

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died for Woman. Adieu, my dearest
Wife.

"Thine eternally,

"OLIVER HEARTY."

THE Morning being come, the two Combatants appeared at the Place appointed; when again young *Hearty* would have expostulated, and disengaged himself from this Duel, but in vain; Mr. *Thoroughgood* conceived it to be all Evasion. And thus, after having made several Passes at each other, young *Hearty* was run through the Body, and fell on the Ground.

"Now, Sir, says the bleeding Youth, I
"imagine you will believe the last Words
"of him whom you gave no Credit to before;
"I call that God to Witness, before
"whom I may instantly appear, that I
"love your Sister, my lovely *Fanny*, my
"dearest Wife, beyond all Power of expressing;
"and would have married her at the Moment I was of Age. I have
"given her by my Will, all that I have a
"Power of disposing of, with my Picture
"set in Diamonds; which I implore her
"to receive, and remember him that gave
"it." And then putting his Hand into his Bosom, he untied the Knot which held
the

the Portrait of his lovely *Fanny* in Miniature, always hanging on his Breast: "Here," says he, almost fainting, restore the Image of that lovely Maid to those chaste Hands which gave it me: Tell her, it has been my constant Companion, and dwelt upon my beating Heart, as her Image has on my Mind, since the Hour she distinguished me with this Present."

ALL this while *Thoroughgood* stood dumb with Attention, when taking the Picture of his Sister sprinkled with Blood, he burst into Tears, and cried out, "Have I then slain the Man I might call Brother? Would you have married my Sister? Do you love her yet? Miserable Wretch that I am!" This he said, stooping to embrace him, "I will expire by thy Side," snatching the Sword to stab himself.

"STAY your hasty Hand, upbraid not yourself; you believed me another Man than I am, I forgive you: May you live, and enjoy eternal Peace. Fly, or it may be fatal to you: Death shall draw no Discovery from my Lips," says Mr. *Hearty*. At these Words young *Thoroughgood* left him, and ran to a Surgeon whom he knew, and sent him to the Place where young *Hearty* lay weltering in his Blood.

HIS Wounds being dressed upon the Spot as well as possibly it could be done, he was carried

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carried home, and *Thoroughgood* fled directly for *Calais*, intending to await the News of Mr. *Hearty*'s Death or Recovery.

THE Will, Papers, and Letter to *Fanny* which was never sent, all which were left in young *Hearty*'s Room, were delivered to a particular Friend by his Order. Before *Thoroughgood* quitted *London*, he wrote his Father a Letter, giving him an Account of this dreadful Disaster. And Sir *Oliver Hearty* received one, giving him an Account of the Duel, and his Son's being wounded, the same Post. On the Receipt of which, he set out Post for *London*.

THE Night which preceded the Duel was passed in infinite Anxiety by poor *Fanny*. She never closed her Eye, but some terrifying Idea relating to the Being she loved the best on Earth, was presented to her Imagination. She had received that very Day the tenderest Letter which Love and Truth could dictate, informing her of his Health, wishing for nothing on Earth but to be near her; and sincerely promising to be with her at the Hour of Danger, whenever that should arrive.

NOTWITHSTANDING this Letter, every Moment she waked from her Slumber she could not refrain from believing, that Mr. *Hearty* was in Danger. And in the Morning at the very Hour of this fatal Duel and his being

being run thro' the Body, she dreamt she saw Mr. *Hearty* all pale and bloody, at her Bed-side in his Shirt, pronouncing, *Fanny, Fanny, Fanny.*

THIS Dream made such Impression on her Spirits, that she told it several Times in the Morning to Sir *William* and Lady *Wortby*; with adding, that nothing could convince her till she received a Letter, but that her dear Mr. *Hearty* was in the utmost Danger.

THEY tried to laugh her out of this superstitious Weakness. She owned that it was indulging a silly Credulity, which might be altogether ill founded. "But, says she, " I find my Heart so unusually afflicted, " that nothing can persuade me from giving Credit to this Dream: Surely there " is some Evil happened to him, I know " my Soul sympathizes with his, and nothing can affect him which can pass unnoticed by me. When will a Letter bring me Peace?"

THE Post came, and with it no Letter: This increased her Anguish, her Bosom was eternally heaving with Sighs, and her Eyes flowing with Tears. " I know he must be " ill, says she, nothing on Earth could have " prevented him from writing to me, he " knows that I live entirely on his Letters, " nothing could have prevented the most " faithful

“ faithful Man that ever loved from giving me the greatest Pleasure, next to being with him, that I can possess; but some Illness. Alas! he dies, and I am miserable for ever.”

No Consolation was wanting, which good Sense, good Nature and Friendship could administer, on the Part of Sir *William* and Lady *Wortby*. At length a Letter came from Mr. *Thoroughgood* to Sir *William*, giving an Account of the Affair, and desiring him and his Lady to disclose it to *Fanny*, in the manner they thought best; at the same time acquainting them, that Sir *Oliver Hearty* was gone to *London*, and that he would acquaint them every Post whether Mr. *Hearty* was like to recover or not. “Be tender, says he, in disclosing this fatal Accident to my dear *Fanny*; I fear she will not survive the Hearing it: Alas! I shall then be deprived of all my Children, all lost to me, not one to yield me Comfort in my helpless Years! But why do I caution you, who love her with such excessive Friendship?”

At the receiving this Letter they told *Fanny*, that Mr. *Hearty* was ill, and that Sir *Oliver* was gone to *London*; but that his Disease was not dangerous. “Is he not dead, says she? Tell me, my dearest Friend, bursting into Tears, tell me truly.”

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“ly.” “Indeed he is not, my dear *Fanny*,
“said Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*, I con-
“jure you be at Ease; he is not dead.”
“Then he must die, says she: Thank Hea-
“ven, I shall not long survive.”

AT these Words she fainted away, and
being carried to Bed fell immediately into
Pains which ended in a Miscarriage, which
had like to have proved fatal to her: No-
thing could exceed the Tenderness and Care
of Lady *Worthy*, she performed the Office
of Mother, Friend, and Nurse; and when-
ever *Fanny* asked if Mr. *Hearty* was dead,
she answered, no; that he really grew better.

“Why do I not hear from him then, says
“she? Has he deserted his *Fanny*? Is Sir
“*Oliver* gone to see him wedded to an-
“other?”

“No, by all my Friendship for you,
“says Lady *Worthy*, he has not deserted
“you; he is as truly your’s as ever.” This
Affeaveration, tho’ it took off all Suspicion
of his being false to her, filled her Heart
with a Million Alarms for his Safety; tho’
it annihilated one Pain, it imparted an-
other.

THE unhappy Father and Mother of this
Son and Daughter, with Difficulty kept
themselves from yielding up to this Cala-
mity. “My Wife, says he, what has this
“World in it, worthy a good or a wife
“Man’s

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The MARRIAGE ACT. 25

Man's Pursuit? Who was happier than we were once, who are now more wretched? Come blissful Hour of our Departure, come and hide our Sorrows and grey Hairs in the Grave together! there only Peace is secure to Man—— How transient are all sublunary Joys! God of my Salvation hear thy imploring Servant, teach me to bear with unrepining Heart the Sorrows with which thou deignest to visit us below: My Son an exiled Assassin, my Daughter deflowered; and he that could alone restore her Fame, perhaps lies murdered by her Brother's Hands. Is it not Murder? Is not this beyond all human Bearing?"

In this manner he complained in broken unconnected Sentences, praying with his Wife, for the Hour of their Dissolution. And now Sir *Oliver* being arrived at *London*, found his Son yet living, and some Hopes of his surviving his Wounds; which Intelligence he sent his Daughters. At the same time Mr. *Thoroughgood* received a Letter that Mr. *Hearty* was like to recover, which restored his Peace of Mind greatly. Young *Thoroughgood* had desired his Father in his Letter, not to say that Mr. *Hearty* fell by his Hands; so that no one knew by whom he was wounded.

26 *The* MARRIAGE ACT.

AND now Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy* assured *Fanny* that Mr. *Hearty* was out of Danger, that he would soon write her a Letter, her Father also having sent her an Epistle, declaring the same Thing, she became more easy. Mr. and Mrs. *Thoroughgood* came to Sir *William Worthy's*, to see their Daughter; where the Father assured her, that Mr. *Hearty* was quite recover'd, reading a Letter which he had received from *London* to that purpose. This quieted her Mind, and she recovered: No Person of the Family but an old Nurse as secret as Confessor, Sir *William*, and his Lady, having the least Suspicion of what was the Cause of *Fanny's* Illness.

WE must now desert poor *Fanny*, leaving her in good Hands; and cast our Eyes on what was passing in *London*. And thus conclude this Chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XLV.

Mr. Hearty's Recovery. An Overture of his which answers the Design. Sir Oliver's Sentiments different from his Son's. Young Thoroughgood's Distress, and Reconciliation with Mr. Hearty. A joyful Meeting of all together.

SIR Oliver Hearty finding his Son grew better every Day, the Surgeon giving him great Hopes of his Recovery, pressed him to declare with whom and on what account the Duel was fought. "Sir, says the Son, it was thro' my Fault; I was the Cause of it; it would be cruel to put the Life of the Man whom I incited to this Action in risque of being taken off, by an ignominious Death." To which the old Baronet replied, "Ods-heart, ods-heart; why, he ran thee thro' the Body, did he not? Be sure, I wou'd have hang'd him for't, if you had died." "Sir, says the Son, I imagined you would; and for that Reason I must conceal his Name, till I am thoroughly recovered." He then asked after his Friends in the Country, particularly Mr. Thoroughgood, and Mrs. Thoroughgood. And not Fanny? "Ods-

“ heart, not *Fanny* ?” says the old Baronet, winking and smiling.

“ POOR *Fanny* !” says the young Man, sighing softly ; how is she ?” “ Pretty well, I believe ; she is gone to Sir *William* *Worthy*’s, answer’d the Father ; what you have not forgot your old Love yet, I find ?” “ No, Sir, says he ; nor ever shall. You must pardon me ; you will ; but no Time can efface her Image from my Heart. ’Tis in vain I recover from this Wound, unless I am permitted to be happy in her Arms. Life will be only a Chain, which, like a Gally-slave, I must drag along ; the constant Clanking of which will for ever remind me of my wretched Condition. Sir, will you permit me to make her my Wife ? There are, besides my Love for her, ten thousand Reasons why I ought to marry her alone.”

“ ODS-HEART, ods-heart ; what, marry a Parson’s Daughter ! Sir *Oliver* *Hearty*’s Son marry a Parson’s Daughter ! can’t be, can’t be ; what will the World say ?” says the old Gentleman.

“ BELIEVE me, Sir, replied the Son ; cannot live on other Terms : These Wounds may close, perhaps, but there are others thro’ which Life must flow out, unless I am indulged in this reason-
“ able

able Desire. What can oppose uniting all that is virtuous, all that is beautiful, all that is good to your Family? Can Riches communicate this heart-felt Joy to a Mind truly formed for Happiness? Let me implore you, Sir, yield to this Request: For believe me, he added, the Hour I am of Age, if I can live so long, makes me her Husband: There are Reasons why I should break all Duty to you the best of Fathers, to wed this loveliest of Women."

SIR *Oliver* knew not what to reply: He was unwilling to oppose his Son's Request, lest by disturbing his Mind he might again throw him into a Fever, and risque his Life; nor was he willing to grant it him: To-morrow, To-morrow, we'll discourse of this again To morrow."

"SIR, says the young Gentleman, with flowing Tears, let me implore you to grant me my Request; it is impossible you should conceive what Happiness this will impart to your Son, and one who is dearer to him than he is to himself."

THE Baronet cried, "Well, well, ods-heart, ods-heart, if it must be so, it must be so; th' hast a caught me at an unlucky Time, I can't deny thee any thing now."

30 *The MARRIAGE ACT.*

No Joy ever equalled that which this Answer communicated to the Heart of Sir Oliver's Son; forgetting his Wound, and every other Pain, he started up in his Bed, and demanded Pen, Ink and Paper, to write to his lovely *Fanny*, "Now she will be completely blest," he cried. But this Action had like to have cost him dear: the Anguish of his Wound was made so great by it, he could not continue a Moment without lying down again, and therefore desired his Father to signify his Consent by a Letter to Mr. *Thoroughgood*, which Sir *Oliver* did, in the following Terms:

"*Parson Thoroughgood*,

"**A**T my Boy's Desire I must tell you that I have given my Consent, that he shall marry your Daughter. I could not refuse him any thing in his Condition; tho' thank Heaven he mends every Day, so you may tell Miss *Fanny* of it as soon as you will.

"He hath not yet told me with whom he fought; when he doth, I will let you know. My Service to your Wife and Daughter. I am,

"*Your humble Servant*,

"**OLIVER HEARTY.**

THE

The MARRIAGE ACT. 31

THIS Letter gave inexpressible Joy to the Heart of Mr. and Mrs. *Thoroughgood*; the good Man sent it immediately express to Sir *William Worthy's*, where it gave them as much Joy. And now it was, that *Fanny* first knew the true Cause of Mr. *Hearty's* Silence, poor Creature she wept and kissed the Letter a million times, and was with much Difficulty persuaded to keep herself from going to *London*. She said, “ she was sure “ a Post-Chaise was a very safe Vehicle; “ that she could be of more use to him “ than all the People in the World in his “ present Condition; that it was Cruelty “ to be absent from the Man, who loved “ her to such Excess.”

HOWEVER a Letter from his own Hand, by the next Post, consisting of three Lines only, prevailed upon her to tarry in the Country. “ In which, he said, that a few “ Days would restore him well enough to “ begin his Journey, which would bring “ him to her Arms, the Abode which his “ Soul only loved and desired to dwell “ in.”

AND now Sir *Oliver* insisted to know with whom he sought: On which Account his Son first demanded a Pardon for him, be who he would: “ Aye, aye, says Sir *Oliver*, “ods-heart, I may pardon'en now, “ he hath not killed thee; but I would “ have

“ have hanged ’en if th’ hast died, if there
 “ had been any Law in *Christendom*.”

THE young Gentleman then explained
 to his Father the Cause of their Quarrel,
 and who it was. “ Ods-heart, ods-heart,
 “ says the Baronet, what kill one who lov-
 “ ed his Sister so well, why th’ toldest ’en
 “ that th’ lovest her, didst not? a bloody-
 “ minded Fellow! hope I shall ne’er set
 “ sight o’ en: Ods-heart, ods-heart, a de-
 “ sperate Fellow!”

“ SIR, you mistake the Affair, says the
 “ Son; he imagined me the Deceiver, not
 “ the Lover of his Sister: It was to vindi-
 “ cate her Honour that this was done, he
 “ could not suffer the Idea of his Sister’s Pol-
 “ lution to enter into his Head unrevenged;
 “ I ought to love him the more for this In-
 “ stance of loving her so well. Young La-
 “ dies are so frequently deluded by disho-
 “ nourable Villains, and this Marriage Act
 “ has so strengthened the Powers of Decep-
 “ tion in Man, that it is no wonder he ima-
 “ gined me the Ruiner of his Sister. There
 “ must be infinite Quarrels of this Kind if
 “ the *British* Spirit has not entirely left the
 “ Nation, or Brothers and Relations can
 “ tamely behold their Sisters and Cousins
 “ ruin’d and betrayed, without being warm-
 “ ed to demand Justice for the Injuries
 “ which must fall upon them. You see,
 “ Sir,

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Sir, it was in Justice to the Character of her I love, that he proceeded to this Quarrel; don't you imagine, that I ought to esteem him ten times more on this Account? Is not he something more than a Brother?" "Ods-heart, ods-heart, can't see that for the Life o'me, a Man that would murder one, more than a Brother; a bloody-minded Fellow; hope I shall ne'er set sight o'en; cruel bloody-minded Fellow. Well, well, the Danger is over now."

SIR *Oliver*, however, could never reconcile how young *Thoroughgood* could be esteemed by his Son, who had attempted to kill him in a Duel; he never penetrated to the Principle of this Action; he was astonished, who was cool from all Sense of Injury being offered to him, why he would not take his Son's Word, when he promised to marry his Sister; and could not divest himself from thinking, that he was a cruel bloody-minded Fellow.

AND now the young Baronet being at Ease, his Wounds healed apace; having learnt also from the Surgeon where young *Thoroughgood* was fled for Safety, he wrote him a Letter, acquainting him with what had passed between his Father and himself with respect to his having obtained Consent to marry his Sister; and assuring him, that

he thought him more worthy of the Alliance with his Family now, than before he had taken a Resolution to risque his Life in vindicating his Sister's Honour. He requested him to hasten to *London*, and accompany him and his Father into the Country, to meet his venerable Parents and amiable Sister, and be present at the nuptial Rite.

At the Reception of this Epistle young *Thoroughgood* felt a Sense of Joy spread over his Heart, which dissipated that eternal Gloominess which had hung upon him since the Duel; not one Moment's Tranquillity had dwelt in his Bosom since his Escape, the Thought of having killed a Fellow-Creature in Heat of Passion was a Sentiment which he would have given the World to have fled from; and that, added to the other of having slain a Man who dying pronounced himself his Brother, imbittered the former Reflection to such a degree, that Life was a Load he could not find Powers to support: There were Moments in which he had resolved to finish his Horrors by the same Sword which had proved fatal to young *Hearty*.—— “ Good Heavens! he often exclaimed, what is the feeble Reason of Man! and what its boasted Philosophy! the Globe does not now contain a single Spot on which to place my Foot in Security and internal Peace; all

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"flies before me, all is Deceit, Reason a
 "fallacious visionary Dream!— Come
 "God of my Salvation, deign to assist a
 "despairing Sinner, pour on my wounded
 "Soul the Balm of thy all-righteous Dic-
 "tates: Had I pursued thy Command-
 "ments, I had been blessed." This Letter
 then dispelling all this dusky Horror of the
 Soul, his Mind returned to a Pleasure, some-
 thing resembling that which Wretches con-
 demned to Dungeon Darkness conceive at
 their emerging into Day-light and Warmth
 of the genial Sun-beam: A Sense of Joy,
 which tho' exquisite beyond all Power of
 Speech to declare, we sincerely wish that no
 human Creature may ever tread the dark-
 some terrific Path which leads to it.—
 Yet much we fear the Consequence of this
 fatal Marriage Law; it must bring nume-
 rous Scenes of this Nature into Light, un-
 less it shall be timely repealed, and where
 no Consolation can follow the irrevocable
 Deed.

THE first Vessel young *Thoroughgood* em-
 barked from *Calais*, and landing at *Dover*
 with a prosperous Gale and swift Passage,
 the Winds being willing to waft him to his
 Brother's Arms, as he now conceived him,
 he immediately took Post and arrived at the
 Lodgings of *Sir Oliver Hearty*.

THE

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THE Servant bringing up his Name, the young Baronet bid him shew him up; at which Expression the old Gentleman cried out, "Ods-heart, ods-heart, let me be gone, " I can't bear the Sight of 'en; let me be " gone, let me be gone." However, before he could withdraw into the adjoining Chamber, young *Thoroughgood* had entered the Apartment; at which Instant the two young Men ran into each other's Arms, young *Thoroughgood* crying out, "Do I " grasp thee in those Arms in Health? Is " that Bliss granted me? Can my *Hearty* " pardon the Violence of Passion, the—the " —what I cannot mention."

" PARDON thee, my Brother, says the " young Baronet, I love you for the noble " Deed of vindicating my *Fanny's* Honour, " Can a Man entertain Anger against him " who prefers the Fame of his Brother's " Wife to his own Existence? Yes, my " *Thoroughgood*, I conceive you as my own " Twin-brother, Love and Friendship shall " be now the only Passions that shall pos- " sels our Souls."

DURING this Time Sir *Oliver* stood like *Atlas* King of *Mauritania*, turned into Stone by the petrifying Virtue of *Medusa's* Head; he was dumb, and could not find any Method of reconciling in himself, how two Men who had been endeavouring to
kill

kill each other a few Days since, could now be running into each other's Arms in all the Raptures of Friendship.

At length young *Hearty* recovering a little from this Ecstasy, said to young *Thoroughgood*, "Sir *Oliver Hearty*, Sir," presenting him to his Father. At this Moment young *Thoroughgood* said, "Sir, perhaps you may behold with Amazement, the Man who a few Days since thirsted to kill your Son, at this Instant running into his Arms with all the Fondness of a Lover: Yet I call Heaven to witness, that at this Moment I would with Readiness risque my Life to preserve his."

"ODS-HEART, ods-heart, it may be so, it may be so; can't say the contrary."

"INDEED, Sir *Oliver*, it is true. To defend my Sister's Name from Infamy."—

At which Words young *Hearty*, suspecting what was to follow, making some Tokens to young *Thoroughgood*, stopt him from proceeding, and dexterously turned the Conversation. The Son was not willing that the Father should know that his *Fanny* was actually pregnant till they were married, nor did he know what had happened to her: He was under Apprehensions that such a Discovery might stagger the old Baronet's former Promise, and impart

impart some unfavourable Idea of his lovely *Fanny*.

Now the Baronet, in a Day or two seeing his Son and young *Thoroughgood* so excessively friendly and inseparable, began to be reconciled to *Thoroughgood*, and conversed with him freely enough, especially as this young Gentleman used every Art and Politeness to win on the Resentment which the Baronet had entertained against him.

THE Health of young *Hearty* being perfectly re-established, they proposed setting out for *Devonshire*. However, before they left *London*, the Baronet's Son wrote his lovely *Fanny* a Letter, desiring her to meet him at her Father's; where she came attended by Sir *William* and Lady *Worby*.

AND now the Hearts of Mr. and Mrs. *Thoroughgood* were returned to their former Tranquillity; that Anguish which had so long possessed them being some time in wearing off, the Sense of their Affliction continued after the Cause was removed; as the Waves of the Sea remain in Agitation after the Cessation of the tempestuous Winds, which first put them into Motion.

THE Day was arrived on Wings of Joy, which was to give him his whole Family; one of which he had considered as an Exile from his native Land, the other dead in Reputation, stained, contaminated, lost:

His *Fanny* was already at his House, when in the Evening the three Strangers arrived together.

The young Baronet ran into his *Fanny's* Arms, and she into his, all Reserve being lost on this Occasion; when she cried out, "Art thou yet alive, do I feel thee, and clasp thee to my throbbing Bosom?" "I am, I am, my dearest *Fanny*; and for thee alone," he replied. At which Words the Exertion of their animal Faculties was so great, that it was with great Difficulty they were preserved from Fainting, their very Souls seeming to escape from them for the sake of a nearer Embrace. Young *Thoroughgood* then embraced his Father and Mother, whilst the Tears ran down their venerable Cheeks; the old Gentleman crying out, "Enough, enough, good Heaven, oh! take me hence, e'er I relapse to feel the Pangs of human Nature, it is too exquisite a Joy!"

SAYING this, he embraced the young Baronet; at which Instant Mr. *Hearty* kneel'd and begged him to give him his Daughter, which the old Gentleman granted, the Tears running apace from his Eyes, "May you be blessed as you deserve, says he. I fear to live beyond this Hour; I feel myself so happy, methinks I dread the Chance of losing it." Then *Fanny* and her Brother

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ther embraced each other ; yet she has since confessed that her Heart thrilled with Reluctance, the Thought of his having so nearly killed her Lover coming into her Mind at that Instant ; so much she loved young *Hearty* better than all the World.

ALL this while Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy* stood in silent Admiration, the Tears of Joy stealing from their Eyes ; Sir *Oliver* being sensibly touched at the Sight also, joining his Tears of Approbation, crying out at the End, “ Ods-heart, ods-heart, I “ could not have thought they loved one “ another so well ; if I had, they should not “ have been parted so long : Desperate “ Love, desperate Love ! God bless ’em, “ God bless ’em.”

AND now the Company being all made known to one another, an universal Joy appeared on every Face, nothing was ever so happy before ; they sat down to an elegant and chearful Meal, and spent such an Evening, that I verily believe, if a Man was to pick out all the Joys, Delights, Friendships, Amours, and clever Things of all the Routs in all the Town, and put them together amongst an equal Number of the finest Company in *London*, in the most splendid Apartment of the Duke of ——— House, they could not produce a Thousandth Part of the Soul-felt Felicity which this

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The MARRIAGE ACT. 41

Company knew this Evening at a Country Parson's little Habitation. And thus having brought them well together, we follow the Landlord's Custom of wishing their Honours a good Night, and conclude this Chapter.

C H A P. XLVI.

The two Misses Hearty arrive at Mr. Thoroughgood's. The Ignorance of these young Ladies. Bath the fittest University for making an accomplish'd Woman. Another Marriage. Joy on all Sides. Young Thoroughgood's Speech, and Sir Oliver's Approbation.

THE next Morning the two Misses Hearty came to see their Brother: These young Ladies loved him as their Life, they kissed him a thousand times, and strove who should give him the longest and most frequent Expression of their Love by their tender Embrace; they then ran to their Father, and welcomed him home; then to Fanny, whom they loved as a Sister, and in whose Favour they had said a Million good-natured Things to their Father. So

So silly are these poor Country Girls, who have never seen *London* and tasted the Joys which it can produce, they really imagine that Virtue, good Nature, good Sense and Beauty, confined to the Possession and Praise of one Man, is true Happiness. They wonder what Joy there can be in being mob'd in the Park, gazed not out of Countenance at an Opera, envy'd at a Rout, talked Nonsense to by Prigs in Embroidery, in fine Coaches, Equipages and Entertainments, which divide them from the Man they love: Such Ignorance attends a Country Breeding. Wherefore I would advise every Country Gentleman who marries a young Lady, that has not been blessed with a Town Education, and is very pretty, to carry her to *Bath*, the School of the Universe; where a Woman of Beauty may the soonest be completed, two Seasons generally finishing the Work, and be led into the fashionable Accomplishments of despising her Husband, over-rating her Beauty, lamenting her being married to a Country Put, and in a very fair way of figuring at all the modish Places of Resort, acquiring the polite Airs and Behaviour of those Dames who are blest with breathing the purer Air of *St. James's*, and flying from the best of Husbands with a Gallant to *Paris*, who will wish her to the Devil, and probably desert her

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her in six Weeks: Which Aggregate makes the Character of a modern accomplish'd Woman, and whom a Husband need not be ashamed to acknowledge for his Wife in the best Company.

THIS Morning Mr. *Thoroughgood* united in Marriage the Hands of those two Lovers, whose Hearts had been long joined beyond all Power of Separation: Sir *Oliver* himself being well pleased to see and hear his Son at the End of the Ceremony turning to his *Fanny*, and in pressing her to his Bosom, cry out in Raptures, "Behold the happiest Man on Earth! Sir, you have made me now the happiest Man on Earth," to Mr. *Thoroughgood*. "And you, Sir, says the good Man, have made me the happiest Parent." "My Father, says he to Sir *Oliver*, how gratefully do I acknowledge this parental Goodness, in permitting me to wed this lovely Creature." This he said, and taking *Fanny* by the Hand, they both dropt on their Knees; when Sir *Oliver*, being much moved at this Expression and Behaviour, weeping with Joy, cried out, "God bless you, God bless you, I'll make you happy, I'll give you all in my Power to make you happy. Ods-heart, ods-heart, how they love one another? It puts me in Mind of being married to my Wife; we

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“ we loved one another just so.” Then the Baronet stooped and lifted up *Fanny*, and kissed her saying, “ God blefs thee, “ my dear Child ; I think I shall love thee “ as well as my Son does. Ods-heart, ods- “ heart.”

THIS being past, the two young Ladies rushed into *Fanny*’s Arms, kissed and embraced her, and welcomed her into the Family, calling her their dear Sister. Then Lady *Worthy* pressed her to her Bosom, in Friendship and Tears ; as did Sir *William*. “ Now, my dearest Friend, said Lady *Wor- thy*, did not I tell you that you would “ not pass unregarded by that Power which “ makes Virtue its peculiar Care.” “ In- “ deed, says *Fanny*, I now am happy ; “ happy in Husband, Parents, Brother, “ Sisters, Friends : Can human Felicity “ receive any Addition, to that which my “ Soul enjoys this Instant.”

THE Hours before Dinner were passed in walking and admiring the Taste of Mr. *Thoroughgood*’s Garden, and little Wood ; where every Thing was elegant. “ Yes, “ says the good old Man, every Thing now “ appears in that View ; it is even a Para- “ dise at this Instant : Yet only Heaven “ knows, and my own Heart can conceive, “ how gloomy all appeared but a little “ while past, and what trying Moments I “ have

The MARRIAGE ACT. 45

Then have passed in this Retirement. God of
Fanny, my Salvation, he emphatically pro-
thee, nounced, it is owing to thy peculiar
e thee Care and inspiring Power that my Days
t, ods- had not been some time since terminated
in that mossy Cell, so great was my Di-
Ladies strefs. Let me ever be mindful of thy
d em- Mercies; and let Mortals learn from me
he Fa- and my Story, never to entertain Despair,
Then nor ever to depend on perfect Happiness
m, in below. To this happy Revolution I will
William. erect a Temple of ever-during Flint,
Wor- sacred to returning Peace; in which shall
would be inserted on a Marble-stone the Cause
which of its being built; and this I hope will
“In prove a Lesson of Instruction to Men,
appy; who may possess this Living when I am
other, beyond the Reach of human Joys or
elicity Misery.”

THE Dinner being served, Sir *Oliver* was
the gayest Man in the Company; the Bride-
groom and Bride sitting by the Side of each
other; the old Gentleman observed, “Ods-
“heart, ods-heart, what dine with the Bride
“the first Day! a fine Bridegroom, a fine
“Bridegroom! it was the Fashion when I
“was married, to stand behind your Bride’s
“Chair with a Napkin, and serve her:
“Serve her To-day, she’ll serve you al-
“ways after;” says the Baronet winking,
and striking Sir *William* who sat next him,
with

with his Elbow. Pleased at these Words, his Son rose and took a Napkin to wait on his lovely *Fanny*, *Sir Oliver* and the Company smiling; but she could not permit it, and begged *Sir Oliver* to excuse her Husband, "Or, says she, I cannot taste a Morsel with Delight. I will serve him all my Life without this Ceremony; indeed, *Sir Oliver*, I will, with great Joy."

WHICH Request being complied with, *Sir Oliver* cried out, "A sly Baggage, a sly Baggage; ods-heart, a sly Baggage." And then whispered to *Sir William Wortby*, "Ods-heart, I believe I shall love her as my own Child; I fancy she loves my Son desperately." The Truth of which *Sir William* assuring him of also, "Well, says he, ods-heart, a Fortune in a Wife, is better than a Fortune with a Wife; yet this devilish Marriage-Act had almost a-scat the whole Matter."

WHICH Word *a-scat*, as perhaps this History may not have a Glossary printed at the End of it, we must acquaint our Readers, signifies frustrated, and is taken from the Image of an Egg broken by throwing it against a Wall, which is called *a-scat* in the Language of the *Damnonii*.

"*Sir Oliver*, says young *Mr. Thoroughgood*, I consider this Bill as the most pernicious that has ever passed in any Coun-

try ; not to say the most disgraceful that ever was enacted against those who are destined to the Office of Religion, held sacred till now, thro' the World."

" SIR, continued he, the Immorality which must be the Consequence of it is inconceivable, in a Nation where the young Ladies are educated in the manner in which they are in *England*; where the Youth of both Sexes are so often in Company together; shutting up the Way which leads to Matrimony, opens that which must tend to Fornication. Will the fond Desire, the heaving Bosom be controuled by Laws? Because Youth is forbidden to marry, can it be imagined that it can be prevented from loving? Will glowing Hearts stay whole Years, to wait the nuptial Ceremony? To imagine this, is to know nothing of human Nature: The Powers of Seduction are strengthened: Brothers, Friends and Relations will rush on each other's Sword, to take Vengeance on the Destroyers of Female Honour; unless we are, what I apprehend, become a dastard Race of Slaves and Cowards. Thus this very Act must become the Parent of Duels, Death and ruined Virgins."

" ODS HEART, ods heart, and so it must; I did not see it in this Way; a desperate
" Act,

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“ Act, cruel Act, ’twill do cruel Mis-
“ chief.”

“ Nor does it terminate here, Sir *Oliver*,
“ Adultery must be the Consequence, uni-
“ versal Adultery.” “ Ods heart, ods-
“ heart, Adultery too, how so? how so?
“ Can’t see that for the Life of me,” says
Sir *Oliver*.

“ I’LL tell you, Sir, says he, in *France*
“ this Law has long taken Place; and here
“ we can argue from Experience, an Ar-
“ gument which brings the most convin-
“ cing Proof of Truth along with it that
“ can be found in the Affairs of Life. It
“ is not, I think, an absurd Imagination
“ to fancy, that human Nature is much
“ the same in that Nation and this.”

“ In *France* a Law to prevent clandestine
“ Marriage has long prevailed; let us see
“ what Consequence it has had in that
“ Country, and we may thence infer what
“ it may probably produce in our own.
“ Young Ladies in that Nation are pre-
“ vented from disposing of themselves
“ till they are Twenty-five; and during
“ their growing up are educated in Con-
“ vents, secluded from the Company of
“ Men. This prevents their being se-
“ duced in a great measure; but then they
“ scarce ever refuse marrying the Man
“ which is proposed to them, be he ugly
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or old, deformed in Body or Mind. A Husband is the Angel which opens their Prison-gates, and sets them free. The Consequence of which is, that it being impossible for them to conceive any Passion for this Man, I mean tender Passion, every young Lady falls in Love with some one of equal Age and good Person, which is agreeable to them in all Respects; these two engage by Love, this Man has her Heart, the other the cold reluctant Hand.

"THUS there is almost an universal Adultery prevails in *France*. Indeed Husbands themselves knowing on what Terms they receive their Wives, scarce oppose the Inclination of Gallantry in them.

"WILL not the Effect be the same here, when Daughters are compelled to marry their Parents Choice, or which is the same thing, permitted to marry no others, and prevented from their own.

"IT is said that the Giddiness of Youth is apt to make them chuse extremely wrong, and fly away with Men of low Birth and inferior Condition. This may sometimes happen, indeed; but then will not the two ruling Passions of old Age, Pride and Avarice, compel the Rich to unite their Children with the Rich or

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“ Noble, void of all other Consideration ;
 “ what Happiness can follow such an Uni-
 “ on, the very Idea of being compelled to
 “ take any thing ever rendering it odious.
 “ Thus Thousands will be united to what
 “ they detest ; and by making a Law which
 “ prevents the pretended ill Effects of Rash-
 “ ness in young People with respect to
 “ Marriages, where the greatest Happiness
 “ often attends, you enact that which ties
 “ them to what must be for ever hateful,
 “ the Bane of nuptial Blifs.

“ THEN tell me what Woman, who is
 “ condemned to what she loathes, will he-
 “ sitate to violate the Marriage-bed ; or
 “ what Man, that marries for Money, cares
 “ Three Farthings for the Person who
 “ comes along with it ?

“ WHAT Injury is done to this Consti-
 “ tution, when People marry unequally ?
 “ A Fortune on one Side is sufficient for
 “ both, the Division of Property renders
 “ us freer and safer in the Continuation of
 “ our Liberty. Knowledge, Learning,
 “ Person, Virtue, and other Qualifications
 “ which adorn Humanity, ought to weigh
 “ in the Scale of Love and Marriage,
 “ which Attributes as Things are estimated
 “ at present in this Island, are of too little
 “ Consideration ; will never be regarded
 “ as Objects of Value by old, avaritious,
 “ proud

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“ proud and mercenary Eyes ; we need no
“ Law to depress the Worth of these Qua-
“ lifications in this Kingdom, but rather
“ some one which might encourage their
“ Propagation. However, it may be false-
“ ly imagined to the contrary, Riches can-
“ not conduct Mankind to Happiness, nor
“ oppose the Arms of our Enemies, with-
“ out some Understandings of superior
“ Merit to give them its Direction.

“ It has been smartly said, that Inequa-
“ lity in the Persons who marry is not a
“ Proof of Love being the Motive ; of one
“ Side it may not : If the Man marries a
“ great Fortune, he may be induced by
“ the Views of that alone ; but the Wo-
“ man in this Instance, must be said to be
“ influenced by that Passion ; one Party
“ loves, tho’ the other may not. This is
“ still better, than where Parents dispose
“ of their Children, and every View is In-
“ terest or Title ; where Love is omitted
“ from the Consideration, that Passion on
“ one Side is better than none ; in either
“ Party, it may probably beget its Like-
“ ness ; whereas Love can scarce spring
“ from Indifference, that Beginning gene-
“ rally terminates in Aversion.

“ Thus then Adultery and Fornication
“ are the probable Consequences of this
“ Act ; and this was plainly foreseen by

“ one noble Duke, who, like something
 “ more than human, as Men appear at
 “ present, protested he would rather see his
 “ Daughter married to a Man of the mean-
 “ est Birth and Fortune, than this Law be
 “ passed, to the Enslaving the Youth of
 “ *England*. This Name ought to be dear
 “ to every *British* Virgin, the generous De-
 “ fender of their free Choice, the Protector
 “ of their Virtues, the Vindicator of their
 “ Rights.”

At which Words Sir *Oliver* cried out,
 “ Ods-heart, ods-heart, who is he, who is
 “ he?” “ The noble Duke of B——,”
 says young *Thoroughgood*. At which Word
 the Baronet filled a Bumper of Claret, and
 cried out, “ To the Health of the noble
 “ Duke of B——, flapping Sir *William*
 “ on the Back with his other Hand; ods-
 “ heart, to the noble Duke of B——.”
 Which was pledged by Sir *William* *Worthy*,
 Mr. *Thoroughgood*, and the Ladies, with the
 Style of, “ The Protector of *British* Youth
 “ and Beauty.”

“ ONE Bishop too, says young *Thorough-*
 “ *good*, united in the same generous Cause.”
 “ A Bishop! ods-heart, a Bishop! a good
 “ Man, a good Man; tell me his Name,
 “ tell me his Name.” Which being an-
 swered the Bishop of W——, the Baro-

net

net filled another Bumper, and saw himself well pledged to his Health also.

“ BESIDES this, the first Commoner of England spoke with great Power and great Reasoning, in Defence of Beauty, Virtue, Innocence and Liberty. This does Honour to every Cause; his Heart can conceive nothing but Truth, and his Lips can speak nothing but that Language: The first Commoner is first in every Virtue.” “ Ods-heart, ods-heart, a Bumper to him too, says Sir *Oliver*; here’s the *Sp——r* for ever.”

“ THEN, says *Thoroughgood*, the Champion of the Cause of Female Freedom, the truly great Mr. *F——* in the House of Commons, behaved in so distinguished a Manner, with such becoming Warmth, with such Force of Reasoning, with such Sincerity of Behaviour, and genuine Elocution, for the Cause of Female Virtue, Beauty, Innocence and Liberty, that even that Action alone will be sufficient to render him dear to all British Females and Lovers of their Country.”

“ A BUMPER to him too; ods-heart, a Bumper to him too, said Sir *Oliver*; here’s *F——* for ever, because he defends the Cause of the Girls: Ods-heart,

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“ he wa’n’t forsake his Country’s Liberty,
 “ who pleads the Cause of the Girls.”

“ THERE is another Gentleman, whose
 “ Fortune tho’ immense is not by a Thou-
 “ sand Degrees equal to his Love of his
 “ Country; he supported the same Cause
 “ with Spirit, the Kingdom can never be
 “ undone whilst we have such Defenders;
 “ and the City of *London*, the Support of
 “ *England*, has done Justice to itself and
 “ him, by their Choice of this Man, whom
 “ neither Titles nor Riches can seduce
 “ from the Protection of Liberty and his
 “ Country. Probity with Understanding,
 “ Truth with Zeal distinguish him, and
 “ must save the Nation.”

“ ODS-HEART, ods-heart, a Bumper to
 “ him too; here’s *B——d* for ever: I
 “ know his Character,” says the Baronet.

“ THE Pourtraits of these Men should
 “ be stamped one very Female’s Handker-
 “ chief, painted on every Fan, and en-
 “ graved on every Heart, says *Thorough-*
 “ *good*; and their Pictures hung by the
 “ Bed-sides of all Virgins, as Catholicks
 “ do those of their Patron Saints.”

AT which Sir *William Worthy* observed,
 that Mr. *Thoroughgood* deserved some Di-
 stinction from the Ladies, who had so ge-
 nerously spoken in the Favour of *British*
 Beauty; which the married Ladies agreed

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to, and one of the young Miss *Heartys* approved with a Blush that spread upon her Cheeks, and spoke more emphatically than Words what she thought. Sir *Oliver* crying out, "So he doth; ods-heart, how he talketh: "Canst say no more upon the Subject? "Ods-heart, I could hear 'en talk all the "Day long. Do, *Thoroughgood*, discourse "a little more upon the Subject: Ods- "heart, how he talketh; he is a cruel Fellow for Discourse."

"Sir *Oliver*, says he, this Act puts an "End to *British* Liberty, it must unite the "great Fortunes of the Kingdom, who "seizing on the venal Disposition of the "Electors in poultry Boroughs, will purchase Seats in Parliament for themselves "and Dependants, who will no longer be "Representatives of their Country, but "your Masters; the Regal Prerogative "and People's Rights will sink together, "and Riches be the ruling Power of the "Land united with the Nobility.

"How far this was the Intent of such "an Act, I cannot pretend to discover; "but certain it is, that no two Understandings on Earth are more different than a "Judicial and Legislative: Many Men "enjoy the first, who have not the least "Emanation of the second.

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“ WHEN we consider what Degree of
 “ Talents is necessary for deciding between
 “ two Things which can be compared to-
 “ gether, where all is urged in Favour of
 “ each Side, there requires no Superiority
 “ of Faculties to distinguish Truth from
 “ Falshood; we decide of the Facts alone,
 “ and Right and Justice spring from the
 “ comparing the Evidence on one Side
 “ with that on the other.

“ BUT when a Law is to be founded
 “ like the Marriage Law, which depends
 “ on the first Principles in human Nature,
 “ there Genius only can effectuate any Dis-
 “ covery of Truth, no Comparison assists
 “ us; the Mind must dart forward into
 “ Futurity, from the Principles which it
 “ knows in human Nature; it should weigh
 “ the Force and Impetuosity of the Pas-
 “ sions, the Powers of Imagination, Influ-
 “ ence of Belief and Habit, Controul of
 “ Reason, and Prevalency of the Senses
 “ amongst human Creatures; a Genius of
 “ quite a different Kind from that of dis-
 “ tinguishing between Right and Wrong,
 “ the Just and Unjust, in any single Case.

“ THE first only can form the Legisla-
 “ tor, and plan Laws of Utility and pub-
 “ lick Good; the latter decide of the Con-
 “ sequences of them, when they are made.
 “ One sees the good and pernicious Effect

“ which

“ which will follow the instituting a new
“ Law, before it is enacted; the other has
“ no Object but that of preventing present
“ Evils, by a Law which brings greater
“ Mischiefs along with it, tho’ impercep-
“ tible to him. The one Capacity is the
“ most rare, most excellent and beneficial
“ Blessing the Gods can send to Man;
“ the other to be found in almost all
“ Mankind, or attainable by Habit; yet
“ useful when confined to its proper Sphere
“ of Action, and not permitted to rove
“ with the Imaginations of the superior
“ Few amongst the Regions of exalted
“ Genius.

“ Yet such is the State of superlative
“ Understanding, it meets Opposition from
“ those whose limited Capacities cannot
“ reach the Extent of its Conception. It
“ is the fatal Arrogance of Man to believe,
“ there is no other Person has the Power
“ of perceiving what he cannot see himself,
“ and to fix the Pillars of all human Intel-
“ lect on the Spot to which his bounded
“ Understanding can only travel, it con-
“ ceives no farther Space in Nature for
“ the Progress of intellectual Faculties.

“ THIS Defect has caused that endless
“ Generation of useless, ill-conceived, or
“ pernicious Laws, ever to be mended;

“ their

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“ their destructive Tendency not being visible to those who preferred them.

“ But let us, says *Thoroughgood*, decline this Conversation, and talk of something becoming the Occasion.”

“ ODS-HEART, ods-heart, fine Words, fine Words, tho’ I don’t well understand the last Part, ’tis too high for me. Come, here’s your Health, *Thoroughgood*, says the Baronet: Come, let’s be merry: Canst give us a Song?” To which answering in the Affirmative, he took a Glass to wet his Whistle. And we take occasion to close this Chapter.

C H A P.

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C H A P. XLVII.

The good old Custom of throwing the Stocking over-ruled. Sir Oliver's Kindness to his Son. His Son's Duty, and filial Affection. Sir William and Lady Worthy return to Worthy-hall.

YOUNG *Thoroughgood*, at the Baronet's Entreaty, sung a Song, which pleased the old Gentleman and the whole Company; the Ladies sung in their Turns, and all was Mirth and good Nature: The Baronet, between every Song, continually toasting the Duke, the Bishop and the Commoners, in Bumpers for ever.

THE Evening being come, Sir *Oliver*, who now began to wax gay with Claret, proposed throwing the Stocking; which was over-ruled by Mr. *Thoroughgood*, at the Desire of *Fanny* and Sir *Oliver's* Son.

“ Ods-heart, ods-heart, a good old Custom:
 “ despised, I love old Customs: Well,
 “ then, if you will n't suffer the Stocking
 “ to be thrown; then here's the noble
 “ Duke for ever, the Bishop for ever, the
 “ *Sp*—— for ever, and *F*—— and *B*——
 “ for ever, brave Hearts, *Old England* for
 “ ever: Ods-heart, a half dozen such Men
 “ in

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“ in each House, would bring us good
 “ Times again, and drive Corruption and
 “ Bribery out of the Nation ; ods-heart,
 “ *Old England* for ever.”

SIR *William* and Lady *Worthy* withdrew,
 and the rest of the Company ; the Baronet
 still continuing to toast the five Personages,
 whose Love for *British* Liberty and Pro-
 tection of Beauty, will render them for
 ever dear to the Ladies of *Great Britain*.

THE next Morning Sir *Oliver* being
 come into the Parlour in most excessive
 good Spirits, was inclining to be a little
 waggish in his way with his Son, upon the
 nuptial Night ; but Mr. *Thoroughgood* pre-
 vented that, and saved the Cheeks of the
 Females from burning with some Confu-
 sion. He then asked his Son, how he in-
 tended to live ? “ For, says he, the’ hast
 “ but Four Thousand Pounds in the World,
 “ and that we’n’t bring thee a great In-
 “ come, I believe :” At the same time
 winking upon Sir *William*, and the Com-
 pany. “ Sir, says the young Gentleman,
 “ I will live on that small Sum of Money,
 “ and an infinite Quantity of Love, till
 “ you are pleased to give me more ; and
 “ never repine, or wish for the Hour of
 “ your Death.”

“ ODS-HEART, ods-heart, hath a over-
 “ come me, I’ll yield ’en up all, and only

“ reserve

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“ reserve Four Hundred a Year hand paid
“ me : Take all, take all.” “ No, Sir,
“ says the young Gentleman, your Good-
“ ness in consenting to my marrying this
“ lovely Woman, and this last more than
“ parental Affection shall not make me
“ deprive you of One Shilling Income :
“ Your Estate shall remain in your own
“ Disposal, you have lived Master of it,
“ and in that Capacity you shall die, tho’
“ may it be long and long before the Hour
“ arrives, which must deprive us of you.”

“ ODS HEART, ods-heart, says the Baro-
“ net, this Goodness draws Tears from my
“ Eyes : Then we will have but one Purse,
“ it shall be so.”

“ As you please, in that Light, answer-
“ ed the Son ; but I would chuse to part
“ my Time between my *Fanny’s* Parents
“ and you, Sir ; thus all three will be
“ pleased.” “ And will you give me
“ none of your Company ?” says Sir *William*
and Lady *Worthy*. “ Can my dearest
“ Friends imagine that possible ?” says
Mrs. *Hearty*. “ No, indeed, replied Lady
“ *Worthy*, I cannot.”

THUS Things were settled in this man-
ner, and a Fortnight passed between the
Baronet’s and Mr. *Thoroughgood’s* Houses,
when Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy* return-
ed to their Seat, leaving the whole Com-
pany

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pany with Regret, especially their lovely Friend; yet not unmixed with great Pleasure, that she was so happily united to all she loved. And here we take Leave for the present of this Part of the Story, and return to my Lord and Lady Sapplin, whom we had left at the Seat of the *Wormeatons*.

C H A P. XLVIII.

A Return to Nobility, and fashionable Life. The Difference in nuptial Nights. The Situation of Lady Sapplin's Mind the next Morning. A philosophical Account of the Progress of Aversion in Money Matches. Lord Sapplin's Delicacy, in not waking his Lady the first Morning. A Revocation of an old Acquaintance. A Quarrel in one Place, and an Intrigue in another.

LORD and Lady Sapplin being arrived at *Worm Eaton* Castle, the Earl having talked extremely pompous of the Honour and Antiquity of his Family, the Hour drew near which Lady Sapplin wished was already at hand; and my Lord wished could be put off, with the Day of paying Debts and Death to all Eternity. By this

means

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means whatever Velocity the Lady's Wishes might add to the winged Minutes to increase their Speed, my Lord, by wishing in direct Opposition, retarded. And thus it happened, that the Hours moved just in the same manner as if one had not wished for their Arrival, or the other against it.

HOWEVER the Time at last was come when the Lady retired to her Bridal Bed; where, being laid, my Lord mounted the Stair-case, as a Felon mounts the Ladder at a certain Edifice near *Paddington*, the same kind of Passion strongly operating in his Breast.

AND here we may be allowed to observe, that the true Stoic Principles are frequently most eminently exhibited by our young Men of Quality, on such Occasions as marrying a Wife for Money: And I verily believe, that not one of all the celebrated Sages of that ancient Sect ever went to Bed to a Wife with more real Apathy after seven Years Marriage, not *Epictetus* himself, than did this noble Lord the very nuptial Night, to the great Honour of our young Men of Quality.

THIS, I think, manifests a most shining Instance of the innate or acquired Philosophy which governs their Actions, who, despising all Joys arising from Appetites in common with Humanity and Brutes, can abstain

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abstain with so little Reluctance from gratifying those Passions which prompt them to be sated.

AND now he stood on the Carpet ready prepared for getting into Bed, yet he look'd and look'd again, void of all Sense of Joy, his Philosophy still prevailing; just as a Novice stands shivering on the Brink of a cold Bath, and dreads the meeting of the chilling Water. At length he plunged into Bed, when the Curtains being immediately drawn, we make no Pretensions to discover what pass'd; as Eye has not seen, and tho' many Ears have certainly heard since that Time, we know our Duty too well to blab the little Stories of a Family, and expose the Secrets of the Marriage-Bed; only that we have Reason to believe, that the Stoic Principle prevail'd with much Coldness and Reserve all that Night on the Part of my Lord *Sapplin*. A happy Circumstance for a Nation, where its Noble Youth are so truly Masters of their own Passions, and pursue the Dictates of true Reason.

Now, tho' very much may be said in Praise of this Apathy and Coolness of our young Men of Rank, when they marry great Fortunes; which Kind of Philosophy this new Act against Marriage seems particularly designed to propagate in both Parties,

ies, yet we are sorry that we cannot with equal Truth boast of this great Power of contemning vulgar Desires in the Female Part.

PARTICULARLY in this Case, where Lady Sapplin having had the Misfortune of a City Education, had never received any Lessons upon this Subject; and consequently being actuated by Nature, and not Philosophy, had no more of the Stoic in her than *Mefalina*, or the *Ephesian* Matron; and was, in fact, formed on the Principles of the *decies repetita* of *Horace*.

Now this Kind of a Character is the contrary of Lord Sapplin's, it is as glowing hot, as the other is freezing cold; and yet it is a Heat of as different a Nature from the common, not easily imparted to the Body which is in Contact with it. By this Difference it came to pass, that the Lady when she waked the next Morning, resembled *Nell*, in the *Devil to pay*; and was much put to it, to know whether she was a Lady or not; for she scarce found a Metamorphosis in any Part, so little was she altered.

AND here, as Enquirers into the Phænomena of Nature, let us explain what we have often remarked to have happened between several Pairs, where the Match has been

been made for Money on one Side, and Thing beginning with an *L*— on the other

WHICH is, that notwithstanding the Force of one Party could never be communicated to the other, yet the Coolness of one Side has been imparted to the burning Passion with the Help of some little Time and Disappointment very effectually; and thus there has been settled some Medium Warmth between the two, called Indifference, like Fire and Ice mixed together settling in the Heat of the Atmosphere which after some time sunk into Aversion. And this, we imagine, may explain the Reason of that Behaviour which so generally follows after such Marriages; and which this new Act will increase, by comparing the Indifference on both Sides to their Hands, the Will of the Parents excluding all other Considerations in many Instances. By which Subtlety of Consequence, Aversion will be the first Thing which takes place after Matrimony; and thus the whole Road thro' Indifference be saved.

IN the Morning earlier than usual Lord Sapplin rose, and left his Lady's Bed with the least possible Disturbance; for though he was much of the Philosopher, he was much of the polite Man also, a rare Union in one Person; he would by no means disturb his Lady's Rest in the Morning, How

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which People think the sweetest, but
 solely as the Beau in *Hogarth's*
Harlot's Progress. And this Complaisance
 of no other than the Repose of their Con-
 sorts, is a Politeness which very much pre-
 vails in this Nation at present; and which,
 amongst innumerable good Customs, is one
 of the best we have adopted from the *French*.
 Indeed it bids fairer for being a stable Mode,
 than a Whim of Novelty; which, like our
 modern Tragedies, or *Fanny M—y's* Hats,
 have a nine Days Visibility, and never enter
 into the Playhouse Stock or the Wardrobe;
 a kind of Flower which Gardeners suffer to
 blow once to know its Qualities, and then
 root it out of their Collection, because it
 wants all the Excellencies of the Species.

LADY *Sapplin* being habited in her Morn-
 ing Apparel, descended to Breakfast with
 the Earl, who received her with much
 Pomp, and distant Politeness. My Lord
Sapplin talking to her with as much Ease
 and Affability in Company, as if nothing
 had happened all the last Night; which
 Kind of Behaviour was by no means the
 Consequence of the Education of Lady
Sapplin, she did not understand it. She
 was astonished at his talking to her in such
 a free manner in the Morning, who had
 been so reserved in the Night; and began

to

to feel a kind of a something like an Affection for him.

Now, to strengthen this growing Passion of Aversion, which naturally thrives well in all Soils without the Assistance of a hot Bed, there was in the House of Lord *Wormeaton* a Servant who was Valet de Chambre to Lord *Sapplin*; this Man when he was something younger had served in Livery at Mr. *Barter's*, he was of a comely Countenance, of a good Person, and much the Favourite of Lady *Sapplin*, when she was Miss *Barter*; insomuch that on account of his being a little indulged by her with some innocent Freedoms, such as kissing in private, and playing with her person, he had been discharged from that Service by her Mamma, who did not relish that which her Daughter seemed much delight in.

BEING discharged therefore from the Service of Mr. *Barter*, he got into the Service of a single Gentleman, who travelling to *Paris*, took this Servant along with him. In this City, the University of the University for curling of Hair, making Perukes, and cutting Cloaths, he applied himself so closely to his Studies, that few *Parisians* could decorate or dress out a Head like Mr. *Samuel Waitwell*.

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HAPPY would it be if all Travellers pass'd their Time so well; he knew what Kind of Frisure became different Faces, from the worst Phiz of the Spectator to that of *Johnny* —son at *Bath*, that is from six Inches to half an Ell; he knew how to adapt every Curl to the best Advantage, and gave the genteelest Air to the whole Countenance. Indeed he understood the Ladies head-dressing, as well as the Gentlemen; added to this, he was deeply gone in the knowledge of Gallantry; he wheedled with as much Art as many Ministers of State, and was indeed an accomplished Gentleman; having several times at *Paris*, when he dressed with his Sword, been honoured with the Appellation of my Lord.

At his Return from his Travels he was of an ambitious Mind, and capable of advancing himself; he looked out for the important Charge of a Valet de Chambre, and had the Honour of serving Lord *Sapplin*. In this Service he was when his Lordship married.

Now Lady *Sapplin's* Maid not being expert in the great Science of Dressing, this Right Honourable Personage was at much Loss how to supply that Deficiency in the Country. For this Reason, my Lord very politely offered her his Servant for that Purpose, which she accepted; and thus with-

withdrawing to dress, she for the first Time beheld Mr. *Samuel Waitwell* since his Discharge from her Father's Service.

MR. *Samuel* was Mr. *Samuel* still, though vastly improved in all the exterior and interior Man; being really a Person, who at a Distance great enough to hide the Colour of the ignoble Blood which ran in his Veins, might have been taken for a Baronet, if not for a Baron.

AT the first Sight of this ancient Acquaintance, so unexpectedly, Lady *Saplin* blushed a little; but, as Mr. *Samuel* had learnt Discretion as well as dressing Hair, he never gave the least Hint that he had ever seen her Ladyship before, during that Time my Lady's Woman was in Presence. However, the Moment she withdrew, the Lady herself broke Silence, and asked him if he did not know her? To which Question Mr. *Samuel* most politely replied, "That it was impossible for any Man who had ever been honoured with seeing so much Beauty to forget it."

THIS Stroke, being much beyond anything which my Lord had said, tickled the very Heart-strings of Lady *Saplin*. "And do you really think me handsome, Mr. *Samuel*?" says she, taking up the Glass to see herself. "Your Ladyship is extremely so, reply'd he: I have not seen

any thing equal to your Ladyship in *Paris*. There is such a Delicacy in your Features, such a Brilliancy in your Eyes, such a Gentility in your Shape, that your Ladyship will pardon me, but the two Ladies so much talked of would make a miserable Figure in your Company."

HER Ladyship's Woman returning at these Words, put an End to this Conversation, the Lady only desiring that he would be always her Dresser; which Mr. *Samuel*, bowing a-la-mode *de Paris*, said, "He should think the greatest Honour of his Life."

THE second Night was so much like the first, and the third like the second, that we shall not stop to give any more Descriptions of that kind; only we shall remark, that the Indifference grew stronger on the Side of Lord *Sapplin*, and something took Possession of his Lady which was almost a complete Aversion.

ONE Day after Dinner, talking of many Subjects with great Inclination to contradict each other, a Scene which sometimes happens in Noble as well as Plebeian Families, the Conversation rolling upon Children, the Debate was started, whether it was best for Parents to wish for a fine Person or fine Understanding in the Child which might be born? My Lord was warmly

ly for the Mind, and my Lady for the Body; one for good Sense, and the other for Beauty. The Arguments were supported with more Warmth of Passion than Force of Reasoning, till my Lady being no close Reasoner deviated, and dropt something which savoured of his Lordship's Neglect for her; and he, in return, let fall some unpolite Expression, leaning towards a Hint of her Ladyship's Disposition. This being pursued, ended in high Words, and separated Apartments that very Evening.

My Lord *Wormeaton* would have reconciled the Disagreement, but he found it impracticable; neither she, any more than Lord *Sapplin*, being willing to re-commence an Intimacy, which, from the Sample, she had no Reason to like, or covet the Continuation of.

Thus then this noble Pair had not been in the holy Bands of Matrimony more than three Weeks till they were in the blessed State of never feeling for one another's Misfortunes; a Condition to be desired by all People who would live happy in this World, considering how many Calamities Life is subject to, and all this effectuated by the simplest Contrivance in the World, that of changing one Passion for another, and placing Hate in the room of Love, and which we conceive to be not the smallest

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Benefit, that will accrue from this Act against clandestine Marriage.

MR. *Samuel* continued to dress her Ladyship's Hair, to make Panegyrics on her Beauty, to sigh amorously, and say the most civil Things that ever were breathed from the Lips of an accomplished Valet. He praised *Paris*, and the *French* Manner of Living, then wished her Ladyship would think of visiting that City. All these Things were very pleasing to Lady *Sapplin's* Ears, till at last, by insensible Degrees, he let her Ladyship into the Secret of the *French* Wives always entertaining a Gallant, with an Intimation of his old Love still burning like a *festal* Lamp for her, and then dropping on his Knees, which ended in a Flight of Nonsense of his Determination to stab himself, unless she had Commiseration on the most faithful Swain that ever breathed. He cried, "Hide me, ye Groves! drown me, ye Waters! Winds, Waves and Tempests waft me to some distant Shore, where no Footsteps mark the beaten Road! I cannot long survive, if Pity dwells not in your hardned Breast: Alas! my Heart, why wilt thou flutter thus, and like a Squirrel frisk about the Cage? Get out, and leap no more." This her Ladyship admiring as the most charming accents which she had ever heard, and

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being greatly disappointed where she thought to have been well paid, she graciously lifted Mr. *Samuel* from his Knees, who when he was gotten up kissed her, accompanied with a Hug that would have made an Impression on a Marble Statue. It seems he knew his Woman, and like a brave General, attack'd and carried all before him, at the first Assault. No more however, passed than Hugs and Kisses at this Interview, tho' a full Determination of more familiar Conversation was resolved on by each Party which was transacted as will be found in the next or some other Chapter.

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CHAP. XLIX.

Lord Sapplin's happy State. His Letter to Lucy. A Discourse between the Earl and Lady Sapplin. Her Ladyship's Mistakes. Set right on the point of a very dreadful Discovery. Tit for Tat between my Lord and his Mistress, and my Lady and her Man.

LORD and Lady Sapplin being arriv'd so speedily to that blessed State of not being in Pain about one another's Sensations, either of Joy or Sorrow; neither sleeping or waking together, but as little as possible; she delighting in Mr. Samuel's polite Conversation, and his Lordship sighing for his dear Lucy, each impatient for the Hour of returning to Town, he to meet his old Companions and his Mistress, she to figure away as a Woman of Quality, enjoy Mr. Samuel, and take place of the City Ladies.

C H A HOWEVER, the Impatience of Lord Sapplin being so violent to be in the Arms of his dear Lucy, he could not refrain from writing the following Epistle.

" *My dearest Lucy,*

" IF my *Lucy* knew what I have suffered
 " to make her happier than I could o
 " therwise have possibly been capable o
 " making her, in thus marrying the mo
 " disagreeable Creature that ever cam
 " from the Hands of Nature, she woul
 " adore me ; whatever there is of aukwar
 " in Person, stupid in Understanding, hate
 " ful in Temper, she has deprived half th
 " World of ; she has an exhaustless Mine o
 " these three excellent Qualities. Did yo
 " behold her when she is hung with Dia
 " monds, you would swear she was som
 " Country May-pole decked with Garland
 " of Flowers, being as tall, as small, an
 " as wooden.

" BELIEVE me, my dearest Maid, whe
 " I saw her in her Wedding Sheets, sh
 " looked like the Monument overfet fro
 " the Foundation lying in one Piece, on
 " more loathsome, because she was alive
 " and not quite so cold in her Constitution
 " Thank Heaven, the Sacrifice is at
 " End, we have quarrelled and parted Be
 " which no Consideration shall ever mak
 " me participate with her again ; yet th
 " Wife I do not repent to have taken
 " since it renders me more capable of po

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“ing Treasure into the Lap of all I love,
“tho’ I obtain it with all I hate.

“ONE Comfort I have, however, in this
“Union; which is, that if there should
“not at any time remain to me One Shil-
“ling, yet whilst she lives I shall have it
“in my Power to maintain myself by mak-
“ing a Shew of her. She is better worth
“Six-pence the seeing, than the tall *Saxon*.

“COME then, my charming *Lucy*, to the
“Arms of him that adores thee; *Samuel*
“shall conduct thee hither; let me riot in
“thy Charms, after this Mortification
“which I have suffered; and let us laugh
“at this Thing, which is so ambitiously
“fond of being a Lady.

“BELIEVE me, I love thee as much as I
“detest her; which is as much as human
“Nature is capable of conceiving. I am,

“*Thine eternally,*

“SAPPLIN.”

WITH this Letter Mr. *Samuel* had Or-
ders to go directly to *London*, and bring
Lucy to a Farmer’s House adjoining to
Wormeaton Castle. In the mean while the
Earl of *Wormeaton* took an occasion to talk
with Lady *Sapplin* in the following manner:

E 3

“LADY

“LADY *Sapplin*, says the Earl, I am sorry and yo
 “to see that Lord *Sapplin* and your Lady Variet
 “ship have so soon parted Beds, I hoped fore a
 “would have held out a Month, at least of Peo
 “But, no Matter.” “No great Matter pany
 “indeed, says the Lady; as Things were Ease
 “like to go.” “Madam, says the Earl, nefs a
 “as your Education has not been much much
 “with People of Condition, permit me to is all
 “observe to you, that the Nobility when requir
 “they marry, especially with those not “If
 “descended from noble Blood, are by no a Par
 “means tied to those ridiculous Customs give
 “which are thought necessary in the Mar- as to
 “riages of common People. does

“It is not conceived that they marry to let h
 “please one another, but to render each Pitch
 “Person more capable of pleasing itself and r
 “For Example, Lord *Sapplin* can now in know
 “dulge himself in his Pleasures by means THE
 “of your Fortune, and you by being ex Things
 “alted to the Rank of a Lady; you are eternal
 “accountable to no Persons upon Earth passe
 “These are the Privileges of us the No- citou
 “bility. prov

“It is not to be imagined, that People AND
 “of Quality can renounce their former former
 “Pursuits, to dangle after one another, and end
 “shut up in the same Coach, confined to Hair;
 “one Apartment, or bound to any one found
 “Thing; you have your separate Delights London
 “and

and you have a right to pursue them ;
 Variety is the Soul of Pleasure ; there-
 fore all that is necessary in the Behaviour
 of People of Fashion, is, that in Com-
 pany with one another there appear an
 Ease of Conversation, a Shew of Polite-
 ness and Regard, and at the Bottom as
 much Carelessness as you please. This
 is all I require : This is all the World
 requires."

"If Carelessness, says the Lady, make
 a Part of this necessary Politeness, I shall
 give him enough of that I believe ; and
 as to the other, I shall do by him as he
 does by me : If he provokes my Patience,
 let him remember that Patience is a
 Pitcher, which goes often to the Well,
 and may crack at last ; and then I don't
 know what may leak out."

THE Earl begg'd it as a Favour, that all
 Things might be preserved with good ex-
 ternal Appearances. "And as to what
 passed within, he said, he was not soli-
 citous, she might do what she pleased,
 provided she preserved Appearances."

AND now this Day being passed like the
 former, Lady *Saplin* rose the next Morning
 and enquired for Mr. *Samuel* to dress her
 Hair ; when, to her great Surprise, she
 found that Mr. *Samuel* had been sent to
 London on an Errand, which no one could

tell what. This put a Thought into her Head, that Lord *Sapplin* had come to form Intelligence of her Affair; and had discharged him; which did not a little discompose the Acids of her Ladyship's Disposition.

COMING down then to dine in her Dining-bille, the Earl asked her, if she was ill. She answered, "No; that my Lord had very ill-naturedly sent Mr. *Samuel* from his Service, which hindered her from being dressed that Morning: I know the Reason, says she to her Lord, as well as you do; but it shall be to no Purpose. I can assure you; Things shall not go as you imagine." At this the noble Lord began to fear he was discovered in his Amours with *Lucy*; and said, "My Lady, who has been babbling Nonsense in your Ears, to create these Jealousies in your Head?" "I jealous, says she! 'tis you that are jealous, because you knew that I liked his Manner of dressing my Hair." "You have been mean enough to discharge him from your Service." These last Words set all to Rights again: He assured her, that *Samuel* was only gone on a particular Occasion to fetch him something from *London*, that he would return again the Evening; and so far was he from endeavouring to deprive her Ladyship of his Service,

into her Service, she might if she pleased take him entirely to be about her Person, as a Valet de Chambre. Thus each Party escaped from the Brink of a Discovery, which would have been displeasing to both.

Now his Lordship supposed that this Valet would be a kind of a Spy upon her Conduct, so that if the Parents should die he might be able to prove some Actions against her, which would create a Divorce; and was therefore extremely willing, that she should take him into her Service.

THE Heart of Lady *Sapplin* was now more at Ease; she began to think of finding in one Man what she had missed in another, and thus pass her Time tolerably well. She was a Lady by Marriage, and all other Things she had learnt from the Earl she might supply herself with.

NEXT Morning Mr. *Samuel* waited on her Ladyship, and told her, "He was now honoured with her Service alone; which Intelligence he had received from his Master, and thought himself the happiest Man on Earth." His Lady then expressing her Fears of his being dismissed, asked him on what account he had been at London? Which Mr. *Samuel* feigning great Difficulty to discover, whetted her Desire to know; when, after much Solicitation, he at last revealed the Reason of his Journey.

ney. At the same Moment taking her in his Arms, and swearing she should find in him what was lost in my Lord; and thus imparted a Consolation to her drooping Spirits, which would otherwise have been difficultly communicated.

He then told her, that *Lucy* was to be conducted to my Lord's Apartment as soon as it was dark, and that he would be with her Ladyship at a certain Hour; which Hour she wished heartily was arrived, lest Lord *Sapplin* should be beforehand with her, being most vehemently determined to give him as good as he brought, and treat him with strict Justice.

AND now, if the Candles had not been extinguished, we might have presented our Readers with a Scene which would make no small Figure in an Author, and give them much Diversion; but as that is impossible, we shall only say his Lordship lay in the Arms of his *Lucy* laughing at Lady *Sapplin*, and her Ladyship in those of her Valet de Chambre laughing at my Lord. And now it was that her Ladyship first conceived the Truth, that Nobility is nothing in the Dark.

THINGS being in this Way, she saw his Lordship with less Pain than before; she had found in the Codicil what was omitted in the Will, and having spliced the Foot-

man

man to the Lord, had possessed between the two all that her Heart desired. She never wished to see his Lordship, but when she could not avoid it; and if they met at any Place, it was always the greatest Chance in the Universe; like that of two Lawyers meeting in Heaven.

C H A P. L.

The Advantages accruing to a Plebeian Lady marrying a Noble Lord. A true Definition of the Consummation of a Marriage, and the Reasons of its being done in the Country. A Scene of Altercation between the Earl and Lady Sapplin. Hopes of an Heir to this ancient Family. The great Advantage of physical Irony.

AND now, courteous Reader, we would willingly solace you with a small Observation of the great Advantages which attend a rich Plebeian's Daughter marrying a noble Lord's Son. First she is taken like Paper and Packthread which incloses some rich Treasure, and which is generally thrown away or destined to more ignoble Uses, after

ter the Contents are taken out of it. New Town, of all she has Liberty to sleep with the Master, if she cannot with the Master. Thirdly, she is postponed to some little dirty Bunter who is kept at an excessive Expence, with the Money which she brings for her Fond, in like tune. Fourthly, she is despised in the Family, as a Machine made upon another Principle than those of noble Blood; some thing like a Wheelbarrow compared with an Orrery.

AND now we imagine our Readers begin to smell the true Design, which is so generally in Practice amongst the Great, of flying to the Country the Moment they are married, to consummate, as it is generally called, their Marriage. Now this Consummation of the Marriage is by no means to be understood in the vulgar Way of Bedding together, but a finishing entirely every Thing relating to a Marriage Life, and settling into some uniform Behaviour to one another, against the Time of their appearing in Town. Wherefore, as this is not likely to be brought about without some small Agitations, Happiness like Wine being produced by Fermentation, the newly married Couple retire from the prying and sarcastic Eye of *London* to the Shades of a Country-House till the first Workings are over, and adjust the System of appearing

New Town, without Danger of being discovered.

THE general Observation of Genius is, that it can see more in one Moment than those who have it not can in seven Years: and, in like manner, Lord and Lady *Sapplin* seeing Genius's in their way, had settled in three Weeks what Ministers, Commissaries, some *Chargés des Affaires* would have taken twelve Months to adjust; such is the Effect of superior Understanding and good Will in what People chuse to do. Thus this Lord and Lady were prepared to appear in the best Company, without exposing themselves by their ill-understood and awkward conduct, in less than three Weeks.

Now the Darkness began to be more agreeable to Lord and Lady *Sapplin* than the brightest Sunshine, because their Deeds were the dark. He stole secretly, whenever there was the least Opportunity, to riot in the Company of his lovely *Lucy*; and she entertained herself with Mr. *Samuel* as often as it was possible. He laughed with his mistress at the Giants being obliged to keep alone; and she thought the Exchange which she had made of the Master for the Maid, was one of the best Bargains of her life, being a Lady all Day, and something of a Mistress all Night: Indeed they began to smile at seeing one another in the Morning; in which

ter the Contents are taken out of it. Next, of all she has Liberty to sleep with the Master, if she cannot with the Master. Thirdly, she is postponed to some little dirty Bunter, who is kept at an excessive Expence, with the Money which she brings for her Fortune. Fourthly, she is despised in the Family, as a Machine made upon another Principle than those of noble Blood; something like a Wheelbarrow compared with an Orrery.

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Next Town, without Danger of being discovered.
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 in which

which Smile, lest our Readers should be apt to imagine as proceeding from some growing Fondness, we take the Liberty to free from that Mistake, assuring them, that it arose from each Party's smiling at the Consciousness of having been happier the preceding Night, than the other might possibly conceive it.

IN this manner passed the Days at *Worm-eaton* Castle, and now it was that the Time recalled this noble Family to *London*, where her Ladyship received infinite Visits from my Lord's Friends; all of which beheld her with the greatest Regard, and at going away said the prettiest Things in her Favour imaginable. One Lady positively said she resembled a Pantine, and wanted nothing but a Whalebone in her Head to give her a Twirl, and flit her two long Arms into Motion which hung by her Sides; "Only but think, says she, what a Cousin we have! In what manner she behaves! what a Vacancy of Face and Ignorance of Deportment! she looks at once as if she was stuffed with the Pride, and yet dying with the Shame of being a Lady. This seems as if she was conscious of her Mistake, and yet dared not retract. Poor Devil! she has an awkward Time of it. I am sure, that those Cits are such Fools to marry their Daughters to Noblemen

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“ what a ridiculous Ambition for the sake of
 “ the four Letters in the Word Lady, to send
 “ the poor Things into Families that de-
 “ spise them, and generally treat them no
 “ better than upper Servants ; and some-
 “ times not so well, if their Woman is
 “ handsome.”

THIS Lady was the Topic of all Conver-
 sation, for some time after her coming to
 Town. Her fine Chair, her gaudy Town-
 Coach, her superb Diamonds, her expensive
 Cloaths, her every thing was the Subject of
 every Female Tongue, till having been at
 the Play, the Opera, Concerts and Routs
 sufficient to shew herself and her Finery,
 having been lashed through a dozen Regi-
 ments of Female Tongues, and finding
 that Ladies are as plenty as Mushrooms,
 and as suddenly created at the Court End
 of the Town, she began to perceive that
 unless Mr. *Samuel* her old Flame had been
 added to the Bargain, she should have had a
 cold Time and a poor Pennyworth of it.

AND now it was that the Diameter of
 Lady *Sapplin* began to increase ; which at
 first did not displease my Lord, till finding
 that her Time was protracted beyond the
 eleventh Month, his Lordship having quit-
 ted her Bed at the End of three Weeks,
 began to suggest something which had
 not entered into his Head before ; he ima-
 gined

gined that some Intrigue or other might have given Being to this Child, and more than peradventure it might not be his own; and that after all this Cunning of marrying a Woman to get Possession of a great Sum of Money, he might possibly leave his Estate to be inherited by a Son that was not the Issue of his Loins.

ON this account the Earl, who knew the Affair perfectly well of his Son's separating Beds, began to talk to her Ladyship in this manner: "Madam, says he, this appears
 " a little strange to me that your Lady-
 " ship should not be yet brought to Bed,
 " ten Months and more after having slept
 " from Lord *Saplin*; there must be some
 " Reason which I cannot penetrate."

"THAT may be very likely, says she;
 " I suppose, my Lord, you are no Phy-
 " sician."

"MADAM, says the Earl, there must be
 " some Cause, I say?"

"To be sure, says she, there is; why I
 " am married, am I not? Is not that the
 " Cause? Don't Ladies generally breed af-
 " ter Matrimony?"

Now this Lady, like most others in *England*, when they have lost their Chastity replace it with something called Assurance in high Life, and Impudence in low.

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"Is not your Son a Man? what Wonder is it a married Woman should breed? laughing in the Face of the Earl; pray, my Lord, says she, has *Lucy Shelton* never bred, that you think it impossible for my Lord to have a Child? I think you ought to admire me for bringing an Heir to so antient a Family, since it seems a little suspicious whether you have ever expected it or not, do you imagine the Family worn out? However, my Lord, don't be in Pain, if this dies I make no doubt but to provide another. We shall keep up the Breed."

THIS Kind of Conversation did not please either Father or Son, tho' neither of them cared Six-pence who enjoyed her Favours; they were both terribly chagrin'd at the Thoughts of having their Estates inherited by a Child who was not of the Family. It seems it had never entered into their Heads, that a City-bred Woman would so suddenly advance into the Spirit of Intrigue, they imagined that those Transactions had been totally engrossed by the People of Quality, some few excepted. As when a Merchant marries a Lord's Daughter, she must be conceived to carry her Education along with her into the City.

Now Lord *Sapplin* was determined to know to whom he was indebted for this Fa-

vour

vour of giving him an Heir to his Estate. He looked round and round, and during the time of her being at *Wormston* Castle there was no one Man who came to the House that seemed to be her Favourite more than another: For this Reason, he was much at a Loss how to account for this Phænomenon.

He therefore took Mr. *Samuel* aside one Day, and asked him if he knew of any one who seemed to be particularly favoured by his Lady? "For, says he, here seems to be something not easily accounted for: You know I have deserted Lady *Sapplin's* Bed more than ten Months, and she is not yet in the Straw. If you know any thing of this Affair, *Samuel*, says his Lordship, I hope you will acquaint me; it is a terrible thing to have an Heir to one's Estate which is not of one's own Begetting: You have been much about Lady *Sapplin's* Person, if you have observed any thing where she has favoured any particular Man, it would please me much to know it; it may prevent future Affairs of that Nature."

To this Mr. *Samuel* protested he had not the least Reason to suspect any one; that his Lady had never shewn any Preference to one Man above another, as far as he could perceive. "But, my Lord, says he,

"as I
"Libra
"phlet
"it is
"ing v
"Meaning
"Concubit
"the Little
"I w
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“as I subscribe to some of the Circulating
“Libraries, I read the other Day a Pam-
“phlet, which has a *Latin* Title; where
“it is proved, that a Lady may be breed-
“ing without the Knowledge of Man.”
Meaning by this the Pamphlet *Lucina sine*
Concubitu, written by the Author of *Pompey*
the Little.

“I would have your Lordship read this
“Pamphlet, it may explain this Affair to
“you; it seems to be well written.” This
Advice my Lord observed, which Pamphlet
being taken in a serious Sense, he grew a
little satisfied; he thought tho’ this Child
might not be his, yet it might be nobody’s
else; tho’ in strict speaking it was not his
Heir, yet he could not be said to have suf-
fered the Disgrace of Cuckoldom. This
Consideration afforded some Alleviation of
the Circumstance, tho’ it created a Doubt
and Suspence, which is by no means a plea-
sing Situation of the Mind, and made him
look on his Lady with an Eye that did not
bespeak much good Will, yet it excused
him from the Opprobrium of Cuckoldom.

MATTERS proceeded in this State till
Lady *Sapplin* lay in, when the Friends of
Lord *Sapplin* wished him Joy of his Heir;
which Salutation he received with but a shy-
ish kind of Reception, his Mind misgave
him

him that it was not his Son, and yet he durst not confess so much to the World.

DURING this Time of Pregnancy Mrs. *Barter* was continually going to see her Ladyship: She was eternally talking of her Daughter *Lady Sapplin's* big Belly, what a Happiness it would be to have an Heir to that ancient Family, how glad she was that my Lady was so soon breeding, wishing for a Boy, and dinning the Ears of all the World she came near with Accounts of her Daughter *Lady Sapplin's* Breeding. She told every one how many Days she was sick in the Beginning, the Day of the Month she quickened, and gave a minute Account of the Baby-cloaths, Blankets, and Pincushion which she herself had stuck with Pins in the Figure of an Earl's Coronet.

AND thus having brought this ancient Family an Heir, and her Ladyship to Bed, we take the opportunity of resting ourselves, and conclude this Chapter.

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C H A P. LI.

Lady Sapplin presents Lord Wormeaton and Lord Sapplin an Heir. No great Harmony in the Marriage. The Difference between the two States, of this Family and that of Sir William Worthy.

MY Lady being quite recovered, Visitings and all past, my Lord having never entered the Chamber during her whole Confinement to ask how she did, she took the Child which he had never beheld and carried it into the Parlour, where the Earl and his Son were sitting together. "My Lord, says she to the Earl, I have brought you the Heir to your Estate, pray look upon him, is not he a fine Boy? Don't you think him prodigiously like his Pappa, says she, to the Earl?" At these Words Lord Sapplin could with Difficulty contain himself: He bid them carry away the Brat; "I hate such young Things," says he. "Pray, my Lord, says Lady Sapplin, how does Lucy Shelton do? Is her Boy a finer than this? Does he resemble your Lordship as much? (for it seems Lucy had just lain

" in)

"in) I should be glad to compare them
"together."

THESE Questions stopped the Mouths of the Father and Son, and saved her Ladyship from hearing something, which tho' she knew it to be true, might not have pleased her in the highest Degree; she withdrew, with the Child, laughing at the Pain which she had given them, because it gave her Pleasure.

By this time this noble Pair grew intolerable to one another; they never saw each other but when it was impossible to avoid it. She cursed the very Thoughts of Nobility, and he the Idea of a Citizen: For, as he had possessed the Money long enough to forget the Service it afforded him, and she had been a Lady till the Novelty was worn off, the Plague which each was to the other was the only Thing that remained from the nuptial Ceremony.

How different was the Scene in *Corr-walt*, with her Sister *Eliza*. Sir *William Wortby*, during the Time of her Pregnancy, contrived a thousand Amusements to keep her Mind from being too solicitous on the painful Hour. He amused her by Reading, by Company, by Cards, by Airings, and every kind of Device; and during the Pangs which made him happy in an Heir, he felt perhaps greater Affliction than his

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Lady. He scarce left her an Hour, without asking how she was; and gazed with the fondest Delight on the new-born Babe, smiling on him, and on the lovely Mother which gave it him; saying at the same time, "My Dear, this Child has brought with it to me a Sense as new and distinct from all others, as if I had been born blind and this Moment had given me the Sense of Seeing." No Joy was greater, no Man or Woman happier, Love had increased from the nuptial Hour, and was still likely to augment as far as such Souls could receive additional Bliss.

THESE were the different States of the two Sisters: Lady *Sapplin* returned to the London Life of Visiting, Routing, Carding, Plays, Operas, Concerts, and Mr. *Samuel*: His Lordship followed his Pleasures at *White's*, *Macklin's*, and with *Lucy*, till the Money which had been received with his Lady began to grow very scarce; and now it was that their Joys seemed to be at the highest, their Meetings being but one eternal Dispute, she demanding Money, and he with nothing to give her. And notwithstanding that one was a Lord by Birth, and the other a Lady by Marriage, yet such was their Language that we cannot think fit to stain this Paper with their Expressions, unless we wrote for no other

Readers but those who live near the Gun Tavern in the Purlicus of *Billingsgate*. For we really have more than once known a noble Pair fall so much from its Dignity, that perhaps a Lady who deals in the scaly Tribe, and a Gentleman who sweeps with dashing Oars the Silver *Thames*, could not have exceeded them in the pure and essential Spirit of Scolding.

C H A P. LII.

Farther Proofs of Mr. Narrowbottom and Friend Abraham's Morality and Friendship for the Earl of Wormeaton. A shrewd Remark. The Wormeaton Family distinguished by a Goddess. A Sample of Lord Sapplin's Forethought; and his Lady's Opinion of him. Her Escape, and Landing at Calais: And, several other Matters of great Importance.

IT may be remembered, that during the Time which Mr. *Narrowbottom* was transacting the Marriage, that *Abraham* the Quaker had given the Writings which he had obtained from his Friend *Ishmael*, to a Lawyer to be examined; it seems then that during this Interval Mr. *Narrowbot-*

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son, who was so generous and sincere a Friend, (a rare Instance in this corrupt Age) had for the further Sum of Five Hundred Pounds, and a larger to the Lawyer, obtained exact Copies of the Writings of that Estate, which was mortgaged to *Ishmael*. This the Earl of *Wormeaton* considered might be of use to him on a future Occasion. The pecuniary Possessions of Men frequenting *White's* being ever in a fluctuating State, the very River of Gold which would float the *Royal Sovereign* in half an Hour ebbing so low that it would leave the Pinnacle a-ground.

THESE he kept as a Corps de Reserve, and as the same Lady which had always accompanied him and his Son during their former Life, scorned to desert him in his Hours of Affluence, these two Noblemen, applying like Noblemen, had exiled every Shilling of Lady *Sapplin's* Fortune, and Fifty Thousand Pounds more, which they had borrowed upon these sham Writings: For, in fact, their Debts being paid, and the Mortgage which was on the other Part of their Estate discharged, there remained little but a Power of mortgaging this Estate once more, which was already engaged to *Ishmael* one Month after the nuptial Day. In Truth, it was on the Credit of the aforesaid Marriage, and the Money risen by the

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Means just mentioned, with which these noble Personages had figured away, since that Time.

It has been remarked by many a Man of very good Sense, that there is scarce a Person upon Earth who is not a Favourite of some one or another, the Mind naturally giving the Preference to one Man or Woman above the rest; even Animals and inanimate Beings find the same Favour. And anciently amongst Heroes, as may be much better seen in the Original than in *Pope's* Translation of *Homer*, the Gods and Goddesses had their Favourites. In like manner it was remarked, that the *Wormeaton* Family had been signally distinguished in all their Engagements by a Divinity, being no less than *Miss Fortune*, the Daughter of *Fortune*, a Goddess amongst the Ancients. And this we beg Leave to observe, is the only Instance where Men had rather be honoured with the Mother's Favours than the Daughter's, and prefer an old Woman to a young.

The Money being exhausted, Lord *Seymour* detested the Person who brought it; he bid her, in very unmannerly Terms, go to the old Thief her Father if she wanted Money, he has stolen enough from the World, let him supply your Extravagancies. "And yours too, I suppose, says she,

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White's, and with your——" a Word beginning with a *W*.

THIS being said, they parted, my Lord to look on at the Hazard-Table ; it seems he did not chuse to play that Evening, for Reasons to be imagined, rather than explained when we speak of a Lord ; and she to some Rout of Distinction.

AND now there had been for some time a small Suspicion in Lord *Sapplin's* Head, that this Favourite of his Lady was no less a Gentleman than his old Servant *Samuel Waitwell*. This Thought, it seems, took its Rise from the great Solitude which her Ladyship had shewn for the Life of Mr. *Samuel* when he was a little indisposed.

HIS Lordship being therefore extremely irritated, was determined to surprize this Couple this Evening in their Loves ; and therefore having charged himself with a Bottle of Champagne extraordinary, he was brought home in his Chair ; when drawing his Sword, he ran immediately up to his Lady's Room, determined to dispatch the Author of his Disgrace : But, as it unluckily happened for him, and very lucky for Mr. *Samuel* and her Ladyship, they were not in Bed ; and for this Reason, because she was not come home from her Company, having tarried later than his Lordship that Night. And this must be allowed to be

particularly fortunate for this loving Pair as it was the only Cause which could have saved them from Discovery and Perdition.

His Lordship however, who had never been much used to weigh Things before-hand, and would have made a very bad Balance-master of *Europe*, had never suspected a Disappointment from her not being at home, he therefore on opening the Door cried out, "Now I have you, you Dog." And running to the Bed, was surprized to find no Body in it.

THIS Disappointment then went to his Heart, he could not bear himself, and therefore was instantly carried to *Lucy Shelton's* Lodgings; where he spent the Night, and recovered the Disappointment.

THIS Affair, however, did not pass unnoticed by Mr. *Samuel*; he perceived what was gotten into his Master's Head, and therefore took occasion to bolt the Door, and acquaint his Lady with the whole Transaction that Night.

"A JEALOUS Puppy, says she; did he ever interrupt him in his Amours with *Lucy Shelton*? Does the Fool imagine that I am to be terrified by his Threats? I wish I had been here, I would have put him thro' the Window. A He-she thing! a Disgrace to his Sex! a Fribble—Come to my Arms, my dear *Samuel*,

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him approach if he dares ; I'll defend thee from Injury with my Life." She then threw her Arms around his Wast, like a white Girt round a Packhorse.

Mr. *Samuel*, tho' he knew that his Lordship was not much to be dreaded, did not like his Intent ; beside this he had a great mind to figure away in *France*. He therefore persuaded her Ladyship to leave my Lord, and fly to *Paris* ; where they might revel uninterrupted in their Joys, and he might appear as the reputable Gallant of a Lady of Quality.

ALL Things being concerted for this Escape, her Diamonds and every Thing of Value packt up, she took the Liberty of entering into a Post-chaise with Mr. *Samuel Waitwell* ; and running to *Dover* as fast as Post-horses could carry them, they immediately hired a Ship, and setting Sail for *Calais*, landed three Hours and a half after their Embarkation, free from all Danger of being seized.

FROM this Place the Lady wrote a full and true Account of the whole Life, Conversation and Behaviour of Lord *Sapplin*, from the nuptial Night, when he first came to Bed to her, to that very Night when she first went to Bed to Mr. *Samuel*. For we are most authentically assured from Monsieur *Grandfere*, at the Sign of the *Silver Lion* at

Calais, whose Name we have Authority to quote on this Occasion, that my Lord *Waitwell*, (which Appellation he was honoured with at the Moment of his Landing, and which shews the Folly of sailing round the World for a Title, when a Man may have it for crossing from *Dover* to *Calais*, was certainly in Bed before his Lady that Night. The philosophical Causes of which we conceive to be two-fold, the Fear of being caught, which Mr. *Samuel* had undergone during the passing from *London* to *Dover*, having exhausted his delicate Spirits; and the greater Equality, which he knew for the future might be observed between his Lady and himself. And thus, in Imitation of the greatest Historians, we plume ourselves on having given the true History of the Facts, and assigned the Cause which produced them.

HAVING landed this Pair of amorous Fugitives in perfect Safety, we beg Leave to suffer them to pursue their Road to *Paris*, whilst we step back to see in what manner Mr. and Mrs. *Barter* received the Intelligence of their Daughter's Flight. Only first observing, how justly Things are disposed in this World; that tho' Men may make Laws to keep young Ladies from marrying, yet they cannot from cuckolding their Husbands when they are married; and

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tho' they may be prevented from running away with the Man they like before Matrimony, they cannot be hindered from doing it after they are wedded. Wherefore, taking all Things together and weighing them well, we presume it will be found, that these Women are but little Sufferers in this new Act; only in one respect in some scrupulous Heads, which is the Breach of the seventh Commandment, and yet this is easily gotten over by reading it according to that Edition of the Bible in which it was printed "Thou shalt commit Adultery;" which Command this Act seems particularly designed to enforce, and which will undoubtedly cause several new Editions of that Book to be printed in that manner. And several Divines, who have written in Favour of the *Jews*, in complaisance to the Minister, to prove either with or without Points, that according to the right reading the Hebrew, this is the true Translation and Sense of the Words. And here we take upon us to prophesy that this seventh Command, according to the true Reading as above, will be more faithfully observed than all the other nine, adding the eleventh to the Bargain; which certainly offers as great Hopes of the glorious Return of Christianity, now almost banished from the Kingdom, as a pious Heart can wish.

THEREFORE, with this Prophecy we end this Chapter, the Spirit of Divination suddenly deserting us ; and with one Observation, that no Man of Genius should write a Syllable either before or after the immediate Inspiration. Which Observation strictly adhered to, would spoil the Fortunes of Printers and Booksellers, and bring Men of Talents into Fashion ; a Thing which we never expect to behold any more in this Nation. *Fuimus* being the Motto with respect to Understanding, and *sumus* with respect to Money ; the only earthly or heavenly Thing coveted in this Age, which, of all others, ought to be called the Golden.

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C H A P. LIII.

A Visit from the Earl of Wormeaton to Mrs. Barter, or rather a Dispute, in which the Female gets the better; and his Lordship walks off with a Flea in his Ear.

MRS. Barter having received this Letter from her Daughter, wherein she had set forth the manner in which she had been treated by Lord *Sapplin*, not forgetting to magnify his living with Harlots, and deserting her Bed; a Circumstance which she knew her Mother would never forgive, who being warmed into a most noble Fury against such Treatment, was treating our *English* Nobility with great Freedom, when a Servant brought Word that the Earl of *Wormeaton* was below: It seems Mr. Barter was not returned from the Exchange. "Bid him come up," says she.

THE noble Earl having mounted the Stair case, enter'd the Room and bow'd, asking very politely after her Health, and whether Mr. Barter was at home or not?

"HE is not," answers Mrs. Barter, with a Face as angry and terrific as the Gorgon's; "but, I suppose, I know your Errand."

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"MADAM,

"MADAM, says the Earl, it gives me
 "Pain to speak to a Lady on so tender an
 "Occasion as a Daughter's flying from
 "her Husband, with so mean a Fellow as
 "a Servant."

"I WONDER my Daughter staid so long
 "with him as she did; here's her Letter;
 "is it like a Lord to use a Woman as he
 "did her? The first Month leave her Bed
 "for a nasty W—— Is this like a Man?
 "I thought Lords had been Men, as well
 "as other Folks; or I should not have
 "given Seventy Thousand Pounds in Mar-
 "riage with her, to a Thing that is not a
 "Man: If my Husband had served me so,
 "I would have done as she has done, what
 "Seventy Thousand Pounds, and not have
 "a Man for that Money?"

"MADAM, says the Earl, we Nobility
 "always think that we have a Right to
 "these Indulgences, it is granted by Pre-
 "scription."

"AND we Women, says she, think we
 "have a Right to a Man for a Husband,
 "and plead Presumption for that too,"
 "mistaking his Lordship's last Word;
 "there's Presumption for Presumption:
 "What a-dickens, because a Woman mar-
 "ries a Lord, she must have no Husband,
 "must she? Fine Doings, indeed! what's
 "become of the Money which you had

"with

“ with my Daughter ? If you minded your
 “ Wives more, and your W—— less, it
 “ would be better for you and your Fa-
 “ mily.”

“ MADAM, says the Earl, raising his
 “ Crest, do you know to whom you
 “ speak ?” “ To whom I speak ; yes,
 “ says she, to a beggarly Lord, that has
 “ betrayed my Daughter to marry a Thing
 “ that is not a Man ; and who would not
 “ have had an Inch of Estate remaining,
 “ but for my Daughter’s Fortune. Ah !
 “ what do you think that Money is not as
 “ good as Title ? Can you live upon your
 “ Titles, carry them to the Butcher, Baker
 “ and Brewer, see what they’ll pay for ?”

Now it may be observed in this Place,
 that a good Education is hardly ever ef-
 faced ; and that when Children, as *Solomon*
 observes, are trained up in the Way they
 should go, when they come old they will
 not depart from it : Which, being so well
 supported by Experience in this Instance,
 will, I hope, prove an Admonition to all
 Parents to give their Children a becoming
 Education.

WITHOUT this how could it possibly be
 imagined, that Mrs. *Barter* could have so
 cleanly and cleverly talked off a noble Earl,
 if her Manner of being bred had not fur-
 nished her with such Force of Reasoning,

such elegant Expression, and such manly Behaviour; for the Benefit of all which we presume, it is the Custom of Country Squires to let their Children continually learn this useful Part of Knowledge in the Kitchen amongst the Servants, and only keep Company themselves with the Hounds which lie snoring round the Fire in the Parlour.

His Lordship, however, seeing that there was no great Probability of being heard, withdrew; assuring her, that Lord *Saplin* would immediately sue out a Divorce, and get the Marriage dissolved.

"WILL you give me my Money again,

"says she? What, now you have spent her

"Fortune, you think to send my Daugh-

"ter a packing; do you think there's no

"Law for any but Lords? Go, get you

"gone home to your Son; bid him go to

"his W——." At which Time his Lord-

ship took Leave very hastily, and Mrs. *Bar-*

ter shut the Door as hastily after him.

Which Occasion we take, in Imitation of

our Betters, to shut this Chapter as hastily.

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C H A P. LIV.

Mr. Narrowbottom, towards his latter End, cuts a bad Figure. A Dialogue between him and a Divine. His Discoveries.

WE shall now turn our Views upon Mr. *Narrowbottom*, who having fought the good Fight of Antichrist, without having the least Tincture of Popery in his Composition; having made innumerable Boys Converts to *no* Religion, by his Conversation at a Coffee-house, where he presided for that purpose, when their Understandings were weak; and re-converted all those *to* Religion by the same manner of talking, whose Intellects grew stronger, the Difference lying entirely in the Abilities of the Hearers, whom Time had taught to see Things in different Lights.

THIS Gentleman, like the great Mr. *Broughton*, conceiving himself to be totally invincible, had, like that Hero, very modestly chosen for his Motto, *Hic cestus artemque repono*. Alas! how arrogant is the Pride of Man! another *Slack* attacks this mighty Man of Reason in the Shape of a Disease, which threatned him with a very dangerous Combat, and obtained the Victory.

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tory. And here we request the Liberty of making a certain Remark, which we have found to be true in several faithful Experiments ; which is, that as Men of too much Superstition are apt to look at religious Objects thro' the Spy-glass with the End which magnifies them too much, so those who have no Religion at all are continually inverting the Perspective, by which all those Objects are lessened and thrown at a great Distance, with this Difference only, that towards the Close of the Scene these last-mentioned Gentlemen are sure to turn the perspective Glass the other Way, and then the same Objects appear to have an immense Magnitude from their having been always beheld in the former manner.

THIS Disease then had been the Cause of Mr. *Narrowbottom's* turning his Glass, he began to see Things in quite another Light than usual ; there did not appear to be all that Reason, which he had formerly imagined, in his manner Thinking. He doubted the Truth of what he thought himself fully convinced of, and wished sincerely that he had not been mistaken in his Reasoning. As his Disease increased, he grew infinitely afraid of dying ; he sent for *Ward*, tried Dr. *James's* Powder the same Day, and run from Remedy to Remedy thro' all the Advertisements. “ Is there nothing in

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The MARRIAGE ACT. 111

“ Medicine, says he, which can save my
“ Life a few Years? Must I die?” At
which Words he seemed to sink beneath his
own Weight, and now every Transaction of
his Life which had long been forgotten re-
coiled upon his Mind, and urged him with
excessive Disquiet. He therefore could not
bear the Sight of those Men who were his
former Companions, their very Names
were grown detestable to his Ears, for
which Reason he forbid their coming to
see him.

WHEN he was alone he cried out conti-
nually, “ What a Wretch I am? Too late
“ I find that I have shut the Gates of Hea-
“ ven against my Prayers, is there no Par-
“ don for Sins like mine? Wretch, that I
“ am! is there no Mercy for me, a Sinner?
“ I dare not invoke the Name of that God
“ which I have so often blasphemed; is
“ there no Path to fly from Death? No
“ Road that leads from eternal Punish-
“ ment? Oh! Reason, Reason, feeble
“ Guide to human Kind; but why do I
“ exclaim against Reason, it was my Mad-
“ ness, my Folly, or my Wickedness, which
“ is yet a greater Crime, that has brought
“ this Misery upon me?

“ Oh! *Betty*, says he to his favourite Ser-
“ vant, let me intreat you, let the Words
“ of a dying Wretch prevail, fly all the
“ Crimes

“ Crimes which Religion bids you shun,
 “ and you may yet be happy; it is too
 “ late for me.” At these Words she de-
 fired him to have a Divine, to talk with
 upon the Subject. “ Can he come secret-
 “ ly, says he?” “ To be sure he can,”
 says she. “ Let him then To-night, as
 “ soon as it is dark; let it be as soon as it
 “ is dark. Oh! *Betty, Betty*, what Pangs
 “ do I endure.”

As soon as it was dark then, a Divine
 whose Life did honour to human Nature
 came to visit him. “ Sir, says he, I have
 “ waited upon you, at your Request; and
 “ if any Thing in my Power can alleviate
 “ the Distress, which your Servant says you
 “ undergo, I shall with Pleasure impart
 “ to you; the Mercies of Heaven are in-
 “ finite.” “ Are they infinite, are you sure
 “ Sir, says he, eagerly seizing the Clergy-
 “ man’s Hand, that the Mercies of Hea-
 “ ven are infinite? Then there may be
 “ some Hope. Can I obtain Mercy, can
 “ Wretch like me obtain Mercy? Do you
 “ think it is possible for so heinous a Sin-
 “ ner as I am, to obtain Mercy? Oh! Sir,
 “ you know not how abandoned I have
 “ been!” “ Sir, says the Divine, with
 “ God, all Things are possible.” “ Are
 “ they possible, teach me to obtain his Pro-
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The MARRIAGE ACT. 113.

"tain that Pardon? Oh! Sir, you cannot
conceive how wretched I have made my-
self!"

THE Divine then told him if he had done
any thing unjustly, he should endeavour to
make Retalliation; and reinstate to their
former manner, as far as it was possible, all
Things in which he had done amiss.

He then informed the Divine of his Trans-
actions between the two Families of *Worm-
eaton* and *Barter*, the manner of obtaining
the Writings from *Ishmael* by means of
Abraham Sly, and the copying them again
by the Lawyer for the Earl; desiring him
to reveal the whole Matter to Mr. *Barter*:

All which he depofed properly the next
Day on Oath. He then made his Will, and
disposed of his Effects charitably, according
to the Divine's Direction. After which he

faid, "Sir, may Heaven blefs you; are
not you afraid of Death?" "Not at all,"

fays the Clergyman. "Had I paffed my

Life like you, I had been happy, fays
Narrowbottom, fighing and weeping;

"methinks I feel my Bosom lighter by
your Conversation and Company; shall

I be favoured with it again To-mor-
row?" To which he was answered he

should. The Morrow and every Day after,
during his Life, he was visited by this good

Man, in whose Company alone he was only
easy.

easy one Minute, continually asking if he thought it was possible he could be saved; "Is it possible?" he cried.

At length he expired in Agonies and Horrors, which no Pen can describe, which are terrible to human Nature to conceive; and which we shall not attempt, hoping that no human Creature will ever taste the like Calamity hereafter.

C H A P. LV.

A small Conversation between Mr. Barter and Ishmael the Jew. Another between Ishmael and Abraham. The Advantage of Affirmation in a Quaker. A Divorce; and its Antithesis.

THIS Discovery of the forged Writings was made known by the Clergyman to Mr. Barter, who saw himself in a Situation which he by no means liked; he therefore waited on *Ishmael the Jew*, to know if he had a Mortgage on the Estate of the Earl of *Wormeaton*; which being answered that he had, says Barter, "Are not you a very honest Man? Does not your Nation deserve very particular Encouragement,

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“couragement, and to be united with this
 “for their Probity? Did not you lend the
 “Writings to *Abraham Sly*, who put them
 “into the Hands of a Lawyer? Which
 “Lawyer has taken Copies of them, by
 “Lord *Wormeaton*’s Order; so that it is
 “ten thousand to one but the Estate is
 “mortgaged again, and you lose your Mo-
 “ney: Your Villainy shall come out.”
 This *Isbmael* denied, swearing by the God
 of *Moses* that it was not true.

HOWEVER *Barter* told him, that *Nar-
 rowbottom* had confessed and sworn to this
 upon his Death-bed: “I shall immediate-
 “ly begin a Chancery Suit with you, and
 “I make no doubt of obtaining my Suit
 “from the Hands of that Chancellor who
 “decides with so much Equity.”

THIS staggered *Isbmael* not a little, where-
 fore at *Barter*’s leaving him he hurried to
Abraham Sly’s the Quaker, whom finding
 at home he acquainted him with what *Bar-
 ter* had said, with respect to *Narrowbottom*.
 “Mr. *Sly*, says *Isbmael*, this is not fair
 “Play; you promised the Writings should
 “not go out of your Hands.” “I believe
 “Thee art mistaken, Friend *Isbmael*; was
 “there any one by, when I told thee so?”
 “No, says *Isbmael*; to be sure there was
 “not.” “Why then, Friend *Isbmael*, says
 “he, Thee may’st depend that Thee art
 “mistaken

" mistaken in this Thing, and that I never
 " told Thee so." At which *Ishmael* being
 a little warm, called him quaking Rascal.
 " You Dog, says he, you have forfeited
 " your Honour; and thus probably I shall
 " lose my Mortgage by your Roguery, you
 " Rascal." " Friend *Ishmael*, says *Abra-*
 " *ham* with all the Calmness in the World,
 " Thee shouldst not throw Stones, who
 " hast a Head of Glass thyself; Thee
 " knowest that whatever may happen in
 " this Affair, Thee canst have no Title to
 " Honesty who lendest the Writings to de-
 " ceive Neighbour *Barter*. Therefore
 " Thee canst get nothing by quarrelling
 " with me; but I may be thy Friend in
 " the Chancery Suit, Thee knowest."
 Which last Hint pacified *Ishmael* a little,
 and sent him home to consider upon this
 Affair, not without some Trepidation for
 his Money.

DURING this Time Lord *Sapplin* had com-
 menced a Divorce in Doctors Commons a-
 gainst his Lady, and Mr. *Barter* a Chan-
 cery Suit against the Earl of *Wormeston*,
 for having settled an Estate on his Daugh-
 ter which was mortgaged. During the
 Course of this Trial, it was necessary that
 Mr. *Abraham Sly* should be examined as an
 Evidence before Commissioners in Chan-
 cery; it seems there was a Clerk to the
 Lawyer,

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Lawyer, who had sworn that he had received some Writings from *Abraham*, to carry to his Master. Wherefore *Abraham* having taken his solemn Affirmation, standing as perpendicular as a Plum-line, with his Hat fixed upon his Head, was desired to give the Gentlemen present an Account of what he knew relating to these Writings. "Why really, says *Abraham*, I must tell Thee that I did give some Writings to that young Man who swore it; but then they were Writings which related to quite another Thing as I apprehended, being Writings of an Estate of a Friend Thee knowest, I need not tell his Name, it would not be right in such case, who wanted to mortgage it to me, therefore I sent them to this Lawyer to be read." "But did you never receive any Writings of Lord *Wormeaton's* Estate from the Hands of *Ismael*, and then send them to the Lawyer to be examined?" says the Commissioner. "Not that I know, Friend; as an honest Man, I cannot positively affirm that, because I have received Writings from Friend *Ismael's* Hands which I never read. Thee knowest, Friend, one cannot affirm to Things one has never read, one cannot know Neighbour *Wormeaton's* Writings by the Outside; therefore I do affirm to Thee

"that

“ that I have never knowingly received
 “ such Writings. They may have been
 “ put into my Hands to hold, when I was
 “ transacting Affairs with Friend *Ishmael*
 “ at his House, and he was looking for
 “ other Papers. How can a Man affirm,
 “ says he, that he never received them?
 “ Thee knowest, an honest Man should be
 “ scrupulous in Matters of Affirmation.”

“ BUT, Sir, says a Commissioner, Mr.
 “ *Narrowbottom* on his Death-bed swore
 “ positively, that you obtained these Writ-
 “ ings from Mr. *Ishmael*, and gave them
 “ to Mr. *Barter*’s Lawyer, and for this
 “ you had a Thousand Pounds.”

“ FRIEND, says *Abraham*, Thee dost not
 “ know, perhaps, that Friend *Narrow-*
 “ *bottom* was delirious for a long while be-
 “ fore he died; his Head ran upon no-
 “ thing but the Devil, Hell-fire, and such
 “ Sort of Objects. Thee knowest, says he,
 “ leering a little, that these are Marks of
 “ a distempered Mind; Thee wouldst not
 “ believe a Man whose Head ran upon
 “ these Things.” “ Sooner than one whose
 “ Head ran upon a Belief that there were
 “ no such Things,” says the Commis-
 “ sioner, “ Because he has at least one Curb
 “ from doing amiss, which, I apprehend
 “ you have not, the Fear of future Punish-
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The MARRIAGE ACT. 119

"ment." This Answer did not please Friend *Abraham* a bit.

THE Divine who attended Mr. *Narrow-bottom*, and his Servant, swore he was perfectly in his Senses ; and thus every thing proved, the Chancellor with that Equity which ever attends his Decisions, ordered that Mr. *Ishmael* should forfeit his Right of Mortgage ; and that the Right of Settlement made on Lady *Sapplin*, should be valid.

DURING these Transactions the Divorce was brought into *Westminster-Hall*, where several Letters of Lady *Sapplin* were read, to the great Pleasure and Diverſion of the young and old Council, the Judges themselves ſometimes leering a little behind the great Wig ; which Letters, as they do not redound much to the Honour of Lord or Lady *Sapplin*, and are not a very proper Specimen for young Ladies to imitate tho' extremely familiar, we have dared to omit inserting even a Sample of in this History. At the End the Divorce was obtained, and this noble Lord and Lady were ſeparated with more Pleasure than they were joined, ten times over.

DURING this Time Lady *Worthy* often expreſſed great Pity and Compaſſion for her Parents and Siſter : " I am not ſurprized, ſays ſhe, that my Siſter fled from
" the

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“ the Man she married ; she had never
 “ conceived the least Esteem or Passion for
 “ him, the foolish Vanity of being a Lady
 “ overcoming every other Consideration,
 “ who then can wonder, that when like a
 “ Baby she was tired with her Rattle, she
 “ threw it away ? In Truth, says she, the
 “ Nobility conceive that Citizens Daugh-
 “ ters are caught by a Title, as Children
 “ are by the Gold upon Gingerbread, to
 “ snap at Trash which hurts their Happi-
 “ ness for ever.”

“ WHY, my Life, says Sir *William*, you
 “ are satyric this Morning, smiling at the
 “ same time : I see you are not a gall-less
 “ Pigeon, tho’ you pass so much Time in
 “ seeing and remarking their Loves and
 “ Fidelity.” “ My Dear, says she, the
 “ Folly of our Sex and the Vanity of the
 “ Nobility will, I hope, plead my Excuse
 “ for this Sarcastm ; it is the last I shall
 “ make.” “ No, pray my Dear, says he,
 “ proceed ; you succeed very well ; let me
 “ hear what you have to say against me.”
 “ Against you, says she, I wish I never
 “ had seen your Face.” “ How so, pray
 “ *Betsy* ?” “ Why, you are so much su-
 “ perior to all other Men in my Eyes, you
 “ have totally unfitted me for the Com-
 “ pany of the Sex : Is not this depriving
 “ me of great Happiness, says she, smiling

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“and kissing him? Have I not Reason to wish I had never seen you?” “You Coaxer,” says Sir *William*, smiling with Tears of Joy; “you are a downright Coaxer, *Betsy*.” Pronouncing it with a Delight which exceeds every other heart-felt Sensation, that human Nature can conceive.

“My Dear, says she, perhaps it would not be amiss if we asked my Father and Mother to pass a little Time with us: since my Sister’s leaving *London*, and those other Things which have happened to them, I fancy a little Retirement in the Country would not be disagreeable: They are my Parents, my Dear,” says she.

“AND mine also, my dearest *Betsy*, says he; surely I must love the Authors of all my Happiness, they will be most extremely welcome to me. Your Parents, *Betsy*, are equally dear to me as my own would be, if they were alive. It is probable, if they had never been, I had not tasted of true Felicity.” She smiled with Sensibility and Applause, and thanked him with a Kiss.

SHE then wrote a Letter to her Mother, inviting her into the Country, with all the Sincerity and true Politeness which Duty can dictate; which Letter being well re-

ceived, her Parents determined to see Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*, in *Cornwall*.

By this Time there were at *Worthy-hall* two fine Boys and one little Girl, as beautiful as the sublimest Idea of a Painter's Cupid, or the Children of *Fiamingo*: These were the Delight of the happy Parents, who loved them to Excess. To see this Man and Woman gazing with excessive Fondness on their prattling Offspring, lost in Transport and Delight at their little Sports, the Pleasure darting from their Eyes, whilst she hung at Sir *William's* Arm smiling in his Face at every pretty Expression which they uttered; the rosy Cheeks, shining Eyes, and laughing Countenances of this little Troop, appearing like a Groupe of Angels round the Mother of the Author of our Salvation, in the Pictures of the finest *Italian* Masters; was an Object on which Heaven itself might look with Pleasure.

NEVER was Man and Woman so happy as this Couple; Sir *William* loved rural Sports moderately; he sometimes hunted, and sometimes amused himself with Shooting. At his Return from his Diversions he always found every Thing ready for his changing, lest he should catch cold. It was not his Lady's Hands that placed them where they should be, but her fond and faithful Heart suggested, and her vigilant Eyes saw that

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every Thing which Sir *William* might have occasion for should be ready at his Return.

“ My Dear, says he, kissing her, you will make me grow sick of Life, all Things will become insipid to me, you are determined I shall not feel a Moment’s Want of any Thing; even this Bliss which I enjoy, will become delightful, unless you let me know its Value by sometimes feeling the Absence of it.”

“ My Dear, says she, the Sufferings of too many others will teach us to taste our blissful State, without seeking Disappointments in our own Lives.”
“ Why, you Philosopher in Petticoats, if Women could but take Orders, I would present you with the Living of *Brightley*,” says he, which is just going to fall into hand, the good old Incumbent is near his latter End.”

“ WELL then, since I cannot possess, let me present it, says Lady *Worthy*; I shall give it to the Man you would prefer, I am sure,”

“ AH! says he, to young *Thoroughgood*, I suppose; I have given it away already expressly, to prevent your Application there.”

“ THAT is not kind, indeed, Sir *William*,” says she.

"INDEED it is, my *Betsy*, says he; no
 "Man on Earth deserves it better than
 "him to whom I have presented it."
 "TELL me then, says she, to whom?"
 "It is to *Thoroughgood*," answer'd he.
 "AH! you Deceiver, says she, you made
 "me uneasy; why did not you tell me
 "when you gave it him?"
 "ON purpose says he, to shew you, that
 "I never need be reminded of doing every
 "thing which can give my *Betsy* Plea-
 "sure."

DURING the Afternoons she played and
 sung at her Harpsichord to Sir *William*,
 which sounded sweeter in his Ears than the
 Musick of the Spheres; such Effect Love
 has upon all Things. She sometimes drew
 little Landscapes, which he valued more
 than the Paintings of *Claude Lorain*, or
Salvator Rosa; and at other times she work-
 ed, whilst Sir *William* read to her. These
 were their Employments, when there was
 no Company at *Wortby-ball*; besides play-
 ing and walking with the Children, and
 observing the Loves of the Pigeons, whose
 Fidelity Lady *Wortby* had always admired
 from Infancy.

It was, indeed, a true Paradise regain'd;
 and notwithstanding she knew what Routs,
 Operas, Plays, gilt Coaches and Chairs
 truly were, she never utter'd one Sigh after
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these Possessions, fancying, poor Soul, that her Husband was in himself equal to all these supreme Delights; and laughing at those Ladies who placed their Happiness in such kind of Enjoyments.

INDEED, there was one Thing more, which I omitted in the Catalogue of their Felicity; a Love for each other, which was the sincerest that ever human Hearts conceived; which gives an essential Bliss to every Possession, and without which human Life is hardly worth possessing. And with this Assertion we close this Chapter.

C H A P. LVI.

Mr. and Mrs. Barter arrive at Worthy Hall. Mr. Thoroughgood declines: His Death not like Narrowbottom's. Mr. and Mrs. Barter's Return to London.

MR. *Barter* and his Wife coming to Sir *William Worthy's*, were greatly pleased with the Happiness which they found at *Worthy-hall*; they then perceived how much better the Passion of Love can chuse for itself, than Pride and Avarice in Parents can determine for it. This Couple had never conceived that human Nature could attain such pure Felicity, their Joys were eternally springing to their Eyes, the Children's Beauty, the Affection of Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*, made such an Impression on the Heart of Mr. *Barter* and his Wife, that he gave by his Will his whole Fortune entirely into the Hands of Sir *William*. Indeed he would have settled it upon his Daughter, and in her Power; but she prevailed upon him to bequeath it to Sir *William*. "It would ruin all my Happiness, says she, to have him imagine, after you have seen his Affection for me, that you thought him unworthy

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“ of being entrusted with every thing
“ which can be mine.”

IN this Part of *England* Mr. and Mrs. *Barter* spent a Summer; sometimes at Mr. *Thoroughgood*'s, sometimes at Sir *Oliver Hearty*'s, in a manner which they had never any notion of before; all was Ease, Freedom, good Humour and Sprightliness.

Now it was that Mr. *Thoroughgood* felt a slow Disease creeping upon him, which gave every one Anxiety but himself; his Wife, his Children and Friends asking him how he was, seeing his Languor, the Tears started from their Eyes before his Answer: “ My dear Friends, says he, what is the Cause of all this Pain on my account? “ Has my Life been passed in such a manner that you are in Fear for me, at my departing Hour? Let me not suffer for what you feel; indeed I perceive no Pang at the Thoughts of what must soon befall me. Think you I have taught so many to die, and not learnt that Secret myself? Let me see you as chearful as if I was to lay me down to sleep: Consider it is some Happiness for you, that my Name is secured from falling into Disesteem, I trust I have that Happiness.”

At these Words every Eye flowed with Tears, every Bosom sobbed with Sorrow, whilst he alone said, “ Indeed, indeed, this

" is not kind, to make my last Moments
 " filled with Anguish on your Account;
 " what is there to happen, which you have
 " not all known these many, many Years?
 " Besides, you conceive me, perhaps, in a
 " worse Condition than I am: Let us take
 " a little Walk in the Wood together."
 Thither they accompanied him, and he ap-
 peared to be so easy from the Desire of
 dissipating their Anxiety, that the whole
 Company believed him much better.

SAYS Mr. *Barter*, " Does this Man think
 " so lightly of Death, as he pretends?
 " can scarce conceive it; 'tis very strange!
 " I believe I shall never be able to think
 " so lightly of it: I wish it appeared to me
 " in that manner." Now there is but one
 Receipt in the World for curing the Fears of
 Death, and this is the only Disease for which
 there is no Elixir or Pill advertised in the
 Daily Papers; nor *Ward's* Pill nor *James's*
 Powder have any Effect here; being in fact
 the Consciousness of having passed a virtu-
 ous Life; which, it seems, Mr. *Thorough-*
good had done, and Mr. *Barter* had not.

As Mr. *Thoroughgood* grew weaker, he
 grew more chearful, to disguise his Condi-
 tion from his Family: At length he found
 that Life was going apace, he called his
 Wife, his Son and Daughter about him,
 his Friends who were at Sir *Oliver's* came

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to see him for the last time; when, sitting in his Chair, he said to Mrs. *Thoroughgood*, "Give me thy Hand, my dear Wife." Then looking up to her Face, flowing with Tears, he said, "We have passed our Days in a Happiness which few in this World have known, therefore I can better bear the Moment of my own Departure than that of thine; my Children, I need not request you, to continue your Duty to this best of Parents; may your Lives be spent as happily as ours have been, till you arrive where I am going, to the Abode of eternal Happiness and Joy." Saying this, he closed his Eyes, which never opened more, without one Struggle, Groan or Sigh. Thus dies Righteousness in Peace.

His poor Wife fell into a Swoon, and was carried away; one Flood of Tears deluged the whole Family: His Parishioners mourned as if they had lost their common Parent; and every Man and Woman wore some Token of their Grief for his Loss. The Gentleman, whose Right the Living was in, no sooner heard of his Death, than he complimented his Son with it, for the Sake of the Father's Character. Of such Use is the Life of a good Man to the Children which are descended from him.

AND now Mr. *Barter* and his Wife prepared to return to *London*; they would have persuaded their Son and Daughter to accompany them, which Lady *Worthy* begged to be excused from: "I am, says she, as happy as I can imagine human Nature is capable of being; perhaps, this is a Deceit which I have nursed in myself, because I know no better. I see, Madam, says she, nothing which I wish for, that I don't possess; the Frailty of Women may be such, that new Scenes may create new Desires, and *London* spoil all the Happiness of my Life to come. You will therefore, my dear Parents, excuse this Journey. I would not run the risque of losing my present Felicity; and I am convinced I cannot receive any additional Pleasure to what I find in the Arms and Conversation of this best of Men," turning to Sir *William*.

THEY then took their Leave, and returned to *London*, and left the happiest Pair on Earth; tho' sometimes Mr. and Mrs. *Heary* would dispute that Point with them. And Sir *Oliver* declared, that there never was such a loving Couple upon Earth: "Ods heart, ods heart, it does me good, to see how they love one another."

SOON after the Death of Mr. *Thoroughgood*, his Son was married to one of Sir *Oliver's*

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Oliver's Daughters, that very young Lady who had applauded his Speech, in Favour of the Sex, with a Blush like the rising Morn; which we have taken notice of in another Place. From that Instant she had conceived a Passion for him, which terminated in Marriage and mutual Happiness.

AND now, having settled Things on this Side the Water; we beg Leave to follow Lady *Sapplin* on the other; and see what became of her in *France*. And, as the Voyage will take up some time, we here close this Chapter, that we may seem to leave nothing behind us undone, till we come to the City of *Paris*.

CHAP.

C H A P. LVII.

Lady Sapplin and Mr. Samuel arrive at Paris. A saute-pas of an Irish Taylor. A Gentleman of a particular Occupation waits on my Loord Waitwell. A Blunder of the Taylor: And, an old Acquaintance disowned.

LADY SAPPLIN and Mr. Samuel Waitwell, henceforth to be commonly called my Loord Waitwell, having hired a Servant at Calais, the next Morning after their Arrival departed in a Post chaise. In the Road they visited Chantilly, and so proceeded to Paris.

BEING arrived at the Gate of that City, which is called *St. Denis*, there was waiting a whole Troop of Laqueys, ready to be hired by the *My Loords Anglois*, who always enter *Paris* by that Gate, when they come from *Calais*. These Gentlemen, well powdered and curled, followed the Post-chaise to the *Hotel d'Antrague* in the *Rue Tournan*, only calling in at different Milliners, Coach-hirers, Taylors, Peruke makers, Shog-makers and Hosiers, to acquaint them that there was an *English My Loord* and *My Lady* come to *Paris*; whom, the Postilion

had

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had told them, were to lodge in the Hotel d'Antrague; for which Intelligence there is always a Recompence due to the Informer, from the Tradesman.

Now it seems there was at this time expected at this Hotel an *English* Traveller, who, returning from his Tour of *Italy*, had dispatched his Servant before him to give Notice of his Coming, and to prepare an elegant Entertainment that Evening. Monsieur *Burginion*, who keeps this House, was, for that Reason, in his white Waistcoat and white Cap, exercising himself with a large Bundle of Rods in whipping a common Roasting-pig into a young wild Boar. A Thing very commonly done to oblige our *English* Nobility; which is, with respect to Monsieur *Burginion*, a Metamorphosis not mentioned in *Ovid*, of Three Shillings into Three Guineas.

HOWEVER he was not so deeply engaged, but that he quitted his Occupation to salute the two Guests; and having found that Mr. *Samuel Waitwell* asked her Ladyship how she did after her Journey, he concluded from that Appellation they were good Guests; and gave the Postilion, who brought them thither, a Louis-d'or; which Price, we have the Happiness to assure our Readers, is the highest which is given for any Traveller of any Kingdom in *Europe*, and

which ought to rejoice the Heart of every free born and loyal *Englishman*, to find himself thus valued above all the Nations of the Earth.

BEING shewn to an Apartment which they liked, there was in less than ten Minutes half a hundred Laqueys offering their Service, a Dozen Hirers of Coaches, nine Taylors, as many Shoe-makers, Hosiery, Peruke-makers, and all Kinds of Makers that can be conceived, to offer their Service to my Loord *Waitwell*.

AMONGST the Gentlemen destined to adorn the Body with Embroidery, Lace and Velvet, and the most fashionable Cut, there was an *Irishman*, who being called *Duffy* in his own Country, had Frenchified it into *Dauphiné* in *Paris*; this Man seeing Mr. *Samuel Waitwell* coming out to tell those Gentlemen in waiting that he should determine on nothing that Evening, ran up to him, and catching him fast about the Neck, gave him a Kiss, with the "Devil burn me, Mr. *Waitwell*, but I am glad to see you in this Country again; will you speak to your Master to get me to be his Taylor?" Now the Company was a little surprized to see a Taylor salute a Man so familiarly, whom they had taken for a My Loord two Minutes before.

"SIR, says Mr. *Samuel*, I suppose you mistake me." "How, says the Taylor,

"what,

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“what, and you are not Mr. *Samuel Waitwell*? to whom I used to lend Money, when you had not a Farthin to eat, when you were here with Mr. *Booby*, Esq; the Devil burn me, but you are going to joke with me; and I know you as well as he that made you, and I know too that you’ll get me your Master’s Business for all that.”

Now this Taylor had a much better Memory than he ought to have had, in this Instance; and had really lent Money to Mr. *Samuel* many Times, during his former Residence at *Paris*. A Thing he never fails doing, tho’ he should not pay his Workmen; no Man being more inclined to good Nature.

“SIR, says Mr. *Samuel*, I am not the Person you mean; I am no Servant.” This he spoke in *French*, that the others might hear him; and then in *English* to the Taylor, “Come To morrow Morning, and I shall talk with you; but remember, that I am not *Samuel Waitwell*, but my Lord.”

Well, says the Taylor, how the Devil should I know you were a Lord, unless you had told me so.”

WELL, well, I’ll remember you are a Lord for the future.” At which Words

he went off, saying to himself, “By my Shalvashon, but there was like to have been a small Mistake in this Case, of
“ taking

"taking a Lord for a Livery-man; how-
 "ever, never mind me, I'll never make
 "another Blunder of that kind, I'll war-
 "rant you."

THE next Morning Mr. *Waitwell*, (now commonly called my Lord *Waitwell*) hired two different Equipages, and determined on those Persons with whom he should deal in the different Trades; who were all to pay their Compliments to my Loord that Morning. Of such Importance is an *Englishman* in the City of *Paris*.

AMONGST these, was a Person of an Occupation, who had not paid him his Compliments the preceding Evening; he addressed Mr. *Waitwell* with a vast Number of recommendatory Letters, under the Hands of my Lord ———, my Lord ———, Sir *Richard* ———, Sir *William* ———, and a vast Number of other *English* Noblemen and Gentlemen, recommending him as the most honest Fellow in the World in his Profession.

HE then presented a List of the most celebrated Women of the Opera, Comedy, *Italian* Comedy, and others who might be kept. "This is my Catalogue, my Loord," says he; you see I have Recommendations enough to convince you, that I always behaved myself as a Man of Honor, nor, having had the Honor to be the

"Procurer

Procurer of all the Nobility of your Nation; which, you see, they have given me under their Hands. I should have waited upon my Loord last Night, but I did imagine you would not have a great Occasion for me the first Night, after so long a Journey you would be too much fatigued. But, I am now devoted to your Lordship's Service; to whom, I hope I shall have the Honor to render my most humble Devoirs."

THIS Speech Lady *Sapplin* overhearing, spoke to Mr. *Samuel*, telling him, "That she believed he would have no great Occasion to employ that Gentleman;" when he took the Hint, and dismissed Monsieur *Le Maquereau*; telling him, "He should not need his Services." At which Answer the Gentleman withdrew.

THE Taylor next Morning took Measure of Mr. *Samuel*, calling him my Lord every other Word, and of two Servants for Liveries, which were to mount behind his Coach. These Fellows were six Foot high each, for in *France* they pair their Liverymen as they do their Horses, not letting the Head of one appear above another, like two Steps in a Stair case.

Now, tho' my honest *Irishman* had behaved like an Emperor in calling Mr. *Samuel* my Lord, when he was measuring him;

him; yet the Idea of his having been a Livery-man ran so strong in his Head when he came to cut out the Cloaths, that he made the Liveries for him, and the Velvet Suits for the Footmen. Therefore when he brought home the Cloaths and try'd on the Velvet upon Mr. *Samuel*, he found that he had mistaken, the Coat reaching down to the Small of his Leg, and envelopping his whole Body like a Night-gown: "Up
 " on my Shoul, but here's a Mistake, says
 " he, and I have cut the Velvet Suit by
 " your Servant's Measure, but never mind
 " me, I'll cut it less in a Twink." " Well,
 " says Mr. *Samuel*, and so you have cut the
 " Liveries by mine, what will you do with
 " them?" " By my Shoul, I'll cut them
 " longer too."

THIS Mistake had like to have play'd the Devil with the Taylor, but Mr. *Samuel* remembering that he was in his Power, he suffer'd him to cut the Cloaths less to fit him, but he could not cut the Liveries longer to fit the Footmen; however, he eked them out with Lace, and tho' the Coat was somewhat shorter than the *French* Fashion, yet each of the Fellows took it with good Will, the Taylor, being a Wit, telling him, " Perhaps it would be long enough before
 " he had another."

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The MARRIAGE ACT. 139

THE Hour of Dressing being come, Mr. *Waitwell* was attended by a Peruke-maker's Servant, till he could get a Valet de Chambre to his Mind. This young Lad had worked in that Shop where Mr. *Samuel*, when he was at *Paris* before, had learned to dress Hair; for this Reason he survey'd him again and again, he thought it must be his old Friend *Samuel*, but could not reconcile his being a My Loord; for that Reason he would not accost him with a pretending to know him, but in this manner: "Have not I had the Honor to have dressed My Loord before in *Paris*?" To which Mr. *Samuel* answered, "That he had never been in *Paris* before." The Perquier bowing, desired a thousand Pardons, and yet was not convinced of his Mistake.

THIS Dressing being finished, the Perquier went to the Taylor, and asked him, "If that My Loord at the Hotel d' *Antrague* was not Monsieur *Samuel*, who had worked with him formerly?" "ARRAH, says the Taylor, and do you believe that I'll tell you that, when he has desired me not to spake a Whord of the Mather to any Body?" At which the young Fellow went off smiling, and the Taylor valuing himself much for having kept the Secret. And here we close this Chapter.

C H A P. LVIII.

My Lord Waitwell appears in the Light of a great Connoisseur in Vértu. A small Conversation between two English Travellers.

LADY SAPPLIN and Mr. Samuel finding that a Hotel garni, or a Lodging-house, was by no means a genteel Manner of Living, hired a Hotel in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, and furnished it very elegantly. Now, in *France*, unless a Gentleman keeps a publick Table, there is very little Complaisance paid to his fine Cloaths, and fine Equipage. This Pair then, having each of them a separate Coach, elegantly carved, gilt and painted, with Horses of the most showy and fashionable Colour, and six Servants in well-fancied and expensive Liveries, kept as polite a Table as any Stranger in that City.

BESIDES this, Mr. Samuel being determined to possess every Quality of a complete Gentleman, pretended to be a great Connoisseur in Drawings, Pictures, Statues, Gravings, Intaglias, and Camæas, antique Curiosities, and all the Catalogue of Vértu. For that purpose he was often honoured

with

The MARRIAGE ACT. 141

with the Company of Painters, and Statuaries. Monsieur *Van Lo* and Monsieur *Boucher* sometimes did him the Honor to dine with him, and laugh at him; Messieurs *Bouchardon* and *Falconet*, Statuaries of the first Rank, had the Condescension to grant him the same Honors.

He talked much of *Rubens's* correct Drawing, and *Michael Angelo's* inimitable Colouring. "*Raphael* for the *Clair Obscure*," says he; and *Rembrandt*, for a happy Choice of Nature. *Corregio* would be admirable, if he could colour like *Poussin*; and *Le Seur* and *Carrache* beyond Compare, if they could tell a Story like "*Vandyke*."

"THE Ancients, says he, were immense in their Statues of Boys, and grouping their Figures: We Moderns shall never come near them for that, yet we beat them again in full grown Figures, and Power of Expression; the *Antics* in the *Tuilleries* are a Demonstration of that."

To all which these Gentlemen, with a thorough Contempt of such Pretensions, yet above displeasing him, or making an ill Use of it, answered, "Ouy, my Loord."

"THUS you see, Gentlemen, says he, each Nation has its Rise and Fall, and who knows what may happen in this

"World?"

"World? I may be Minister of State, and
 "France may tremble at my Name;" giving
 ing himself great Airs of Importance: To
 which these Gentlemen assented; internally
 despising the Vanity and Ignorance of the
 Man.

It is impossible for a Man to expose him-
 self in any Country, but sooner or later he
 will be made the Dupe of his Folly; for
 that Reason Mr. *Samuel* was frequently sur-
 rounded with Picture-dealers and Vertu-
 mongers, he bought a World of valuable
 antique Gravings in Stone, and Paintings
 of the best Masters, and possessed in Truth
 a Collection of Pictures, which, if they had
 been of the Hands which the Dealers sold
 them for *en-conscience*, would indeed have
 made a pretty Figure. The contrary of
 which we cannot take upon us to decide,
 having never seen either the copying or
 smocking of the least Piece in the Col-
 lection.

No Man frequented the Opera, Comedy
 and *Italian* Theatre more regularly than
 Loord *Waitwell*; he made Love to Mad-
 moiselle *Lanoy* behind the Scenes at the
 opera, rallied with *Camilla* at the *Italian*
 Comedy, and professed a vast Admiration
 for *Clairon* at the *French* Theatre.

MANY an *English* Gentleman of the
 second Quality dined at his Table often

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The MARRIAGE ACT. 143

“Faith, says young *F——* to *Thomas*
“*S——*, Esq; this *Waitwell* is a damn’d
“clever Fellow, I don’t see but he behaves
“as well as any of us all; he really keeps
“a damn’d good Table, and does the Ho-
“nors of it very well: D—m—e, if I be-
“lieve he ever was a Footman, says he;
“for you know that the World is full of
“Lies.” “And you don’t believe he was
“a Footman, do you?” says *Thomas S——*,
Esq; “No, says *F——*, d—m—e if I do.”
“I’ll lay you Ten Guineas if you dare, and
“I say done first, says the ‘Squire, that I
“prove you know he was a Livery-man.”
“Lay with your Grandmother, says *F——*,
“how should I know it?” “Why, says
“the ‘Squire, did not you and I know him
“when he served *Boothby*? I wonder you
“keep him Company.” “Well, well,
“what of all that, says *F——*, he is a
“d—m’d honest Fellow now, and deserves
“Encouragement; and I love him for that.
“We’ll sup there To-night, *Tom*, if you
“will.” “With all my Heart,” says the
Squire; which was done exactly, as it was
the agreed upon.

C H A P.

C H A P. LIX.

In which is explained the Manner of getting into good Company at Paris. The Cause of Adultery in France. The History and present Practice of Wives, in consequence of it. A History founded in Truth.

IT has been a Complaint long subsisting amongst the *English*, that nothing is more difficult than to get an Acquaintance amongst the best Company in *Paris*, for a Traveller of this Nation. Now, as we profess ourselves entirely devoted to the Instruction of our Fellow Natives of this Island, we imagine that nothing will be more acceptable to them than a Clue, which will conduct them through this difficult Labyrinth which leads to the Company of People in superior Life.

THE Rule then which every *English* Subject, whether Male or Female, should pursue, is that of *Iago's* to *Cassio*, "Put Money in thy Purse:" For this single Circumstance omitted, the Process will fail most certainly. You may as well expect to find a Cricket in an Ice-house, or an *Englishman* returned the Representative of a *Scotch* Bo-

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rough, as to be admitted into good Company without that Ingredient.

THIS then being amply provided, there is at *Paris*, a certain Gentleman born in *England*, tho' his Gentility was created in *France*; he has been the Favourite of Fortune, and from standing behind a Gentleman's Chair in a party-coloured Dress, has since sat down at the same Table with the most Christian King, at Hazard many Times, shaking his Elbows, and laying his Money with great Grace.

THIS Man of Fortune, (which Epithet I believe no Man will deny him) is at present in the State of him he formerly served, and in his Turn is served by others, in the Dress which he wore at that Time; to his Table every Man is welcome, and every Woman too, if she brings a good Credit upon her Banker, for once at least.

THE necessary Requisite for the Continuation of this happy Acquaintance, besides this of Money, is a great Desire to play; with which if you are truly animated; it is not material whether you understand it or not. This Gentleman has learnt *French* Politeness enough to shew you the Manner, if you will but punt solely at Pharo when he deals; play at *Trente et Quarante*, or any Game which he understands better than you, and you may

may be sure of being introduced to the Company of very reputable Names, *Monsieur le Marquis, Madame la Marquise, Monsieur le Comte, Madame la Comtesse, Monsieur le Baron, Madame la Barone*; all which People are truly entitled to these Dignities, having a right to chuse them themselves, which they constantly do; and the liveliest Persons upon Earth, only granting them one little Indulgence, that of picking your Pockets of all your Money, which really, considering the Honour they do our *English* Travellers, is in Truth but a very small Retaliation. In this we speak our Sentiments with great Freedom, void of national Prejudice; notwithstanding we know there are many Anti-Gallicans of a contrary Opinion.

To this Gentleman, Lady *Sapplin* and my Loord *Waitvell* were introduced, where they spent their Time most agreeably to Mr. *H—s*, who protested he had never seen any Lady or Gentleman, who did so much Honour to their Nation as these two, since he had resided in *France*. They lost their Money with a good Grace, and Mr. *H—s* won it with as good; a Thing which will always recommend an *English* Gentleman or Lady to the particular Distinction of this Gentleman. Thus Things went on in an expensive Manner of Living; good Company makes Time pass pleasantly.

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The MARRIAGE ACT. 147

old *Barter* supplying her with Money, yet not enough to keep her Ladyship from running in debt. One Day being in Company with a certain Lady of her Acquaintance, she was talking about a young Lady who had escaped from her Parents in *England*, to avoid Marriage with a Man she hated, "What, says this Lady, do the *English* Women run away to avoid marrying the Man they do not love? That seems extremely strange," says she: "Madam, says Lady *Sapplin*, is it not a terrible Thing to be tied to what one hates, and what hates you?" "Yes, says she, if one had no Resource, it would. But in *France* we don't value whom we marry, we always enjoy the Man we love." "And do Husbands suffer this, says Lady *Sapplin*?" "Without doubt," says the other, is it not the same in *England*?" to which being answered no, "You have not had an Act which has prohibited the young People from marrying the Man they like surely, but a little while, or that must have happened in *England* as well as in *France*." "You say very true Madam, says she, it is very lately that we have had that Act in *England*. I am a Martyr to that terrible Law, it tied me to the most disagreeable Fellow, that ever pretended to be of the human Species." "And your Ladyship is come hither to avoid the Man you hate?"

148 *The* MARRIAGE ACT.

“ If the Wives of *Paris* were to fly the Men
 “ they have an Aversion for, there would not
 “ be three married Women remaining within
 “ the City. But I imagine, says she, it is or
 “ will be with you in *England* as it was with
 “ us in *France*, when this Law was first made,
 “ my Lady, if you’ll give me leave I’ll tell
 “ you.” “ With all my Heart,” says Lady
Saplin.

“ WHEN this Law was first enacted, says
 “ she, it was, as it is now, the Fashion to
 “ educate young Ladies in Convents; in
 “ consequence of this Law, the Parents of
 “ those young Girls, having lost the Sense
 “ of that Passion which first united them
 “ and made them happy, in those others
 “ which accompany old Age, Pride, and
 “ Avarice, never admitted their Daughters
 “ to chuse for themselves, but married them
 “ to those of the best Family, and greatest
 “ Riches; void of all Consideration of be-
 “ coming Age, Temper, or Person. And the
 “ young Gentlemen were prevented from
 “ marrying; their Fathers not chusing to
 “ give up their Estates to provide for them.
 “ By this Proceeding, the unhappy young
 “ Ladies, being married with those they
 “ detested, lived most execrable Lives,
 “ and falling in Love with others whom
 “ they could not enjoy, the Fashion of Gal-
 “ lantry being not then permitted, there

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" sometimes happened Things shocking to Nature.

" I REMEMBER to have heard there was at that Time a Counsellor of Parliament who lived in a House, whose Windows looked directly into the *Seine*. This Man had married a young Lady of unequal Age, to whom his Person was vastly disgusting, even to that Degree, that she could not bear the Sight of him.

" To increase this Dislike, there was at the same Time a young Man whom she loved to the greatest Extremity; but as the foolish Fashion of calling every thing Adultery amongst married People, which is attended with Love of another Person, was not then effaced, (your Ladyship knows how long Prejudices subsist; and how hardly they are eradicated) this Woman dared not yield her Person to her Lover.

" NOTWITHSTANDING this, the Aversion became so great against her Husband, that he grew intolerable to her Eyes; for that Reason the Servant, who always waited on him at Table, and who gave him the Water with which he washed his Mouth after Dinner, in a Balcony that hung over the River, was pitched upon to free her from this inexpressible Bondage.

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150 *The* MARRIAGE ACT.

“ WITH this Intent she pretended great
 “ Love for this Laquey; she feigned such
 “ excessive Passion for him, that at length
 “ by Persuasions that she would marry him,
 “ he was prevailed upon to determine to
 “ throw his Master into the River from the
 “ Balcony, when he stood giving him the
 “ Water to wash his Teeth.

“ SHE told him she would signify the
 “ Day when it should be done. In the
 “ mean while, she got a Piece of Iron re-
 “ sembling that which composed the Bal-
 “ cony, turned into a Hook at each End.

“ SHE then told the Servant that the Af-
 “ fair might be transacted that Day. Ac-
 “ cordingly whilst he was giving the Water
 “ to his Master, she secretly united their
 “ Cloaths together with this Hook; and
 “ thus when the Servant threw his Master
 “ into the River, being linked with him,
 “ he was pulled after, and both falling into
 “ the *Seine*, they were drowned together.

“ NOTHING perhaps is more different
 “ than the Mind of a Person, before it has
 “ perpetrated an execrable Action and after
 “ it; she that had done this, for the Sake of
 “ enjoying the Man she loved, could not
 “ at present bear his Sight or Name, and
 “ became the most miserable of all human
 “ Beings.

“ Be-

The MARRIAGE ACT. 151

“ BEING in eternal Disquietude, a State worse than Racks and Tortures, she confessed this Crime to her Confessor, who informed the Lieutenant-civil of the horrid Action. But what was the Consequence of it, according to the Laws of *France*, it is Death for a Confessor to reveal what is committed to his Knowledge in Confession: he was therefore publicly executed, and she could not procure the Death she wished, to expiate her Crimes, the Law not suffering her to condemn herself. She therefore retired into a Monastery, and past the most deplorable Life which Thought can suggest, and died in great Agonies. You must have read of those People, who were poisoned in *Paris*, from the Years 1670 to 1680; all this was caused by Jealousy and Amours, the Persons who suffered for it being burnt.

“ MANY such kind of Things were committed during that Time, Duels innumerable fought between Husbands and Gallants, Divorces infinite, and all to no Purpose; the Women of *France*, though they marry the Man they do not love, have now all of them found means to possess the Man they do; and it is become general: Husbands, finding it in vain to oppose it, have for a long while ac-

“ quiesced in this Article, and thought fit
 “ to indulge their Wives with their Para-
 “ mours. And now it goes on tolerably
 “ well, and thus it must continue.

“ OUR present Mode is this, my Lady.
 “ OUR Mothers take care that the Man
 “ whom we marry shall be of Family and
 “ Fortune, tho’ sometimes more than tre-
 “ ble our Age, an old Debauchee, perhaps
 “ whom we never see three Times before
 “ Marriage; and it would be the same if
 “ we never saw him at all, being all of us
 “ most dutiful Children, and ready to obey
 “ our Parents in this Respect.

“ THE Day of the nuptial Ceremony being
 “ at hand, we prepare for the Wedding;
 “ and that being past we conclude ourselves
 “ free Women, being thence-forward Mis-
 “ tresses of ourselves. To our Toilets come
 “ innumerable young Fellows, each of which
 “ neglects no Art or Address to render him-
 “ self agreeable: and amongst the Number
 “ there is always one who pleases, and with
 “ him we unite Hearts, as we have our Hands
 “ with the former.

“ THE Husband maintains us in Pomp,
 “ keeps a handsome Table, separate Equi-
 “ page, Servants for our particular Use; and
 “ the Man we favour dines with us as often
 “ as he pleases, the Husband and he being
 “ frequently the best Friends.

“ ALL

The MARRIAGE ACT. 153

"ALL that we are desired to take care of,
"is to save Appearances, and to stick to one
"Gallant; for that Reason we scarce ever
"permit Indecencies in our own Houses,
"but meet at an elegant little House in the
"Suburbs of *Paris*, which is hired and fur-
"nish'd for that Purpose. Here we indulge
"ourselves in all the Liberties of Love,
"wandering in the Garden, in the Shade, on
"the flowery Turf, and passing the Mo-
"ments of Delight with great Raptures, se-
"cluded from every Eye, and all Intrusion.

"THUS, you see, my Lady, our Mothers
"provide us every thing but one, and that
"we find for ourselves, so there seems to
"be no Harm done by this Act; and thus
"it must happen in *England* in the End.
"Women will have what they like, tho' a
"thousand Difficulties and Dangers should
"dye in the Way. And, if I am rightly
"inform'd, says she, you *English* Ladies
"are not the most passive Wives in *Europe*;
"at first the Name of Cuckold will sound
"but harshly in your good Men's Ears,
"and feel oddly at their Hearts, they will
"fisk and fume; to be sure you must
"expect much Scolding, many Divorces,
"and many Duels; but Time will subdue
"them to your Inclinations. What Hopes
"have married Men to succeed in a War
"carried on against all the Women and

" all the young Fellows in a Nation? Your
 " Daughters must be secured and bred as
 " ours are; lock'd up in something like
 " Convents, or indeed as these are younger
 " than their Mothers, which is a melan-
 " cholly Circumstance, they may capti-
 " vate what you should catch, and thus
 " spoil your Diversions; but this must be
 " guarded against, or something very bad
 " will be the Consequence: a young Lady
 " deflowered is no longer a Maid, a Wife
 " who passes some Moments in Gallantry
 " is a Wife still; the first no Man will
 " marry, tho' an *Englishman* indeed I am
 " told sometimes espouses the Mistress of
 " half *London*; however, that I suppose
 " but rarely happens; the last needs no
 " Husband, and is safe from being inju-
 " red by Disreputation, with respect to
 " spoiling her Marriage.

" THEREFORE confine your Daughters,
 " and laugh at the Laws, take this Custom
 " from *France*, as you have many others,
 " and your Wives of *England* will be no
 " Losers."

" PRAY, says my Lady, how does the
 " Husband amuse himself all this while?"

" As he pleases, my Lady, says the other.
 " Poor Man, the first Month after Marri-
 " age we generally sleep in the same Bed, in
 " two separate Beds in the same Room for

The MARRIAGE ACT. 155

" six Months after that, and in two separate
" Apartments for the rest of our Lives;
" which, tho' they are both in the same
" House, may be as far as from hence to
" the Stars for any thing we have to say
" to one another.

" THUS we live. However, there is one
" Inconveniency which attends this way
" of Life; the great Families have but
" few Children, many of them but one,
" for tho' we never hesitate about keeping a
" Gallant, yet we seldom breed after we
" leave our Husbands Beds, or he ours.
" Even as it is, there is so much Suspicion
" in all Husbands that the Children are
" not their own, we seldom see any great
" Tenderness between the Father and Son;
" the first finding no Inclination to pro-
" vide for a Child which he suspects is
" not of his begetting, and the Child
" having but little Réverence for a Man
" who very probably is not his Father.

" THESE, my Lady, are the Advanta-
" ges and Disadvantages of a Marriage-
" Law in *France*. If you can but secure
" your Daughters from the young Fellows
" Eyes, you may do well enough; if not,
" you will pass the most deplorable Lives,
" in being tied, by the Avarice and Pride
" of your Parents, to the most detestable
" of all Objects, without much Hopes of
" Alleviation;

“ Alleviation, if younger and fairer Females are permitted to appear in Public, and spoil your Diversion: you should have another Act to preserve the young Men for married Ladies, as the Game is preserved in the King’s Pleasures here in *France*, for his Amusement only.

“ THERE is one thing which I would advise you to do as fast as you can, get some Comic-writer to expose the Folly of Husbands, who are uneasy about the Liberties of their Wives, laugh at the Word Cuckold, exclude that of Adultery from your Language, put good Men and Gallantry in their Place, and make all Jealousy the eternal Ridicule of all Companies, particularly before your Husbands; these things will at last make you easy, tho’, as the *Britons* are a hardy Race, it is not impossible but two or three Generations of Fathers and Mothers may be sacrificed to the Tranquillity of their Progeny; but all will end well at last, as it has here in *France*, believe me, my Lady.”

HERE she closed her long Harangue, and the Coach waiting at the Door, they rushed into it, and flew to the Opera; and here ends this Chapter.

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CHAP. LX.

The Death of Mr. and Mrs. Barter. Lady Sapplin's Grief, and Lord Sapplin made a Governor. Friendship declines between Mr. H—s and Lady Sapplin, which is reinstated by a Sale of her Jointure. Mr. Samuel flies into Italy. Lady Sapplin turns Catholic.

IN this Scene of Delight past away the Hours at *Paris* with Lady Sapplin and Mr. Samuel (commonly called my Lord *Waitwell*;) in the mean time Mr. Barter drew towards the Close of the Evening of his Days, which by no means resembled that of that excellent Man Mr. *Thoroughgood*, as his last Sun sat in Storms and Tempests, which kept him dreadfully anxious on the Ocean of Life; he saw no Port, or at least one which promised little less than Shipwreck; he therefore determined to do all the Good he could whilst he was alive, but always deferring the Day of putting it into execution, he left this World without ever having accomplished any thing; and in a few Days died Mrs. Barter also.

LADY

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LADY *Sapplin*, who had been pretty well supplied with Money during their Lives, was now in great expectations of being left a large Sum; but contrary to that, she had only an Income of five hundred Pounds a year during her Life. This last Intelligence made great Impression upon her; as to the parting with Parents, that was not matter of much Concern, but being disappointed in her Hopes of Money to squander, was too penetrating a Grief to be trifled with.

BESIDES she was much in debt, and had always depended on the Will of her Father, as a sure Resource for paying off her Engagements; as to Lord *Sapplin* there was no Expectation from him, he had not only dipp'd, but even drown'd his Estate.

HIS Father being dead, he had been some time since transported as a Governor to one of our Plantations in *America*, to superintend and settle the Affairs of a whole People; being extremely well qualified for that important Trust, by the great Skill he had shewn in managing his own. In this State things were; the Creditors at *Paris* were importunate; her Ladyship had nothing left, but to sell her Right in her Jointure, and the last Annuity which was left by her Father's Will; which she did accordingly.

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THIS paid her Debts, and put some considerable Sum of Money in her Pocket, with which she lived as gay as before; being perfect Friends with Mr. H— upon the receiving this Money; tho' the Friendship seem'd to decline much before that time, upon the Account of the Father's Will, and one small Incident besides, being that of desiring this Gentleman to lend her two hundred Guineas, after he had won five thousand by Play; which he refused.

It seems Mr. H— had suggested to himself that there was now no more Money to be had from that Quarter; and, like a prudent Man, was determined not to risque a Loss where there was nothing to be gotten; he therefore denied himself to that Lady when she came to see him, and began to talk in some Companies, that Mr. *Samuel Waitwell* had been formerly a Footman; a Circumstance, says he, which I never knew till Yesterday, (tho' he had known it from the Beginning) and, indeed, I am apprehensive least the Nobility of my own Nation may shun my House, thro' fear of being obliged to dine with him at my Table, which I should by no means chuse. I am afraid, says he, I shall be obliged to drop this Acquaintance with him and Lady *Sapphira*; indeed I am sorry for it. Which Resolution would have been most piously put

in execution, if he had not been acquainted with her Ladyship's selling her Jointure.

THIS Intelligence was no sooner come to his Ears, than he drove directly to Lady *Sapplin's* Hotel, and offered her what Money she pleased, with an Affeuration of not having five Pounds in the House when she was with him before on that Occasion, and asserting upon his Honour, that nothing had ever given him so much Pain as the being obliged to deny her Ladyship that small Request: Says he, "I could not rest upon this account, it gave me such Torture to think I should seem to deny a Lady who had honour'd me so greatly with her Friendship; and now, Madam, I am come with that Sum or any other, the Moment it was in my Power." This Speech made all Peace again.

LADY *Sapplin* and Mr. *Samuel* were received with the usual Politeness, and had the Honour of losing their Money to the same good Company which we have before mention'd.

DURING this time of Residence at *Paris*, Mr. *Samuel* had stray'd a little from Lady *Sapplin*; having never been in Love with her Person, but with the Vanity of having an Intrigue with a Lady of Quality. This, however, wore off by Time and Familiarity;

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ty; he had for some time conceived himself her Equal, a kind of a Husband; and the Ambition of keeping a Mistress had taken Possession of his Heart, being extremely fond of imitating the great.

To say the Truth her Ladyship would gladly have dismissed him also, as he began to be very remiss in his Duty, if it had not been for the Reproach of being deserted, which of all others is the most terrible to a *Parisian* Dame.

MR. *Samuel* being quick-sighted perceived that Money began to be scarce again; besides, knowing that there was no farther Resource to be expected from Parents, and that peradventure a Jail might be his Fate, if he tarried too long in *Paris*; he therefore communicated his Design of quitting *Paris* to the Girl which he had kept, and persuaded her to fly with him into *Italy*, being tired of Lady *Sapplin's* Jealousy, as he expressed it; to which she consented.

HE went therefore to her Ladyship's Banker, and with some Difficulty obtained a hundred Pounds; and then taking her Jewels, which were worth about six thousand Guineas, he decamp'd with his Mistress, leaving her Ladyship to condole the Loss of him, and her Diamonds.

THIS coming to the Knowledge of the World, her Creditors would have taken her

her Person, had not she saved herself in the House of the Ambassador of *Great Britain*, where through Vexation she fell into a Disorder which added new Terrors to her former Disquietude; and as nothing is more common than for Minds of no Religion to run into the opposite Extreme in Distress, the Spirit of Devotion seized her to a great Degree, and nothing would satisfy her but being converted to the Catholic Faith.

NOTHING was left untry'd by his Excellency, and his Chaplain to dissuade her from this Determination. "Madam, said they, what can you propose to find in that Religion, which is not to be found in your own?" "Mine, says she, I have none, I was taught to disbelieve all sacred Revelation from my Youth, to despise all that relates to Religion, as a visionary and fantastick Trick to deceive the Weak and Vulgar.

"THIS I now know to be false, and find that there is no Asylum offered to the Distress of shipwreck'd Souls in your Form of Worship. I will, therefore, renounce the World, and all the flattering fallacious Pomp which it affords, and retire into a Convent, where my Days shall be spent in Expiation of my former Follies."

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THE whole that could be obtained from her was, the Promise of writing Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy* a Letter of her Resolution, which she accordingly did; and which was what follows in the next Chapter.

C H A P. LXI.

Lady Sapplin's Letter to Lady Worthy. Sir William Worthy and his Lady give the Reader an uncommon Conversation for a Man and his Wife. The true Description of an English Nun. Lady Sapplin takes the Veil. A Project of the Author's. The Manner of making a Nun: And Part of a Sermon.

My dear Sister,

“AFTER having passed a Life of infinite Folly and Dissipation, having been eternally pursuing what is the Scandal of human Nature to follow, and yet what engrosses the Attention of all that is call'd polite in the Word: I am, at last, thank the God of all, come to a thorough Sense of my detested Life. Don't think it too late for me to reclaim, “ because

“because I have squander’d my whole
 “Fortune. From thence arises all my Hap-
 “piness. It is to that single Event I am
 “indebted for all the Bliss that is to come.”

“I HAVE determined to pass my remain-
 “ing Days within the solitary Cell of a
 “Convent, in washing out with my Tears
 “my former Impieties, and devote my re-
 “maining Hours to incessant Contrition
 “for my past Offences.

“DON’T deceive yourself in believing
 “that it is in the Power of Persuasion to
 “recall me from this Determination; I am
 “conscious it is the only Place where
 “Peace is left for me a Sinner, whither I
 “am going.

“MAY the Power which inspires me with
 “this Thought, protect you ever. I am,

“*Your most affectionate Sister,*”

“S A P P L I N.”

THIS Letter coming to the Hands of
 Lady *Worthy*, gave Sir *William* and her-
 self vast Pain; they suffered extremely in
 the Thoughts of her becoming a *Roman*
Catholic. Lady *Worthy* had scarce at any
 time felt more Affliction on any Account;
 she wrote her the most pressing Letter,
 entreating

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entreating her to quit that Design, and praying her to return to *England*, where she should find in her a Sister, and sincere Friend. Sir *William* at the same time, speaking to his Lady, said, "My *Betsy*, assure her, that she shall be quite Mistress of herself, if she will return to her native Country. We have, my Dear, says he, so large a Fortune fallen to us from your Father, I will with Pleasure settle five hundred Pounds a Year, or any Sum, upon her during Life; perhaps that may invite her back."

"Thou best of Men," says Lady *Worby*, speaking those Words with Tears of Applause, "how shall I merit this Goodness from your Hands? I am ashamed to be so much indebted to your generous Disposition." "Ah! *Betsy*, *Betsy*, you silly Fool, one Hour of pure Love emanating from your Eyes, is a princely Payment for all I can do for you, and all the World," says he. "Then, says she, you shall be truly paid indeed."

BEFORE the Letter from Lady *Worby* arrived at *Paris*, Lady *Sapplin* was retired to the Convent of the *English Nuns*, in the Street of *Saint Victor* in that City, where she found, perhaps, as accomplished a Woman as this Island has produced. This is Miss *Fermor*, a Nun in this Monastery.

And,

And, now Reader, were you to behold this Lady, you would confess, that a Nunnery was no Confinement; few Female Figures have so much Beauty, or so much Grace; there is in her Face an Expression of Sweetness and good Sense, which will hardly be equal'd in thousands of her Sex; Her Conversation is the most agreeable that can be imagined; gay with Innocence, sensible with Ease, Politeness mixt with Truth, Complaisance for the Opinions of others, a Preference for her own, fitted to administer Comfort to a Mind so tortured with Distress as Lady *Saplin's*.

HERE this Lady past her Time of Probation, being as much as possible in Company with Miss *Fermor*, who left no Argument untry'd to soothe her Soul into Tranquillity; and now the Hour was come when she intended to take the Veil upon her, and be for ever secluded from the World, in Peace and Happiness.

AND here we cannot avoid wishing, that some public Places of Asylum, for those whose Lives have been spent in Scenes of Contradiction to Piety and good Sense, were instituted by the Legislative Power. Where Souls tinctured with the Spirit of Devotion, which comes with great Impulse in many Minds, especially those whose

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Hours have been past in interdicted Delights,
towards the running of the last Sand.

To those we believe Retirement would
afford Felicity; it would pave the Road to
a tranquil Exit for many a human Creature,
who now expires in Pain and Horror.
This we pronounce void of all Inclination
to the *Roman* Catholic Discipline; urged
to it from what we have heard bursting
from the Bosoms of declining Debauchées
in foolish ineffectual Wishes, from the
little Knowledge which we pretend to have
in human Nature, and from the inevitable
Casualties which Mankind is born to un-
dergo.

WHAT Joy is it for Minds which have
lived in one continued Anxiety, dreading
the Dawn of every rising Day, lest it
should come fraught with new Calamity, to
find such Security at last from the Darts of
Evil! What a sweet Secession for ruin'd
Maids, whose modest Hearts, after being
infamously betray'd, can never animate their
Eyes sufficient to behold the Face of Virtue
in another; yet whose hard Fate it must be
to be doom'd to that cursed Life of public
Prostitution, without all Power of hiding
themselves in Shades and Tranquillity! Such
an Asylum we wish was instituted in this
Island; and if we ever bequeath a Donation
for a public Foundation of Charity, we
shall

shall endeavour to dispose of it in that Manner, the Care and Well-being of the Female Sex being our constant Object in all our little Undertakings.

THE Day being come in which Lady *Saplin* was to take the Veil, the Choir of the Church was prepared for that Purpose, and great Numbers of People attended to see the Ceremony.

SHE richly drest, in the most sumptuous Habit which is worn in *Paris* by those who are at large in the World, sat attentive with the other Nuns to a Sermon, which was preached to her by a famous Preacher of that Metropolis; in which he observed, “ that perhaps the Disappointment of the
“ good Things in this Life, and not the
“ Spirit of Devotion, was the Cause of this
“ Retirement from the World. It may
“ spring, says he, from the Passion of
“ Love, the Object not being in your
“ Power to possess; it may take its Origin
“ from Chagrin, the World having disappointed your Expectations; if either of
“ these should be the Cause of your flying
“ the Converse of Mankind, ’tis in vain
“ you seek Redress or Consolation within
“ the Cloyster; whatever Passion disturbs
“ you without, will follow your Steps into
“ the Cell; there is no kind Reception
“ for any Heart, but that which comes
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“ fully inspired with the Love of God and
 “ true Piety; think then, e’er it be too
 “ late, before the irrevocable Act is past,
 “ which must exclude your Footsteps for
 “ ever from returning to the World; ex-
 “ amine well your Heart with the severest
 “ Eye, lest some Cause, concealed from
 “ yourself, urge you to this Separation
 “ from Mankind, and carry not this Source
 “ of Discontent and Mourning to the Place
 “ where you expect Relief from your Di-
 “ stress.”

THIS, and much more he very empha-
 tically urged to her, but in vain; she re-
 nounced the World with a Warmth which
 is not easily conceived. The Sisters then
 brought her a splendid Crown, and another
 of Thorns, which last she snatch’d with
 great Eagerness, and fix’d upon her Head;
 rejecting the other with Contempt; after
 this they took off the Garment which she
 wore, and laying her down on a sort of a
 Winding-sheet, sung a kind of Funeral
 Office over her; by this Ceremony, signi-
 fying, that she was Dead to this World.
 This being past, she rose, and they dress’d
 her in the Habit of their Order, and
 put on the Veil: then each Nun salu-
 ting and embracing her with Rapture,
 welcomed her as a Sister into their Order
 and Community; this being done, she reti-

red with great apparent Joy within the Convent, secluded from the World for ever. The next Day she wrote the following Letter to her Sister.

My dear Sister,

"SAFE from the Evils of this sinful
" World, retired where nothing but
" Peace and Happiness abounds; I survey
" that stormy Ocean, which I have past,
" with Horror and Delight.

"ALAS! how unsubstantial are the
" Dreams of madding Mortals, eternally
" in search of their Destruction: What
" have I loved! I blush to say what Pas-
" sions once possess'd my sickly Soul;
" sensual Earth-born Apperites, fix'd on
" transitory and imperfect Joys. Now
" every Passion is absorb'd in Love of one
" all-perfect Object, where human Hearts
" have never sued in vain, that answers
" every warmest Hope, and fills our fond-
" est Desires.

"What cannot Heaven restore, or Vows
" of Piety obtain! That Heart, thy Sis-
" ter's Heart, that throbb'd with sting-
" ing Crimes, now bears as easy as the
" sleeping Babe's: Such Transmutation
" Heaven has deign'd to make; such
" Ease succeeds those Pangs I thought in-
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"curable till now. This World has
"nothing worth my Wish; cured of its
"Vanities I pour the warm Devotion of
"my Soul for your continued Bliss, secu-
"red myself from all the Injuries of hu-
"man Life. May your Days be spent as
"you desire; and mine, as they are
"now, dedicated to my God, the Saviour
"of Mankind, and Acts of purest Piety.
"I am,

"*Your affectionate Sister,*"

"S A P P L I N."

THIS Letter Lady *Worthy* and Sir *Wm.*
William received with some Pain, on the ac-
count of her deserting the Religion she was
bred in, and yet not void of all Consolation
that she at last found Peace from all those
Woes which they had too much Reason to
dread she was destined to undergo.

SIR *William* desired her Banker to col-
lect together a List of her Debts; which was
accordingly done, and discharged by him,
which Receipt he put into the Hands of
his *Betsy*, who saw, and received this ge-
nerous Act, with true Sensibility and Ac-
knowledgement to the Performer of it.

C H A P. LXII.

Mr. Samuel, commonly called my Loord Waitwell, figures at Turin, till by an unlucky Accident he is obliged to fly to Rome, and thence returns to England to finish his Days.

MR. Samuel Waitwell having escaped out of France with his Mistress, stopt at Turin, under the Style and Title of my Lord Waitwell. In this City the Spirit of Play is greatly encouraged, and the whole Game truly understood: here he converted his Diamonds into ready Money, and figured away, being extremely well received amongst the best Company, the Gentry of this City conceiving an *Englishman* like a Bee, which collects Honey for them to devour.

He played much, and with the usual good Luck, till having sunk a great Deal of his Money, he attempted a small Undertaking, which is not at all dishonourable when it succeeds, but is the Devil when discovered, called Cheating; which happening to him, he was treated with ignominious Behaviour, and therefore left Turin very suddenly. From thence he retired to Rome, where this last Action being known by the *English* Gentlemen, he was avoided as a Scandal to his

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Country. This he bore tolerably well, till having spent his Money, Life became a Burthen to him, he therefore, like a true-born *Englishman*, came back to his own Country, robbed on the High-way, and was executed at *Tyburn*. Thus ended the Life of *Samuel Waitwell*, who had been a Lord in *France*, and in *Piedmont*, and a Rogue every where. And here we end this Chapter, for the sake of separating him from better Company.

C H A P. LXIII.

The Gardens of Sir William Worthy described.

His and Lady Worthy's Character. A

Poem on a Wife twelve Years after Matrimony. The Arrival of Sir Oliver and Lady Hearty.

DURING the Time which Lady *Saplin* had been spending great Sums of Money, in every Thing but what she ought, *Sir William Worthy* had been decorating and adorning the Seat of his Ancestors; he had planted some thousand Trees of almost all the Variety of God's Creation, not in the wild and injudicious Manner of a mere Farmer,

mer, but in such a Taste that it added Beauty to his Estate; his Hedge-rows blossom'd with Apple and Pear-trees in the Spring, and supplied his Table with Fruit and excellent Liquors all the Year.

NOTHING was ever more elegantly plan'd than his whole Farm; you wandered from Variety to Variety; Buildings of small Expence, and much Fancy; Groves inspiring different Tempers of the Mind, from the lucid Summits that wake the Mind to Gaiety, to the dark brown or Clair Obscure of Trees crouding their Branches together in the Vale, which possess the Soul with home-felt Contemplation.

ON a Rock which overlook'd a River, high, steep, and craggy, stood a Temple dedicated to *Honour*. The Ascent was difficult which led to it, but the View delightful, when you were arrived at the Top, with this Motto.

*Dulce et Decorum est
pro Patria mori.*

WITHIN were the Busts of Sir *Thomas More*, *Epaminondas*, and *Socrates*: There was besides this, another dedicated to conjugal Felicity, in which Sir *William* had caused to be painted in one Piece, the Portraits of himself and Wife, sacrificing at the Altar

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of *Venus*, *Hymen* being the Priest, the Loves in the Persons of their Children, holding the Offerings and smiling round, and *Venus* herself in the Skies, pointing to the Date of their nuptial Day, with great Expression of Pleasure. This Motto was beneath the Altar,

Felices ter, et amplius

Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis

Divulsus querimoniis

Suprema citius solvet Amor Die.

BESIDES these there were many well fancied Buildings. The Water was elegantly understood, and designed, winding in noble Meanders, through Plantations of Trees, of various coloured Greens: the Banks smiling with living Turf, and Hillocks of Flowers all reflected from the translucent Fluid, which fell in natural Cascades dashing from Rock to Rock in various Places.

THRO' the whole there was nothing little or fantastick, the Grotto was formed of large Stones alone, intermixed with shining Spar, which made it appear like Nature, situated beneath a Hill, through two different Apertures of which you looked at the Temple of *Honour* one Way, and over the Lake and Wood the other; a small Stream fell dripping by its Side, which ran over vari-

ous coloured Pebbles, shining through the Rill till it emptied itself into the Expanse of Water below.

THIS was all of Lady *Worthy's* and Sir *William's* Taste, plan'd by their own Hands, finished by Degrees, and executed as much for the sake of giving Bread to the honest and frugal Labourer, as for the Beauty which it afforded to the Place, his Family, and Friends. Such was his Reputation in his native Land, his and her well disposed Charities and happy Life having extended his Name, that he was beloved by the Hearts of thousands, whose Eyes had never yet beheld him; steady to his Country's Interest, inviolably attached to his King, he often sigh'd at the present Conduct of Affairs; Alas poor *Britain!* stole frequently from his Lips, followed by these Words, *Hæu prisca Fides!*

His Manner of Living was a Pattern to be followed by all human Nature; beloved by his Friends, adored by his Family, no Eye beheld him that did not fancy itself the happier for it, no Life could pass more delectably than his.

It was now the Time of Year when Sir *Oliver Hearty* and Lady *Hearty*, the old Baronet being dead, Mr. *Thorowgood* and his Spouse, were coming to pass a Month or two at Sir *William's*; when Sir *William* sitting with Lady

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Wortby, looking from a Window to the Children playing on the Lawn before the House, said to his *Betsy*, "My Dear, says he, me-
" thinks when our Guests arrive, may it not
" be said, that the three happiest married
" Pairs in *England*, are to be found in this
" House?"

"I KNOW not, says she, whether that
" may be said or not, my Love; but this
" I am convinced may with Truth, that
" no House has ever held, at one Time,
" three Men and Women so completely
" bless'd, as those who will then possess it."

"INDEED *Betsy* your Criticism is good.
" Methinks, says he, I feel Sir *Oliver* and the
" Company coming;" "Feel them coming,
" my Dear! says she, what your Mind fore-
" bodes that they will be here to Night,
" as you sometimes express yourself. Will
" you always indulge that Whim? You'll
" be as superstitious as an old Maid, says
" she, soon. I shan't dare to sit cross-legg'd
" for you without Offence." "Well,
" you may laugh, but there never hap-
" pened any Thing to me of Joy or
" Sorrow, that I did not perceive some
" Pre-sensation of the Pleasure or the Pain.
" Laugh as you will, I must indulge that
" Sentiment: And Yesterday, *Betsy*, I was
" quite inspired, and turned Poet: You
" remember, my Dear, says he, that there

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“ was a certain young Lady, who was
 “ much my Favourite at Mr. *Therowgood's*,
 “ she was the Subject.” “ Pray let me see
 “ this Poetry, says she,” “ You'll criticise
 “ it with too much Severity; promise me
 “ the contrary, and let me withdraw whilst
 “ you read the Lines, and you shall see it,”
 answer'd Sir *William*, “ I consent, says
 “ she.” Then giving her these Lines, he
 withdrew.

To the BEST of WOMEN.

CAUGHT by thy Person at Sixteen,
 When Passion lawless reigns;
 E'er riper Reasons intervene,
 To check th' impetuous Love-struck Swain:
 I wore thy gentle Chains.

Thy magic Mein, thy speaking Eye,
 The warm pathetic Kifs,
 Each tender Look, each stolen Sigh,
 The Charms which Lovers only spy,
 Transfus'd exstatic Bliss.

Our Hands then Hymen smiling bound,
 With Hearts entwining fast,
 The Honey-moon flew swiftly round;
 Full seven-score Moons since which I've found,
 Each sweeter than the past.

By

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By this, Fruition yet uncloy'd,
With equal Warmth I love;
And what my Passion first enjoy'd,
As Friend, as Wife, as Mother try'd;
My Reason bids approve.

Put in thy Breast conceal, my Dear,
This fond old-fashion'd Love,
Or with the Gay can I appear?
The World polite will shun, and sneer;
The Thing they can't approve.

Nor this let venal Lovers eye;
They'll say, and give me o'er,
Those Wives are best which soonest die,
All Numbers vain that don't supply
The Heart-tormenting Store.

"Was ever such a Man? says Lady
"Worthy, indeed my dear you are a Poet,
"and the first that ever was inspired with
"his first flight to *Parnassus*, by a Woman
"who had been twelve Years his Wife."
Saying this, she ran into the Grove
where he was walking, catching him in
her Arms, and looking with a Look of
infinite Sweetness; she told him that she
had long imagined that her Heart could
receive no additional Joy, "but indeed
"and indeed, it has never tasted so exqui-
"site

" site a Delight as since I have read these
 " Lines. Will you try all possible Ways to
 " spoil me? says she, kissing him. I will
 " yet disappoint you if I can."

At this Moment a Servant brought word,
 that Sir *Oliver Hearty* and his Lady, Mr.
 and Mrs. *Thoroughgood*, and Miss *Hearty*,
 were arrived. " Now, says Sir *William*, what
 " think you of my Pre-sensations at pre-
 " sent?" " Oh! says Lady *Worthy* smiling,
 " I can believe any thing of so good a Poet."

THEY then ran to meet them, where
 Friendship urged every Soul to a Union
 with each other, strengthened every Arm
 in their embracing, and press'd every Lip
 in Rapture to that which it met, Sincerity
 shining from their Eyes, such Questions
 glowing with Pleasure in asking after their
 Healths, that perhaps at that Instant there
 was no Spectacle under Heaven so truly
 worthy the Attention of a human Creature,
 as those meeting Friends.

AFTER Supper Sir *William* observed, that
 the Marriage-Act had interfered much in
 its Endeavours to frustrate their being hap-
 pily joined together, " but, says he, I be-
 " lieve, tho' we owe no Obligations to it,
 " that there are not so many Persons made
 " happy by it, as we are who proceeded
 " upon the old Principle of Love and
 " Nature. Methinks, says he, it is ex-

" tremely

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“tremely contradictory to that just Rule
“which actuates all Nature, to make a Law
“to put old People in the power of deci-
“ding of what young People should enjoy ;
“this is to make those Judges of a Passion
“which Years have eradicated from their
“Hearts. Is it not as sensible, continued he,
“to enact a Law that Spendthrifts should
“look after our Money, as that old Men and
“Women actuated with Avarice and Pride
“should dispose arbitrarily of their Sons and
“Daughters ? for this it is at the Bottom.
“To make a Girl marry an old Fellow she
“hates, Parents will plague their Children
“till Life becomes a Burthen to them.
“And thus they have a Power over their
“Children, which will terminate in the
“Ruin of the Virtue, Innocence, and Li-
“berty of *England*.”
“*SIR William*, says *Mr. Thoroughgood*,
“there are more fatal Consequences have
“attended this Law against Marriage, than
“perhaps have yet come to your Know-
“ledge ; it has given designing People the
“Power of ruining the open-hearted and
“honest, and bastardizing whole Families
“to their utter Destruction : Brothers are
“let loose against Brothers, and Relations
“against Relations ; it has set a float that
“Desire of Riches irreclaimable into the
“open Sea of Intrigue and Injury ; per-
“haps

“ haps no other Law could have been de-
 “ vifed fo fatal to the Remains of that little
 “ Probity which yet finds footing in this
 “ Land.

“ THERE is an Affair which has been
 “ lately difcover’d, which fhews how fatal
 “ this Act has proved to an innocent and
 “ virtuous Family; which fingle Instance
 “ is Reason enough for its Repeal. It is
 “ fo very fingular and poetic, that I have
 “ inquired into the Circumftances of the
 “ whole, and have put them together on
 “ purpofe to prefent the Public with the
 “ Story; to which I have added two
 “ others, on purpofe to fhew how pern-
 “ cious this Act of Parliament may prove
 “ to this declining Kingdom.”

“ PRAY, fays Lady *Wortby*, have you
 “ brought it with you?”

“ YES, my Lady, fays *Thoroughgood*,
 “ but it is too long to be read to Night;
 “ to Morrow-morning I intend reading it,
 “ and take your Opinion.”

“ T o-night, to-night, fays her Lady-
 “ fhip.”

“ UNREASONABLE Woman! fays Sir
 “ *William*, after a long Journey to put the
 “ poor Man to the Fatigue of reading an
 “ Hour or two perhaps. For once, my
 “ Dear, I will be the Mafter; it fhall be
 “ put off till to Morrow-morning; after

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"Breakfast, in my Temple, sacred to conjugal Felicity, it shall be read."

"SHALL I let him be absolute?" says Lady *Worthy* to the Company. "This is the first time he has ever attempted it; it may grow into a Habit: I shall spoil you," says she, smiling in Sir *William's* Face, if I indulge you. Well, Mr. *Thoroughgood*, in compassion to you, after so long a Journey, I consent that the reading be deferr'd till To-morrow. Now don't you think any of you that this is done in complaisance to Sir *William's* Commands; indeed I insist upon that. You shall not command me, kissing him with a Smile, you Tyrant you. Indeed he is a Tyrant; he has such an absolute Power over me, that I dare not do any one thing which I imagine may the least displease him; and yet, I know not how, I cannot say I am influenced by Fear, or perceive myself much a Slave. Ladies, I hope you are not held in such Subjection by your Husbands." "Indeed we are," says Lady *Hearty* and Mrs. *Thoroughgood*. "What three poor unhappy Women we are, here huddled together in one House!" says Lady *Worthy*.

THE Evening was past with that Pleasure which attends the Meeting of those who sincerely

sincerely love one another; every Eye shone with Joy, every Ear heard with Attention; every little Dish at the Table was improved in its Flavour by the true Relish of Friendship, and every Glass of Wine became fit for the Repast of *Homer's* Deities, by the Flow of mutual Pleasure which mix'd in the Cup with all they drank; Decency and Mirth dancing hand-in-hand round the Table, during the whole Evening.

SUCH a Sight! three Women without Envy, or Enquiry into one another's Dress and Affairs; now and then prating of the little Brats which each had left at home, one wishing to hear how little *Jemmy* did the other to see *Billy* for a Minute, and steal a Kiss. What strange Effects are the Consequences of a Country Education. Such namby-pamby Mothers. How different are the polite Manners of *Lady Betty's* Rout! every Woman there is gently examining the Dress of her Companions, envying the Jewels of one if they are finer than her own, or hinting they are false Stones; whispering to another asking, Whether *Lady Betty*—does not paint? “Certainly that Complexion cannot be natural.” “To be sure, Madam, answers a wither'd Harridan, who is burning with Envy at the Sight, “it is not the Colour of Nature; we borrow more than

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Caps from the *French*." "How awkward is that Cit, just become a Lady!" says her Ladyship: "she's as formal as the Wax-work Figures in *Westminster-Abbey*, and no more animated than a Mummy; what can incline those Fools to mix with Nobility, and be despised? And Lady—Lady—what d'ye call her, methinks the good Woman, though she has snapp'd a Baronet, would have done well to have staid in the Kitchen, and not brought her Face ready-roasted, piping-hot from the Spit, like a Sirloin of Beef, for the Entertainment of the Company. And that Woman there, says she, who was so long, and so publicly kept by a dozen of Men at least; the Wife of Sir—Sir—you know his Name; how modest she looks! one would swear she had gone to Church a Virgin, and rose a Maid after the nuptial Night from the Arms of her Dearee. How is it these Women get that Power of Face? they are hardly distinguishable from us, I protest; in the *Park* I am very often put to it to distinguish my Acquaintance from the Women of the Town. There is Lady—, Miss—, Mrs.—, who look so much like those Women, that it ought to be a knowing Eye that can distinguish them, I assure you, at a little Distance.

"Methinks

"Methinks this should draw them into
 "Insult and Attacks from the Fellows.
 "thank Heaven I have never been
 "tacked by any of them." "Nor I," says
 the old Maid, "these twenty Years : for-
 "merly, indeed, before they knew my
 "Character, I was once or twice accosted
 "in a rude Manner ; but for these last
 "fifteen Years I have pass'd as unnoticed
 "by those Fellows, as if I had walked in-
 "visible." "You are happy, Miss Jenny,
 "says my Lady ; one constantly runs the
 "Risque of losing one's Character, when
 "one is followed by one's Male Acquaint-
 "ance too much, tho' one is convinced
 "of the Innocence which attends one."

At this Moment, looking full in Miss
 Jenny's Face, her Ladyship discerned, that
 the Lineaments of this Maiden's Physiog-
 mony were such as might be of service to
 her own. She immediately intreated Miss
 Jenny to dine with her the next Day ; and
 thus commenced a Friendship, which is the
 most likely, of all in the World, to last
 between superior and inferior People ; that
 is, when the Advantage is all of the former
 side : for though her Ladyship was inde-
 finitely ugly, yet Miss Jenny being infi-
 nitely so, gave her more Pleasure in Con-
 versation, than the Intimacy of a handsome
 Princess ; for nothing delighteth the Heart

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of a well-bred Woman so much, as thinking herself the most beautiful of the Company.

Thus having impartially given a Pattern of the rural and City Evenings, for the sake of instructing our Readers, as all Historians should do, we only take the Liberty to say, that Sir *William Wortley*, Sir *Oliver Hearty*, and Mr. *Thoroughgood*, retired each to separate Apartments with their own Spouses, not breaking the seventh Commandment, even in Idea; such Ignorance reigns in the West of England even to this Day.

CHAP.

C H A P. LXIV.

The History of the Twin Brothers, in which is particularly shewn the good Effects of the Marriage-Act in disinheriting Orphans, and letting loose Pride, Avarice, and Ambition, the Prevalency of Cunning over Understanding, and the vicious over the virtuous Passions. Strange Phænomena; a Husband dies through Love of his Wife, and a Son for a Father; an Uncle's Cruelty, and an old Servant's Affection for destitute Children.

THE Morning being come, and the Breakfast being pass'd, Lady *Worthy* and Lady *Hearty*, as well as the two Bar-
onets, were impatient to hear Mr. *Thoroughgood's* Story: Mrs. *Thoroughgood* had heard it often before; for this Country Clergyman was so silly a Fellow, that he brought every Page, as he wrote it, to his Spouse to read it to her, and valued her Applause as much as the first Duchess's in *Europe*, and thought her Judgment as good. What strange Fellows your mere Country Parsons are!

WITH this Intent they all walked together to the Temple of connubial Love; where, being seated, Mr. *Thoroughgood* be-

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gan to read his Account of what he had promised the Night before, insisting upon the Ladies and Gentlemen giving their Opinions with Freedom on his Performance: "For, says he, it is an ill-judged Friendship that does not correct its Friend's Mistakes before they are given to the World, and are irrevocable." This they all promised him.

"IN the upper Part of *Somersetshire* there is a Family whose Name is *Sterlin*; it has resided in the same Place a great Number of Years, at their Seat called *Sterlin-ball*, in great Reputation and Esteem amongst all the genteel Families of that County.

"THE last Gentleman particularly, of that Name, was beloved by all who ever knew him, and this with the greatest Justice: He was a Friend to all where his Friendship could be extended; he cherished the industrious Labourer, relieved the Wants of those whose Days of Work were at an end; every Face smiled on him wherever he appeared, and Tongues of Babes and Old Age, implored the Blessing of Heaven on him wherever they beheld him.

"HE exerted no Tyranny over his Tenants by ill timed Exaction of his Rents,
"nor

" nor prohibited those whose Estates did
 " not amount to a Qualification, from
 " killing a Hare, Pheasant, or Partridge,
 " wherever they pleased: He was cheerful
 " in the Company of Farmers, his Inferi-
 " ors, and yet preserved the Superiority of
 " his Birth and Fortune: With Men of
 " Family and Estate he was equal to
 " the highest, in Behaviour and Politeness;
 " he prevented all Law-suits amongst his
 " Neighbours, detested the Race of Coun-
 " try Attornies, and lived in strict Friend-
 " ship with the Clergyman of his Parish,
 " paying great Regard to the Duties of
 " his Religion; no Parish was so happy as
 " his, of such Use it is, that the Great
 " should give Example to the lower Or-
 " der of People, and such happy Influence
 " is the Consequence of it.

" For these Reasons it was no Wonder
 " he was beloved by all his Tenants and
 " Neighbours; his Manors were filled
 " with Game, whilst those Gentlemen of
 " more Rigour had scarce a Hare or a
 " Partridge in theirs; the Farmers, who
 " had Liberty to kill the Game, preserved
 " it from Poachers: Confidence and Good-
 " nature will always succeed in gaining
 " the Hearts of *Englishmen* who are yet
 " uncorrupted.

" THIS

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" THIS Gentleman coming to his Estate;
" found that his Father, who had been very
" liberal in giving great Sums of Money
" to his Relations, and hospitable to all
" Mankind, had drawn a considerable Debt
" upon it. He therefore determined to marry
" some Lady of Fortune, which might re-
" instate him in the Situation of his An-
" cestors, enable him to support the Ho-
" nour of his Family, and do as much
" good as those who preceded him in his
" Seat. With this Intent he address'd and
" married a Maiden Lady of great Fortune;
" but a little inclining to the Zig-Zag in
" Soul and Body.

" By this Lady he had two Sons at a
" Birth; the eldest, whose Name was *John*,
" was a healthy Child during his Growing-
" up; the other, who was called *Andrew*, was
" always sickly, requiring the constant Care
" of his Mother.

" No young Gentleman in *England*, had
" more manly Beauty than the eldest of
" these Sons; the most liberal Counte-
" nance, the most natural Easiness, the
" finest Shape, the openest Disposition, and
" a very good Understanding; he resembled
" his Father in Mind and Body, and was
" dearly beloved by him.

" THE second Son, who we have said
" was called *Andrew*, was very little, and
" much

“ much distorted; he had the Face of a
 “ *Portugal Jew*, and one Leg shorter than
 “ the other. His Temper was as ill shaped
 “ as his Body: not without Understanding
 “ but so allay’d with Cunning and Ambition,
 “ tion, that perhaps few had greater Sub-
 “ tilty or Malice than this Youth.

“ ADDED to this, he was his Mother’s
 “ Darling, and here we cannot avoid making
 “ one Remark; which is, that nothing
 “ is more common than for the weakest
 “ Child of a Family, which has been the
 “ constant Care of the Mother, and given
 “ her more Pain than all the others, to be
 “ the best beloved; perhaps, his Ill-health
 “ continually calling on the parental Affec-
 “ tion for his Preservation, for whose Life
 “ she has so often trembled, and whose
 “ Eye has so frequently dissolved into Tears
 “ on his Account, fearing for his Safety,
 “ and influenced by the Yearnings of pa-
 “ rental Passion, inseparable from the Ten-
 “ derness of a Mother, is the Cause of this
 “ Partiality and Fondness. Whereas the
 “ Healthy, who pass thro’ Youth without
 “ exerting those Emotions in the Parental
 “ Bosom, who have never awakened the full
 “ Powers of parental Affection in any un-
 “ common Instances, are less beloved than
 “ those who have been their constant Cause
 “ of Anxiety, and eternal Care. Whatever

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be the Cause; or whether this explains it or not, certain it is that nothing is more common than for Mothers to prefer the sickly Child to the Healthy; and the Rake, for the same Reason, to the Discreet and Obedient, the Mind of the Mother suffers Disquietude in the latter Instance, as much as in the Former, and prefers the constant Cause of her Pain without knowing the Source.

"No Body ever contained a more ambitious Soul than that of *Andrew's*; when he was grown betwixt sixteen and seventeen, he expressed the greatest Pain in being born after his Brother. Looking upon himself with a discontented Eye, he has been heard to say, Misshapen Body, thou art doom'd to ill Luck, or one half Hour might have repaid thee for this Deformity, by making thee the eldest; whilst the Heir of my Father's Fortune, that happier elder Brother is perfect in Person, and blest in being first born; Is this strict Justice, Nature? Are thy Favours impartially bestowed?

"*THE Eleusinian* Mysteries, or the Grave, were not more secret than the Temper and Designs of *Andrew*; the Bounty of Heaven scarce more open than the Heart and Benevolence of *John*. This last, in all their growing up together, hid no

VOL. II. K " Sen-

" Sentiment of his Soul or Action of his
 " Life from his younger Brother; and
 " *Andrew* imparted none to him, but per-
 " verted every inoffensive Frolick of spo-
 " tive Youth to some sinister Intent, and
 " communicated them all to his Mother
 " who told them again to the Father. These
 " Tales had no Effect on this Man of
 " Sense; he perceived the Partiality of his
 " Wife, and penetrated the Source from
 " whence they flowed, and tho' he loved
 " his eldest Son best, yet he so artfully con-
 " cealed that Preference by his Behaviour
 " that the Mother could not justly charge
 " him with unequal Love to his Sons.

" BEING of the same Age, they were
 " both bred at the same School together
 " at *Wells* in *Somersetshire*; *John* was the
 " Favourite of every Fellow-scholar, and
 " *Andrew* the Aversion. In consequence
 " of this, he was ever disagreeing with
 " some one or other of the School, while
 " *Boy* was sure to beat him; this his eld-
 " est Brother was as sure to resent and re-
 " pay, and there is Reason to believe, that
 " *Younger* has frequently differed with
 " the biggest Boys, on purpose to get his
 " Brother to vindicate his Quarrel and pro-
 " cure him a Beating.

" He was continually laying Wagers
 " that *John* should leap from such a Wall

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or over such a Tomb stone, with some other of the School, that he should swim with such a one, and wrestle with another, all this with Boys elder than his Brother; which Wagers the Honour of *John* could not suffer him to refuse. He never mistrusted the latent Mischief of his Brother's Heart; but being full of Vivacity, and active, he entered into all the Designs which this malicious Being had plan'd for him, and ran many Risques of his Life, without once conceiving any Apprehension of Danger. Such is the incautious Disposition of good Nature, good Health, and great Spirit in Boys.

“WHENEVER there was any Money sent them from Parents or Relations, *John* in six Hours, had lent his to half the School, whereas *Andrew* never parted with Sixpence, hoarding up all: and when *John* wanted to borrow, he constantly refused him, asserting he had none left.

“WHENEVER they went from School, at the Time of Holydays, *John* had not a single Shilling, and *Andrew* almost the whole which had been sent him. This Disposition of keeping, the Mother considered as the most excellent of all Qualities in *Andrew*, and the contrary as the greatest of all Crimes in *John*. And be-

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“ ing very parcimonious, she represented
 “ *John* as a Spendthrift to her Husband
 “ and *Andrew* as the most meritorious
 “ all Children. To which Mr. *Sterlin*, with
 “ a Smile, replied, that he thought *Andrew*
 “ rice the most unpardonable Vice of
 “ Youth, so contradictory to its Nature
 “ and ever criminal in old Age. For that
 “ Reason, my Dear, says he, I have
 “ Pleasure in *Andrew*’s Parcimony, and
 “ *John* never runs in Debt, and assures
 “ that he lends to his School-fellows, more
 “ than half the Money which he receives
 “ I am better pleased with it than with
 “ hoarding. Aye, says Mrs. *Sterlin*,
 “ will lend this Estate to some one or other
 “ when we are dead; I wish he had been
 “ born one half Hour later. My Dear
 “ says Mr. *Sterlin*, Providence has disposed
 “ of Things better than you are able to
 “ it, and I am contented.
 “ FROM School they went to the Un-
 “ versity together, and as their Age
 “ creased, their native Dispositions grew
 “ stronger in each of them. As *Andrew*
 “ was often indisposed, the Tenderness
 “ his Brother was scarce to be paralleled
 “ he neglected no Occasion to give him
 “ Pleasure, on the contrary *Andrew* man-
 “ fested no Joy in this fraternal Sweetness
 “ of Heart, but beheld him with Pain

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seeing him the handsomest and most esteemed of all the University. He pined in secret at his Fate, and cursed a thousand Times the Moments that past between the Birth of him and his Brother.

“WHO knows, at last he cried, but I was first conceived, then am I the Elder. Curse on the happier Fortune which attended him, being stronger in the Womb he stopt my Passage, burst into Life, and robb’d me of my Right, my Heritage. How then to find the Means to circumvent this first-born Brother, and vindicate my Right of first Conception? Can that be criminal to take the Place which Nature should have given me? To save thyself and yet destroy thy Brother, tho’ the Task be difficult it is not yet impossible.

“FILLED with the Resolution of getting himself some Way or other Heir to the *Sterlin* Estate, he ruminated on ten thousand different Methods to bring it into Action, yet none pleased his Imagination; at last what he in vain expected, the common Revolution of Things brought, of its own accord.

THERE was at that Time a Widow-lady in *Oxford*, who had come to that City with her Son, to reside and be near him during his Studies. This Lady had

“ besides this Child two Daughters, one of
 “ which might have been declared hand-
 “ some, tho’ she stood by the Side of the
 “ Countess of ———; with this young
 “ Gentleman whose Name was *Savory*, the
 “ eldest Son of the *Sterlins* contracted an
 “ intimate Acquaintance; they were both
 “ Gentlemen-Commoners of the same Col-
 “ lege, and much alike in their Disposi-
 “ tions. This young Gentleman had often
 “ taken Mr. *Sterlin* to his Mother’s to
 “ drink Tea, where Miss *Patty* the Eldest
 “ entertained him with a Song accompa-
 “ nied with the Harpsicord.

“ It seems the Fortunes of these young
 “ Ladies were not known, their Education
 “ polite, their Persons extremely pleas-
 “ ing, and their Conversation superior to
 “ those of superior Qualifications in the
 “ female Sex.

“ WITH this young Lady Mr. *Sterlin*
 “ having contracted an Intimacy, he soon
 “ perceived that he was not easy but in her
 “ Company; he thought of her continu-
 “ ally without designing it, and had writ-
 “ ten *Patty Savory*, *dear Patty Savory*, in
 “ twenty Places in every Book which he
 “ had read since he was acquainted with
 “ her. Besides this, he had made two or
 “ three little Poems in her Favour, which
 “ were extremely pretty, and the acciden-

“ tal

she striking a Bee into her Bosom, which she was afraid of, produced the following Lines extempore.

*Do thou a Cupid to my Wishes prove,
Thy Sting his Shaft, and be thy Venom Love.
Raise fond Desires, with tender Kindness mixt,
Unfading Faith, Truth as the Center fixt;
Then hum around her Head in sweetest Strains,
And softly whisper how my Soul complains.*

THESE he gave Miss Savory, who received them with no little Joy, their Souls were in Unison with one another, and re echo'd to each others Touch the sweetest Sounds of Sympathy and Love.

NOTWITHSTANDING this Passion was mutual, and Mr. Sterlin had said nothing in Prose which could be construed into Love, unless the Language of the Eyes may be said to be speaking that Passion; his Thoughts were continually employ'd on Miss Savory. At length he discover'd he was in Love; yet he dared not confess this to her. He saw the Path to possessing this amiable Creature entirely shut up: he feared his Father would not comply with his Inclination, and tho' his Passion became excessive, his Duty would not suffer him to do an Action which might

" might give Pain to the Heart of that
 " Parent whom he loved and revered
 " so sincerely." *And*
 " THIS Resolution of not speaking his
 " Passion to Miss *Savory*, was by no means
 " corresponding to the frequent Visits he
 " made that young Lady; the Conceal-
 " ment of Love, and being frequently with
 " the Object, are incompatible to the same
 " Heart: the Passion shook his Frame like
 " the hidden Flames of *Vesuvius*, which
 " destroy the Country round, before they
 " burst forth to the open Air, and find a
 " Power of discharging themselves.
 " He grew pale and restless, he spent
 " whole Hours alone, and talk'd much to
 " himself. This did not pass unobserved by
 " *Andrew*; he saw his Brother disquieted,
 " and was determined to know the Cause;
 " which *John*, with all that fraternal Frank-
 " ness that Hearts like his communicate
 " their Secrets, discovered to him.
 " I AM, my Brother, says *John*, the
 " most unhappy of all Men breathing; I
 " love Miss *Savory* to Distraction, nay,
 " probably, she loves me; but you know
 " I dare not express my Passion to this
 " Lady; my Father expects that I should
 " wed some Woman of Fortune, that you
 " may be better provided for than other-
 " wise you will be. And, indeed, says he,
 " embra-

embracing *Andrew*, he is right in this Expectation; your Case is singular; as we participated the Womb together, methinks I would see you equal to me in Wealth, in Happiness, in every thing. There is something more than common Brotherhood in the Case of Twins, who have embraced in the same Womb, and began to exist together. This Moment *Andrew* conceived was not to be lost; he saw if he could persuade his Brother to marry this Lady before he was of Age, that there might be a Way laid open to dispossess him of his Heritage. He therefore replied, with an insinuating Air, Brother, I am extremely sensible of this Affection which you have shewn for me in this Conversation; but why must my Happiness interrupt yours; I am by Nature weak and sickly, and probably shall not be long an Inhabitant of this World; Riches would be useless to me, my Constitution will not suffer me to enjoy them; therefore, if your Heart be so truly subdued by the Love of this Lady, pursue your own Happiness; tell her your Passion; there may be Ways found out to get the Consent of my Father, who is by no means a Man of an irreconcilable, unrelenting Heart. On

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“ me you may depend in all I can assist
“ you.

“ *THIS John* received with Tears of Gra-
“ titude for the Goodness and Affection of
“ his Brother ; when, embracing him, he
“ cried, My dearest Friend, my more than
“ Brother, how generous is this Behaviour
“ to that Affliction and Distress which my
“ Heart has been long labouring unde-
“ May I pursue this Passion? Do you be-
“ lieve my Father may be won to consent?
“ Is there Hopes that such Happiness is
“ destined for me?

“ *THERE* is, there is, says *Andrew*. Why
“ this Passion has made a mere Whiner of
“ you ; what is become of all that Cou-
“ rage which you were Master of at School?
“ You are a Lover indeed.

“ *ENCOURAGED* by these Words, the El-
“ der Brother confessed his Passion to Miss
“ *Savory*, who received it with an Air that
“ spoke much Satisfaction and mutual Love.
“ After some Time *Andrew* enquired of his
“ Brother how his Declaration was received:
“ With mutual Ardour, he replied ; we
“ love each other to Distraction. Oh ! my
“ Brother, says he, if my Father should
“ not consent to my wedding this Lady, I
“ am, of all human Creatures, the most
“ miserable ; even she, I believe, will scarce
“ survive it. Did you see with what Fond-

“ nefs

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“ nefs she gazes upon me, and listens to
“ all I say. Yet, alas! how shall this
“ Overture be made to him? Why, says
“ *Andrew*, was I in your Situation, I
“ would marry her without his Knowledge,
“ then you cannot be rendered unhappy;
“ my Father will receive you to his Affec-
“ tion; I will do all in my Power to per-
“ suade him by means of my Mother; you
“ may safely depend on its being made up;
“ he cannot refuse you; the continuing his
“ Family depends upon you; I am too
“ sickly to think of marrying.

“ But, alas! says young *Sterlin*, I am
“ not yet of Age, and consequently can-
“ not dispose of myself, nor is Miss *Savory*
“ any more than I am; I know tho’ her
“ Mother would gladly see her Daughter
“ wedded to me, that she would not con-
“ nive at a secret Match, contrary to, or
“ unknowing my Father’s Inclinations;
“ you cannot conceive, says he, how ho-
“ nourable the Principles of that Woman
“ appear in all she says and does.

“ To this *Andrew* replied, That a Consent
“ might be feigned as coming from his
“ Father: I myself, says he, will write it,
“ and avow that it is my Father’s Hand;
“ Brothers ought to run any Risque to
“ serve Brothers, and make them happy.
“ At which Words the Elder embraced
“ him,

" him, crying, My dear Brother, how shall I
 " repay this Affection for me? Tho' I should
 " dare to risque my Father's Displeasure
 " by marrying this young Lady, yet I can
 " never suffer you to endanger your Wel-
 " fare; that very Consideration would
 " keep me from doing it; or I should be
 " miserable in every Way.

" NOTWITHSTANDING this, *Andrew* con-
 " tinued persuading his Brother to marry
 " Miss *Savory*. My Father, says he, cannot
 " be long angry, we shall be both culpable
 " alike, make yourself happy. Perhaps,
 " says he, you may be sacrificed to my
 " Mother's Inclinations: you know there
 " is in the Neighbourhood a young Lady
 " of great Fortune, and very disagreeable
 " in Soul and Body; as my Mother is in-
 " clining to Avarice, you may be sold to
 " this young Woman: only think what
 " Pain must be the Consequence of being
 " divided from this angelic Creature, to
 " be tied to that Being which scarce de-
 " serves the Appellation of human in Soul
 " and Body.

" Oh! my Brother, says the Elder, say
 " no more of that, my Blood thrills at the
 " Thought: Yet how can I dare to act in
 " this Affair without Consent of the best
 " of Parents? one Year makes me of Age,
 " and then I can chuse for myself. And

" half

half that Time will oblige you to marry
 Miss *Crossgrain*, (which was the Name of
 the Lady just mentioned) says *Andrew* :
 My Mother has told me that she is en-
 deavouring to make the Match for my
 sake ; her Fortune is to be given to me,
 it seems. Now Brother, continued he,
 I should have little Pleasure in the En-
 joyment of that which must make you
 miserable. Marry this Lady, and put
 yourself from the Power of being ren-
 dered eternally wretched.

DURING the Time that young *Sterlin*
 was debating with himself, whether he
 should follow the Dictates of Love, and
 the Persuasion of his Brother, Mrs. *Savory*
 the Mother was taken ill of a Disease,
 which soon finished her Life.

THE Grief which he knew his dear *Pat-*
ty must suffer on this Account, brought
 him immediately to the House, where he
 used every Art to give her Consolation ;
 he was constantly with her ; but an Af-
 fliction dwelling upon her Heart, beyond
 what was common in the Loss of Parents,
 he chid her with great Tenderneſs for the
 Indulgence of a Grief beyond what Du-
 ty demands. Miss *Patty*, says he, you
 have indeed lost the best of Mothers, but
 you have lost no more than many others
 have done before. Oh ! Mr. *Sterlin*, says
 she,

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“ she, the Tear stealing down her wan Cheek,
 “ I have lost my All; the last Word at-
 “ attended with a Sigh; though my Bro-
 “ ther is the best of Men, yet depending
 “ on a Brother’s Love, is a Situation
 “ which naturally brings much Anxiety,
 “ too much to permit my Heart to be at
 “ ease.

“ Is that the Cause of my *Patty*’s Sor-
 “ row, says young *Sterlin*; is my lovely
 “ Maid left to a Brother’s Care? I am
 “ glad of it; nothing can give me greater
 “ Joy.

“ AND can Mr. *Sterlin* rejoice in my
 “ Misery? says she, weeping. No, my
 “ dearest *Patty*, says he, taking her in his
 “ Arms, I rejoice in the Power which I
 “ I shall have in relieving you from your
 “ Pain, and bind a grateful Heart to my
 “ Happiness for Years to come. Indeed,
 “ indeed, says she, there is no Occasion for
 “ that to make my Soul entirely yours;
 “ my greatest Anxiety arose from the Ap-
 “ prehensions which my Mind suffered,
 “ left—left—She could not speak it out;
 “ when, seizing her Hand, he cried, Can
 “ you conceive me so degenerate a Crea-
 “ ture to love you less, because you de-
 “ serve it more? Can my dearest *Patty*
 “ believe I will withdraw the Inclination
 “ of making her happy, because it is now
 “ more

“more effectually in my Power to render her so? How can you think so ungenerously of me? Still pressing her Hand, and looking in her Face, with Tears of Joy, I will dissipate this Anguish, says he, and make myself happy beyond the Power of Fate to change it; you will not refuse to make me happy at this Moment, when you so sensibly feel the Pain of being in a dependant State, you will have the Tenderness to relieve my Heart from Suspence, from that Sensation which affects your own so nearly.

“THIS Circumstance of Miss *Savory*’s being left without a Fortune, operated so strongly on the generous Heart of young *Sterlin*, that he was now determined to run all risque of his Father’s Displeasure, rather than not put this lovely Creature out of Pain.

“HE therefore again consulted his Brother, and told him every Circumstance of his *Patty*’s Distress and Situation; when *Andrew* with much Art praised the generous Disposition of his Brother, and added, that unless the Marriage was soon compleated, it was probable that, from what he had heard from his Mother, he would be obliged to displease their Parents doubly, in refusing Miss *Cross-grain*, who will be proposed to you, and

“ in

" in marrying Miss *Savory*: Whereas, ad-
 " ded he, if you marry her before this
 " Proposition, you will avoid one half of
 " the Fault which may be imputed to you,
 " that of Disobedience. *Andrew* therefore
 " told him, We may easily obtain a Li-
 " cence, by asserting that you are more
 " than of Age, especially as I will feign a
 " Consent under my Father's Hand, and
 " declare that it came from him; and we
 " shall easily get a Parson to marry you;
 " young *Savory* will be charmed to give
 " his Consent, and give his Sister away.

" To this young *Sterlin* had but two
 " Objections, which were, forging the Con-
 " sent of his Father, and telling a Lie, in
 " saying that he was of Age; he could
 " have suffered Martyrdom with more Re-
 " solution. Says he, Brother, I shall be-
 " tray myself, my Face will give my Words
 " the Lie; I cannot use my Parent's Name,
 " my Father's so unjustly, to forge it to a
 " Falshood.

" *Andrew* laughed at all this, and told
 " him he forgot himself: It is I am to
 " transact this Part; what have you to an-
 " swer for what I do?

" This did not satisfy the Scruples of
 " young *Sterlin*; yet *Andrew* so ply'd him
 " with the Image of Miss *Croffgrain*, and
 " rallied him on his own Figure; What,

" said

“said he, you intend that the *Sterlins* shall
 “all be of my Make, a poor distorted
 “Race of miserable Beings, made up of
 “Cough, Disease, and Crookedness; your
 “Children will probably be of that Stamp,
 “if you marry that Woman; when my
 “Father will detest the Sight of such a
 “puny Race; and being convinced of his
 “Folly in having joined you to such a
 “Woman, pass the latter Part of his Life
 “in the Pain of repenting for this Weak-
 “ness.

“WHEREAS those Children which you
 “will have by Miss *Savory*, being all
 “strong, beautiful, and healthy, will win
 “every Moment on his Affections, and
 “impart that Promise, so delicious to a
 “Father’s Eye and Imagination, of hav-
 “ing a long Train of Posterity carried on
 “through a beautiful Race of Beings, as
 “the *Sterlin’s* have hitherto been, my
 “*Asop* Figure excepted.

“BUT, says young *Sterlin*, such a Mar-
 “riage would not be effectual; my Father
 “may treat the Clergyman in a manner I
 “should not chuse to have him treated.
 “Tho’ I would myself suffer any Pain to
 “be possessed of my dearest *Patty*, yet it is
 “extremely hard, that the Innocent should
 “suffer for the Guilty, and he be punished
 “for a Crime of which I am only cul-
 “pable

“ pable. Heaven forbid that my Happiness should bring Misery to another ! ”

“ *Andrew*, however, got the better of this Sentiment by Time and Persuasion, assisted by the Power of Love, which saps the Foundation of every Resolution, and subdues the Soul of all whom he truly attacks.

“ He filled his Brother’s Imagination with the hideous Image of Miss *Crossgrain*, and persuaded him, with all the Insinuation of Hypocrisy, to secure himself from being eternally made miserable : You may marry now, my Father need not know any thing of it till you are more than of Age ; and if you should be desired to wed that disagreeable Creature before that Time, you may discover your prior Engagement : you must remember what my Father has often said, that in his Opinion the Marriage Ceremony once performed, no Law had a Right to annul it ; at least, he said, I should think myself culpable of the greatest Crime, if I separated my Child from the Person whom he had cohabited with after the Ceremony, and under the Belief of Matrimony.

“ Persuasion to the Possession of our Desires, and Fears of being tied to the Object of our Aversion, what Heart can re-

“ sist ? ”

“ fift? Young *Sterlin* was prevailed on to
 “ tranfact the whole Affair in the Manner
 “ his Brother had devifed; the laft con-
 “ ducting the whole, counterfeiting the
 “ Father’s Consent, and afferting his Bro-
 “ ther was more than of Age. The Letter
 “ which he had written as coming from
 “ his Father, which was fhewn to the
 “ Clergyman, I have obtained a Copy of,
 “ and have inferted in this Place:

My dear Son,

“ **T**HO’ it would give me great Plea-
 “ sure to hear that you had taken
 “ a Refolution not to marry the young
 “ Lady whom you tell me you are fo pa-
 “ fionately fond of, particularly as you are
 “ yet too young, your Studies unfinished
 “ at the University, and the Lady’s For-
 “ tune fo very fmall; yet, as you affure
 “ me that your whole Happinefs depends
 “ upon it, and as your Brother joins in
 “ the Request, my Heart is perhaps too
 “ indulgent in this Refpect to refuse you
 “ your Request.
 “ You will remember, my dear Child,
 “ that you will be obliged, by this means,
 “ to live on much lefs than if this young
 “ Lady brought you a Fortune; and con-
 “ fider whether, after the Moments of
 “ Dalliance

" Dalliance are at an end, you can be con-
 " tent with that Competency which Oeco-
 " nomy can only make such, which is all
 " I can afford you till I am no more.
 " Will Love palliate the Inconveniencies
 " which attend a small Income, and make
 " such a Life agreeable? May not this
 " create some secret Wishes for my Death,
 " which may yet not be so disguised as to
 " escape my Perception, and thus ren-
 " der us both unhappy? Reflect on these
 " Things, and then if your Duty to me,
 " and Love to this Lady, can be preserved
 " under the above Circumstances, make
 " yourself happy, and of consequence me,
 " who am,

" Your most affectionate Father,

Sterlin Hall.

" John Sterlin."

" Thus young *Sterlin* was married to
 " Miss *Savory*, her Brother giving her
 " away. Nothing of this transpired dur-
 " ing the Time before young *Sterlin* came
 " of Age; ten thousand times he embra-
 " ced his Brother *Andrew*, and told him,
 " that to him he was indebted for all his
 " Happiness. You know not, says he,
 " how amiable that lovely Creature is with
 " whom I am married; that Person is the
 " least of her Excellencies; such an Un-
 " der-

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“derstanding, so sweet a Disposition, Heaven has never before united in one human Creature.

“AND now, *John* being of Age, it was that *Andrew* thought it necessary that his Father should be acquainted with the Marriage of his elder Brother; he therefore pretended to be more indisposed than usual, and went into the Country to recover his Health, leaving his Brother at *Oxford*.

“To his Mother he first declared the Secret of his Brother’s Marriage, who received it like a Token of Death, for she had really intended that he should marry Miss *Crossgrain*, and sacrifice Beauty, Sense, and Good-nature to Deformity, on purpose that her Fortune might provide for her Favourite *Andrew*.

“THIS first Sensation passing off, she immediately disclosed the Affair to Mr. *Sterlin*, not scrupling to add all the Invectives with which disappointed Woman, in the pure Spirit of Ill-nature, can illustrate her Aversion. The Father, whose Heart was pure Benevolence, said he was extremely sorry for it: But, my Dear, says he, we must not totally reject the poor Lad for this mistaken Action; Beauty has Powers which may easily subdue a Heart like

“ his, and Forgiveness becomes human Na-
 “ ture, particularly Parents ; which stand
 “ so much in need of Pardon, for Faults
 “ of a superior Kind. You may talk
 “ of Beauty and its Powers and forgive
 “ him, says the Mother if you will, but I
 “ shall not. However at length she was
 “ somewhat softened by *Andrew's* Perswa-
 “ sion ; the eldest Son intreated the For-
 “ giveness of his Parents in a Letter which
 “ reconciled his Father's Heart entirely ;
 “ and his Wife wrote one to *Mrs. Sterlin*,
 “ which I have inserted from the peculiar
 “ Spirit of good Sense, which seems to run
 “ thro' it.

To *Mrs. Sterlin*.

Madam,

“ THE only Pain which I am capable of
 “ tasting, whilst I am bless'd in Mr.
 “ *Sterlin's* Love, is, that what makes me
 “ the happiest of Women should have
 “ created him your Displeasure.
 “ I AM truly sensible how little I merited
 “ his Esteem, and yet I had not Resolu-
 “ tion sufficient to make me renounce the
 “ Bliss of being united to all I love. Be-
 “ lieve me, *Madam*, if true Passion can
 “ atone for Want of Fortune, and the
 “ Plea-

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" Pleasure of being adored and served by
" me, make amends for the Loss of Mag-
" nificence ; his Happiness will be as com-
" plete as those who pass their Days in the
" greatest Splendour.

" NOTHING can add to my Bliss, so
" much as a Power of manifesting how
" much my Desire is to prove that Duty
" I owe the Parents of him I love. If you
" should deny me this Felicity ; let me in-
" treat you to pardon my dear Husband,
" take him back to those parental Affec-
" tions, which no Son ever better deserved ;
" nor let him suffer for what I am chiefly
" the Cause.

" I WILL hope that he shall be restored
" to your Favour, I would even hope that
" the Day may come, when you Madam,
" may not entirely disapprove the Liberty
" I now take of subscribing myself,

" *Your most Dutiful,*

" *and Obedient Daughter,*

Oxford.

" PAT. STERLIN.

" THIS Letter, tho' it made no Impression
" on the Mother's Heart, was very sensi-
" bly received by the Father ; he said that

" Wo-

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“ Woman could not be destitute of good
 “ Sense, good Nature, and good Manners,
 “ who could write in that Manner; and as to
 “ her Person, all the World unite in agree-
 “ ing, that she is extremely handsome, says
 “ he.

“ THIS then determined the Father to
 “ take a Journey to *Oxford* to see his Son,
 “ and to be reconciled to him. He saw
 “ the Errors which proceed from Love in
 “ a favourable Light; and had a Heart
 “ susceptible of the most refined Touches
 “ of that Passion: tho’ his Wife was rather
 “ the Object of the Desire of mending his
 “ Fortune than that of Tendernefs; yet
 “ good Nature had kept him from all ill
 “ Behaviour, and Honour from other Pur-
 “ suits, where the Heart might have found
 “ more Allurements and Delight. These
 “ Deficiencies in Life, he had proved, were
 “ but badly atoned for by Opulence; he
 “ therefore beheld his Son’s Behaviour in
 “ a favourable Light; and could not openly
 “ condemn in him, that which in his own
 “ Soul he secretly approved.

“ MR. *Sterlin* sat out on his Journey for
 “ *Oxford*, without letting his youngest Son
 “ know where he was going, or informing his
 “ Eldest that he was coming to visit him.

“ ARRIVING at *Oxford*, he soon found
 “ the Habitation of Mr. *Savory*, with whom

“ his

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his Son and his Wife were at that Time,
 When asking of a Servant at the Door,
 if Mr. *Sterlin* was at home, and being
 told yes, he desired to see him; the Foot-
 man entering with the Message to his Ma-
 ster, that a Gentleman desired to see Mr.
Sterlin, he bid the Servant ask the Gen-
 tleman to walk in. At this Moment there
 was in the Parlour, Mr. *Savory* and his un-
 married Sister, Mr. *Sterlin* and his Wife,
 the last was playing on the Harpsichord
 and singing a new Song, her Husband
 standing by her in Admiration; and with
 a gentle Tap on the Cheek, he said, just
 as the Gentleman entered, *Patty* thou art
 certainly the prettiest Ballad Singer in
Europe; at which Words, stooping to
 give her a Kiss, the Door open'd; and
 turning his Eyes that Way he saw his
 Father; that very Moment starting from
 the Place he stood in, he rush'd into his
 Father's Arms, crying out my Father!
 My Son! Says the Father, embracing
 him, and then, not another Word found
 Utterance from either of their Lips, their
 Tears choak'd their Passage.

ALL were much alarmed by this un-
 expected Visit, particularly Mrs *Sterlin*,
 who rose from her Seat, and fell on her
 Knees to the Father of her Husband; at the
 same Time taking hold on the Skirt of his

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Coat,

“ Coat, and looking up to his Face with
 “ the Tenderness of a *Magdalene*, from
 “ the Pencil of *Guido*. She could not
 “ seize his Hand, because that was en
 “ gaged in embracing his Son to his Bosom
 “ the Tears running down in Silence from
 “ the Eyes of the Parent and Child.
 “ At Length she broke Silence, Wh
 “ you, Sir, pardon my dear Mr. *Sterlin*
 “ Will you receive him again into your pa
 “ rental Affection? Shall he be permitte
 “ to call you Father? Shall I be honoure
 “ with the Name of your Daughter? sh
 “ said. At which Words, the Father look
 “ ing to the Place from whence the Voice
 “ came, and to which he had not before
 “ attended, withdrew his Arms from em
 “ bracing his Son; and turning to th
 “ Lady on her Knees, he stoop’d to rais
 “ her up; asking if she was the Wife o
 “ his Son? I am, Sir, says she, that happ
 “ Being. And a happy Being you shall be
 “ says the Father. Yes I will forgive him
 “ and you, when taking her to his Arms
 “ he cried, here I acknowledge you m
 “ Child from my Soul; being strongl
 “ struck with her Beauty, the best Advoc
 “ cate in Nature for the Foibles of Love
 “ When looking on her with Attention h
 “ said smiling, if I had been a Bachelor
 “ I think I should have loved you myself

Face with " At the same Time kissing her with Af-
 ne, from " fection, may every earthly Joy attend
 could not " you both; what I can do to make you
 was en " happy, you may depend on it, shall be
 his Bosom " my future Pursuit and Pleasure. The
 ence from " Son and his Lady then fell on their Knees,
 child. " and the Father gave them that Blessing
 nce, W " in Words which he ever after endea-
 r. Sterlin " your'd to accomplish by his Behaviour.
 o your pa " He then paid his Compliments to Mr.
 permitted " Savory, and very politely said, he hoped
 honour " that this Union in their Families, would
 ghter? " be a Happiness to both; when turning
 ther look " to his Daughter, and taking her Hand
 the Voice " with much polite Tendernefs, he said,
 not before " with all the Air of the best good Nature,
 from em " If I had imagined you had been so very
 ng to th " amiable, I should not have postponed my
 o'd to rail " Journey to this City so long. Which Com-
 ne Wife o " pliment she received with a truly heart-felt
 hat happy " Joy, smiling, blushing, and returning
 u shall be " it with the most respectful Curtesy; the
 rgive him " Son crying, My Father! choak'd with
 his Arms " Tears of Joy.

e you m " THE old Gentleman tarried a Week
 g strongly " with his Children, and hourly loved the
 best Adv " young Lady more and more; he was
 s of Love " enchanted with her Singing and Playing,
 tention b " the Politeness of her Behaviour, the com-
 Bachelor " plaisant Air she gave to all that her Duty
 ou my self " could possibly do for him. She caught

" his Intention from his Eyes, and fore-
 " stall'd his Desires, by providing him
 " with what he liked, which she drew from
 " him in Conversation without his knowing
 " it: All these Things made the Father
 " enamour'd of his Daughter, he return'd
 " to his Seat in Raptures, and continual
 " Praise of his Son's Choice.

" BEFORE he left the University, his Son
 " and he had agreed on what should be his
 " Part of the Estate, and determin'd on
 " repairing a Manor-house, which was two
 " Miles distant from his own, not elegant
 " but commodious and pleasantly situated.

" THIS, my Son, says the Father, will
 " be more pleasing to my Daughter, than
 " living with a Mother-in-Law; she will
 " be Mistress of her own House, though
 " smaller than mine: and then you may
 " play the Fool, be fond, and love one
 " another as well as you will; which elderly
 " Women who have never been hand-
 " some, look upon with a malicious Eye,
 " and which would be displeasing to your
 " Mother. I am only afraid I shall love
 " this Girl too well, says he, taking her
 " Hand and smiling, I shall plague you
 " with my Company, Hussy. You will not
 " turn me out of Doors I hope, Will you?
 " Yes I will, says she. For what Reason
 " pray, says the Father? For the Sake of

" em

and fore- embracing you, and giving you a wel-
ling him come Kiss every Time you come. I shall
rew from want a Pretext for that Behaviour, but on
knowing these Occasions. Very well, I perceive
he Father you know your Man already, I shall be ca-
return'd jol'd out of every Thing, I foresee that,
continual says the Father.

“ THE Manor house being repaired, this
y, his Son Couple, their Brother and Sister *Savory*
uld be his accompanying them, went into the Coun-
rmined on try, where the Father received them with
h was two great Joy; the Mother could not avoid
ot elegant being decent on this Occasion, and *An-*
situated. *drew* feigned a Satisfaction, which ap-
ther, will pear'd surprizing to his Father who knew
nter, than his Disposition: He fancied him meta-
; she will morphosed in Soul, and rejoiced at his
e, though being pleased with his new Sister.

“ NO Couple was ever happier than this,
you may no Father had ever more Delight in a
love one Daughter than this good Man. Their
ich elderly Progeny were as beautiful as ever came
een hand- from the Hands of Nature, on which
cious Eye the Grandfather doated, and even the
ng to your Grandmother allowed they were fine
shall love Children.

“ THUS past the Time in the most com-
lague you plete Happiness, the Grandfather visited
ou will not the Son every Day, or was visited by him
Will you and his Family; he was often heard to
at Reason say, that he was the happiest Man alive,
he Sake of

“ and to his Daughter, you have made
 “ the happiest Grandfather upon Earth
 “ Half his Conversation was repeating what
 “ his Grandchildren had said, to those that
 “ visited him. *Andrew* himself pretended
 “ to be extremely fond of his Brother’s Family.
 “ mily. During this Time the Father had
 “ never been acquainted that his Son was
 “ not of Age when he was married, and
 “ the Son himself had never conceived that
 “ his Brother would make an ill Use of
 “ that Transaction. At length the Small
 “ pox attack’d the eldest Child, who
 “ covered from the Disease, which infected
 “ the others. During which Time, the
 “ lovely Woman never deserted the Bed
 “ her Children, tho’ she had never passed
 “ that fatal Disorder; no Perswasions
 “ her Husband could keep her from the
 “ Attendance, so affectionately she loved
 “ them.

“ At length she fell ill of the same Disease
 “ ease and expired. Who alas! can express
 “ the Anguish which this unhappy Husband
 “ felt on this Account? All that Bloom
 “ which covered his Cheeks faded to
 “ deadly pale, all the Joy that revel’d
 “ his Heart forsook that Abode. He could
 “ not bear to hear the Name of his little
 “ Girl pronounced, because she was call’d
 “ *Patty*, after her Mamma; and when

fat at Ta
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 of Persw
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 say *Patty*
 Alas! Si
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 is for eve
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sat at Table with his Children, he would turn his Eyes from one to the other, and then to the Place where that lovely Woman used to sit, and sighing from his Soul, the Tears would steal down his Face secretly and silently; nor did he ever dare to enter the Room where she expir'd.

His Father would often say, my Son, remember you are a Man, and how necessary it is that you live for these poor Children; when the same Weakness taking hold of him also, he felt his Powers of Persuasion were very badly able to resist the Grief which attacked his Child on this Account. Says he, my Son my Life is wrapt in yours; those Children want you; I want you; defend them from Injury; keep me from Sorrow; keep my poor grey Hairs from Sorrow, at these last declining Hours of Life. Let my last Sun set in Peace, tho' not in Pleasure, since my —, he would not say *Patty*, thro' fear of disquieting his Son. Alas! Sir, says the Son, those for whom I should live, for ever remind me of what I have lost. Those shining Eyes, those blooming Countenances, those elegant Shapes, are all derived from her I loved; she speaks in every Soul, and her Image is for ever before me. My Eyes, closed in Sleep, cannot exclude her from my Imagination;

“gination; and all my waking Hours are
 “past, where she is united with every Ob-
 “ject round. Philosophy in vain has at-
 “tempted to drive her from my Bosom;
 “I find my Heart preserves her Idea, in
 “spite of Resolution, and is every Moment
 “breaking with Despair.

“INDEED he survived but a few Months
 “after the Death of his dear *Patty*, pin-
 “ing away in Grief, insensibly: Judge of
 “his former Happiness by the Pain he felt
 “at her Loss. This Affliction so sensibly
 “touched the Soul of his Father, that he
 “scarce enjoy’d a Moment’s Repose; he
 “was always with the Children, and loved
 “them amazingly, frequently weeping for
 “their Loss. At last Death put an End to
 “his Life, his Wife was dead before, and
 “he left them to the Care of his Son *Andrew*.
 “My Son, says he, before he died, to
 “you I leave the Care of these helpless
 “Orphans; they are yours by Nature, let
 “that speak in their Behalf, you perhaps
 “know not what Joy it will give you to
 “provide for these beautiful Children. It
 “will not be difficult to conceive they are
 “your own; Time and their Affection
 “may easily induce you to this Belief.
 “Increase the Estate by your Frugality, and
 “save from its Revenues that which will
 “be sufficient to pay the two younger that

“For-

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Fortune which I have left them, you are amply provided for by mine and your Mother's Care; may the God of all bless you as you provide for them.

"To this *Andrew* answer'd with that hypocritic Smile which accompanies the Heart of those who have deceived the World, and are just going to reap the Advantage of it; and the Father expired in that Tranquillity which attends the last Minutes of virtuous Men.

"No sooner was his Father dead, than *Andrew* claim'd his Right to the Estate; he said the Children were all Bastards, that his Brother was married before he was at Age, and without the Consent of his Father; and for that Reason he was Heir to the *Sterlin* Estate. Says he, these Children must be sent away, they have no Right here, I shall maintain no Brother's Bastards.

"This was soon spread over the whole County; when an old Servant who had long lived in their Grandfather's Family, and lov'd their Father as his own Child, whom he had borne a thousand Times in his Arms, and had frequently visited to see these Children, whom he loved also, came to expostulate with the Uncle.

"This Man had purchased a Lease of three Lives, on an Estate of fourscore
L 5 "Pounds

“ Pounds a Year, from Mr. *Sterlin*; on
 “ which he lived, and had saved a good
 “ deal of ready Money on it. He was of
 “ great Integrity, and had a Sense of Ho-
 “ nour and Humanity, not to be found in
 “ every Lord in *England*, and as good an
 “ Understanding as need conduct a Man
 “ thro’ the World; perhaps equal to that
 “ of some of those Ministers which have
 “ assisted in bringing this Kingdom to its
 “ present flourishing Condition in Power,
 “ Morals, Literature and Religion!

“ At his coming to *Sterlin-Hall*, he
 “ asked after the young Family, and Mr.
 “ *Andrew*. Says he, I am come to zee
 “ my young Lord zince the Death of his
 “ Grandfather, (pretending to know no-
 “ thing of what was done by the Uncle,)
 “ Methinks I should be glad to zee him.

“ You are mistaken, says the Servant,
 “ my Master is your Lord now. Your
 “ Master my Lord! says Farmer *Mean-*
 “ *well*. Why is not young *Squire John* the
 “ eldest Brother’s Zon? Whins, what be the
 “ Laws changed? I thought the eldest Bro-
 “ ther’s Zon had always been the Heir
 “ of the Estate; this zeemeth cruel strange
 “ to me.

“ THIS short Conversation being finish’d,
 “ Farmer *Meanwell* was introduced by the
 “ Servant to his Master.

“ MAS

; on " MASTER, your Zervant, says the Far-
 good " mer. I am a come to zee my young Lord,
 as of " but your Zarvant telleth me you be the
 Ho " Heir of the Estate. How is't good now?
 nd in " Why, I always thought the eldest Bro-
 d an " ther's Children inherited the Estate, and
 Man " not the younger Brother.
 that " BASTARDS don't inherit any Estates,
 have " be whose they will, says Mr. *Sterlin* with
 co its " no very pleasing Pronunciation.
 wer, " BASTARDS! replied the Farmer, God
 ld " bless my Zoul! Why I have heard my
 he " old Master call her Daughter, and you,
 Mr. " Sir, Zizter, a thousand Times. Why
 zee " the Oman never past for being worse
 f his " than she should be, during her Life.
 no " Why, all the World thought her the best
 cle, " Oman in it; to my Mind, she zeem'd
 m. " a clever Zort of a Lady as ever I zeed.
 vant, " Why she was married to Mr. *John Sterlin*,
 Your " was not she? Why, I have heard you
 lean- " were at the Wedding, Zir; you know be
 the " zure if they were married or not.
 e the " THEY were married, says Mr. *Sterlin*,
 Bro " but it was before her Husband was of
 Heir " Age, and without my Father's Consent.
 ange " WHINS, says the Farmer, but my old
 h'd, " Master agreed to it within six Months
 the " after, and loved her as a Child of his
 Mas " own. Have not I zeed 'im doat upon
 " her, Why zure there's no need of mar-
 " rying

“ rying one ’Oman twice. But Mazter;
 “ when you knew all this, why did not you
 “ tell your Father of it? Methinks, it
 “ doth not look well, that you should con-
 “ ceal this Story so long; the World will
 “ be buzy with your Character. He Cod
 “ Zir, poor as iz am, I would not have
 “ your Estate upon such Terms. I would
 “ rather be turned out a door naked, with
 “ the bare Blezzing of God upon me, than
 “ have *Sterlin-Hall*, and all your Fortune,
 “ upon such Conditions. But be zure you
 “ only joke, you don’t mean to keep the
 “ Fatherless and Motherless from their
 “ Estates; I know you’ll give it to them
 “ az soon az the eldest is of Age.
 “ Nor I indeed, says he; I hope to have
 “ Children of my own, what the Law has
 “ given me I shall preserve. What makes
 “ any Thing our own but the Laws?
 “ Therefore pray no more of this Conver-
 “ sation, or I shall remember it when you
 “ may add a third Life on your Estate.
 “ He Cod Zir, says the Farmer, I’ll zee
 “ Justice done to these three poor Children,
 “ or I’ll zpend my whole Farm. Why zet-
 “ tain the Laws can never be in your Fa-
 “ vour; they won’t null Marriages that
 “ have been acknowledged in this Manner.
 “ Master I’ll try’t with you. I have got
 “ all I have in the Zarvice of the Vamily,
 “ and

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“and I’ll spend all I have in the Service
“of the Family, the Fatherless and Mo-
“therless are the Care of Heaven, and I’ll
“try this Matter with you; therefore don’t
“ye be angry, for I’ll do’t cost all I
“have.

“To this the other answer’d, the Chil-
“dren shall be To-morrow turn’d out of
“Door, when you may take them if you
“will; I shall maintain no Brother’s Ba-
“stards, let the Parish support them. At
“which Words he turn’d upon his Heel,
“and walk’d off. Yez Master, so the
“Parish shall, when I have no Bread to
“give them. Poor Babes, says the Far-
“mer, will no one stand your Friends but
“I? Must such lovely Creatures be hur-
“ried out of their own Dwelling, by an
“Uncle who hath no Right to it, and
“be received in my poor Houze? I have
“no Children of my own; my Wife
“nurz’d your Father, she will do the same
“by you, I know it; and I am zure, the
“Blessing of Heaven will attend my De-
“signs. Where be they, says the Far-
“mer? I doubt not of seeing them all
“happy yet, at *Sterlin-Hall*. At which
“Words, he was shewn where they were,
“by a Servant who paid them no Regard,
“in Complaisance to his Master’s Beha-
“viour; saying slightingly, there they
“are.

“ are. You Villain, says the Farmer,
 “ do you treat them in this Manner too?
 “ Clinching his Fist at him. When he
 “ he came into the Room, he burst into
 “ Tears, and kissed them tenderly; there
 “ was only one Maid-servant, who had
 “ never quitted them since her Lady’s
 “ Death. This poor Creature had been
 “ their Companion and Friend, lament-
 “ ing constantly the unhappy Fate of these
 “ most lovely Orphans.

“ THIS Woman the Farmer took with
 “ him also to his own House, to wait on
 “ the Children, where they now remain;
 “ and are as well taken Care of as his Cir-
 “ cumstances will permit. He honours
 “ them as his Master’s Children, and the
 “ Eldest as his young Lord. His Wife
 “ doats upon them to Excess. Their Uncle
 “ Savory is also dead; and as he died with-
 “ out Children, these being esteem’d as
 “ Bastards cannot inherit that Part of his
 “ Estate, which should have devolved to
 “ them by his Death. However, the Aunt
 “ has promised to support the Chancery-
 “ suit which is begun on this Affair; the
 “ Farmer takes the Conduct of it upon
 “ himself, and can prove the whole Story
 “ as I have here related it, what will be
 “ the Event of it Time must discover.

“ Thus

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“THUS, Ladies, says Mr. *Thoroughgood*,
“you see by the special Favour of Heaven,
“those lovely Creatures are only defended
“from being supported by the Parish.

“IF Brothers, says Sir *William*, insnare
“Brothers in this Manner, what is to be
“expected from more distant Relations?
“who will often from the Nature of Things
“have it in their Power to ruin the Poste-
“rity of the Innocent, by Craft and Cir-
“cumvention; at least this Law has
“thrown a Temptation in their Way un-
“known before.”

“UNHAPPY Infants, says Lady *Worby*,
“tho’ I knew not their Parents, one of
“them shall be my Care, if they are de-
“prived of their Fortunes by the Law.”
“And another mine, says Lady *Oliver*.
“And the third shall be mine, says Mrs.
“*Thoroughgood*.” “With all our Hearts,”
said the three Husbands, much applaud-
ing their Ladies generous and humane
Souls.

“WELL, says Mr. *Thoroughgood*, I have
“found Reward enough for writing this
“Story, in the Effects it has produced on
“your Hearts, Ladies.” “Indeed, said
“the whole Company, it is an interesting
“Account.” “But methinks, says my
“Lady *Hearty*, you promised us another.
“All Women are alike, you see, Sir *William*,
“says

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“ says Sir *Oliver*. Lady *Worthy* would
 “ have persuaded him to read last Night
 “ after his Journey ; and my good Dame
 “ is a very unfair Sportswoman. She is
 “ for running the Hare which has given
 “ us so much Pleasure quite down, and
 “ not preserving him for another Chace.”

“ I ASK your Pardon, my dear, says Lady
 “ *Hearty* ; indeed I own, I was too much
 “ pleas’d with the Account, to think of
 “ any one but myself. Mr. *Thoroughgood*
 “ will pardon me ; I will wait, tho’ with
 “ some Impatience, till he shall please to
 “ give us what remains.”

“ AFTER Dinner, says Sir *William* ; in
 “ the mean while, you shall see my new
 “ Alterations in my Plantations and Build-
 “ ings.”

THEY then took a Circuit in the Park
 and Gardens, after which retiring to Din-
 ner, they gave us an Opportunity of retir-
 ing from the Reader, and closing this
 Chapter.

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C H A P. LXV.

The History of Miss Sally Standish. The excellent Effects of Tyranny in Parents, as particularly enforced by the Marriage Act. A Specimen of a Miser's and an Attorney's Love. A Flight into London, and a Pursuit. A London Rider introduced into this History: The particular Method of beginning a Journey observed by these kind of Gentlemen. A Blunder of old Standish, which drives a Gentleman out of the Window, and a Lady into a decent Fit of Anger; together with a Sketch of mine Host at the George at Hounslow.

THE Dinner being ended, Mr. Thoroughgood was again press'd to favour the Ladies with the remaining Stories, which he had written; which, however, was over-ruled by the two Baronets till after Tea, when Mr. Thoroughgood began the second Story as follows:

“IN a Village not far from Dorchester,
 “I lived an Attorney who had two Sons,
 “and an only Daughter; she was handsome, and that brought her many Admirers; her Father was supposed to be
 “able to give her two thousand Pounds
 “down,

“ down, and as much more at his Death.
 “ Amongst the Number who beheld her
 “ with favourable Eyes, there was an old
 “ Bachelor extremely rich for one of that
 “ Part of the World ; he was as avaritious
 “ as wealthy, and denied himself almost
 “ every Thing which puts the Life of the
 “ Rich superior to that of the Poor ; he
 “ had no Idea of Pleasure, but that of
 “ possessing what he could not enjoy, which
 “ is a Kind of Poverty but little different
 “ from real Want. The Hand that can-
 “ not touch it, and the Heart which will
 “ not, are hardly distinguishable in their
 “ Effects and Practice.

“ THIS Man, whose Name was *Small-*
 “ *wood*, had a mind to have Heirs to his
 “ Estate, and had conceived as great an
 “ Affection for Miss *Sally Standish*, for that
 “ was her Name, as he could for any thing
 “ but his Money, and had proposed him-
 “ self to her Father, as willing to take his
 “ Daughter with a small Fortune in hand,
 “ if he would settle her handsomely after
 “ his Death. Old *Standish* loved Money
 “ as well as 'Squire *Smallwood* ; he laughed
 “ at all Marriages of Love, and could not
 “ conceive what it meant ; he had been a
 “ Tyrant of a Husband to a good Wife,
 “ who was now no more, and continued
 “ the same Disposition to his Daughter,
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“ whom he held in the greatest Subjection,
 “ yet loved her as well he could love any
 “ Thing that would not yield Money. He
 “ therefore acquainted his Daughter with
 “ the 'Squire's Offer, and bid her receive
 “ him with Complaisance, as a Person
 “ whom she was to marry.

“ NOTHING is so detestable to young
 “ People whose Dispositions are right in
 “ Nature, as Avarice; and when it is joined
 “ with a disagreeable Person, and Age, it
 “ is next to impossible, that any Consideration can make it agreeable to Youth.

“ HOWEVER, 'Squire *Smallwood* having
 “ put on a clean Cheat over his Shirt, and
 “ a Pair of clean Sleeves, for it was the
 “ Middle of the Week, and Frugality
 “ continually advised him to change Shirts
 “ but once in seven Days; his Wig was
 “ powdered, and a new Curl put to the
 “ Bottom of it. Dress'd in his best Clothes
 “ he came to make his first Visit to Miss
 “ *Standish*. Whatever he was deficient in
 “ tender Expressions, he made ample
 “ amends for in talking of his Estates, not
 “ forgetting one Acre which belonged to
 “ either of them, in his Conversation.
 “ During this Time, he cast several tender
 “ Looks on the young Lady, and let fly
 “ three or four waggish Jokes, which, tho'
 “ very arch, we shall omit in this Narra-
 “ tion.

" tion. At last, after having squeezed the
 " young Lady by the Hand, and laughing
 " like a Horse that neighs, he took Leave
 " for the first time. If this young Lady
 " had not had her Heart prepossessed in
 " the favour of another, she could not
 " have avoided detesting this wretched Be-
 " ing, whose famish'd Face was more hi-
 " deous than an Apparition to the Eyes of
 " Youth and Loveliness.

" IT happened, however, at the same
 " Time, that there lived a young Gentle-
 " man in the Father's House, who was his
 " Clerk, and whose Time was almost ex-
 " pired. This young Man the young Lady
 " had long loved, and he had made Pre-
 " tensions of being equally enamour'd with
 " her; his Heart, notwithstanding this,
 " was not the most tender, and his Ho-
 " nour was exactly of the Attorney Stand-
 " ard, which is ever ready to be weighed
 " against Gold, and pretty sure to be out-
 " balanced.

" THIS Amour was utterly unknown
 " to the Father. At Night, therefore,
 " when the usual Opportunity of being to-
 " gether was come, the young Lady dis-
 " closed to Mr. *Wright*, this was his Name,
 " the Affair of her new Lover, and the
 " Horror she was in, lest her Father should
 " oblige her to marry old *Smallwood*.

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“ Good Heavens ! says she, to be inclosed
“ in the Arms of that shocking Creature,
“ appears to me to be more miserable
“ than Banishment or Death ; how shall
“ I avoid it ? tell me, Mr. *Wright*, how
“ shall I fly this detested Man. *Wright*
“ told her he would marry her with all
“ his Heart : But, says he, my dear *Sally*,
“ the Marriage will be of no Consequence,
“ and, perhaps, it will be extremely diffi-
“ cult to get a Parson who will do that
“ Office, as you want two Years of being
“ of Age. You have no Security, says he,
“ but flying from your Father with me,
“ who, perhaps, as you are his favourite
“ Child, may be glad to be reconciled,
“ and thus consent to the making me eter-
“ nally happy.—This Resolution they in-
“ tended taking, if the Father could not
“ be prevailed on to desist from obliging
“ her to marry *Squire Smallwood*.

“ The next Day the Lover came again,
“ every Moment made him more and more
“ odious to her Eyes, his Kisses were like
“ the icy Touch of Death, and his Breath
“ as suffocating and poisonous as the Ex-
“ halation of the ancient *Avernus* in *Italy*.
“ In reality, he became so detestable to
“ her Thoughts, that she could not suffer
“ the Idea of being wedded to that Man
“ for Life.

“ SHE

“ SHE therefore determined to reveal
 “ this Resolution to her Father, tho’ she
 “ knew his fiery Temper and Impetuosity;
 “ and if she could not prevail on him to
 “ suffer her to refuse this horrid Man, to
 “ fly from him with Mr. *Wright*, what
 “ ever might be her Fate.

“ One Day she opened the Affair to her
 “ Father, begging him to hear her with
 “ Patience; she laid before him the Dif-
 “ ference of Age between her and Mr.
 “ *Smallwood*, his disagreeable Person, his
 “ shocking Avarice, and all that could be
 “ reasonably urged against him.

“ To which the old Man answer’d, with
 “ an Oath, that unless she married him,
 “ she should never inherit a Groat of
 “ his Fortune; and you cannot marry
 “ another yet awhile by the Laws; and
 “ therefore, says he, I insist upon it that you
 “ give him your Consent; what is Age,
 “ Ugliness, and Avarice, when he will set-
 “ tle you a Jointure of five hundred Pounds
 “ *per Annum*?

“ To this she made no Reply; she knew
 “ his Passions were as impetuous as the
 “ Hurricanes of *Jamaica*, and bore no Op-
 “ position; the Cataracts of the *Nile* are
 “ not less easily stopt than his Resolutions.
 “ She therefore determined to fly with
 “ Mr. *Wright*, who was ready to leave the
 “ House,

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House, his Clerkship being expired.
“ This young Man, tho’ he would gladly
“ have married her with a Fortune, yet he
“ was determined not to do it without :
“ He therefore thought this the shortest
“ Way to come at both, and knew that
“ he should have Possession of her Person
“ at least, though nothing more should
“ be the Consequence of it.
“ THE Time was therefore appointed
“ when they should fly together ; but be-
“ fore they left her Father’s House, she
“ obliged *Wright* to invoke every Power
“ of Heaven to the Truth of his Resolu-
“ tion of marrying her the Day she came
“ of Age. This he affirmed by every kind
“ of Affelevation. The Time being come
“ when the Father was gone to collect the
“ Rens of a Gentleman whose Steward he
“ was, this Couple took the Opportunity
“ of leaving his House, and going Post in
“ a Chaise together to *London*.
“ It is but of little Consequence to men-
“ tion the Rage her Father was in at the
“ Discovery of his Daughter’s Elopement ;
“ he swore ten thousand Oaths that he
“ would shoot both *Wright* and her ; and
“ as it was but that Morning they left his
“ House, he was determined to pursue
“ them, and be the Death of both where-
“ ever he found them. It seems his Daugh-
“ ter

“ter had left a Letter for her Father, which
“he found at his coming home.”

Honoured Sir,

“**T**HE Man whom you would oblige
“me to marry, is so thoroughly
“odious to my Apprehensions, that I could
“with more Pleasure have gone to my
“Execution, than to the Altar with him.
“PRAY, Sir, consider what Sum of Mo-
“ney can be a Recompence equal to the
“being obliged to pass one’s Days with
“the Person we detest; indeed, this De-
“testation is not founded in Whim, but in
“real Reason; the Man with whom you
“would have united me, is void of com-
“mon Decency; he denies himself the
“common Necessaries of Life, would he
“have granted them to me? he is old,
“treble my Age; with what Ease or Sa-
“tisfaction could I have pass’d my Time
“with him; from the Hour of my Mar-
“riage, to the Day of his or my Death?
“Indeed, Sir, the Condition of being his
“Wife, appeared so terrible to me, that I
“have taken the Resolution to save myself
“from it, by flying your House. Tho’
“this may appear very culpable in your

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which Eyes, and I am determined, in all other Things, to be your

“ *Very dutiful Daughter,*

“ *till Death,*

“ SARAH STANDISH.”

“ THIS Letter he read, and swore over a hundred times : he then sent word to the 'Squire *Smallwood*, and desired him to favour him with his Company immediately.

“ THE 'Squire came at the Summons ; but being told the Reason of his being sent for, he said, “ that Travelling was expensive ; that probably she had already been in bed with *Wright* ; that for his part, if she had tarried, he would have married her, but he would not pursue her at any Expence, another young Woman would do as well for him as she. This manner of answering, though it should have given the Father a Demonstration of the Truth of what his Daughter had said, and a Detestation of *Smallwood*, had quite a different Effect on him ; he cursed her a thousand times for having miss'd this Opportunity of making her Fortune, as it is generally call'd,

VOL. II. M “ when

“ when a beautiful young Girl, with a
 “ small Portion, blooming as the Month
 “ of *May*, delicious as the ripened Grape,
 “ and fragrant as the Isles that bear the
 “ Spices of the East, is condemned to the
 “ icy Arms of a Man, hoary as Winter,
 “ blighting as the East Wind, and avari-
 “ tious as the Grave.

“ INDEED this Attorney had been ac-
 “ customed to see, and consider all Ob-
 “ jects but as so much Money; every
 “ beautiful Plantation of Trees he con-
 “ ceived only as Timber that would yield
 “ so much; he had nothing of the Painter
 “ in his Soul, and had never distinguished
 “ what characterises the Difference between
 “ an Oak, an Ash, or an Elm, only that
 “ one was sold at so much the Foot less
 “ than another, always esteeming those
 “ Trees the most beautiful which yielded
 “ the most Money. The Verdure of the
 “ spreading Lawn, the waving Corn, the
 “ bleating Animals, the falling River, the
 “ extensive Prospect, had all no other
 “ Charms in his Eye but the Value which
 “ they could annually produce: And when
 “ he had heard some Gentlemen talk of
 “ riding ten Miles to see a Prospect, he
 “ was always astonished to find what De-
 “ light Men could have in viewing a
 “ Country that was not their own. They

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“ talk of the Beauty of Nature, says he,
“ but I see no Beauty in any Thing that is
“ not my own ; it rather gives me Pain,
“ when I see a rich Country, and cannot
“ say to myself that I have an Estate in it.
“ NOTWITHSTANDING the 'Squire would
“ not assist him in his Pursuit, he was de-
“ termined to follow them himself ; he
“ concluded they would not travel post all
“ Night, but that, riding Night and Day,
“ he should overtake them before they
“ reach'd *London* ; he therefore arm'd him-
“ self with Pistols and a Hanger, took his
“ own Horses to *Blandford*, and thence
“ rode post after them. Before he left
“ this Town, he found at what Inn they
“ took Post ; and then enquiring at what
“ House they would change Horses at the
“ next Town, he pursued them, still find-
“ ing that they continued their Journey
“ Night and Day.

“ THIS Discovery disconcerted him a
“ little ; however his Rage was so highly
“ inflamed against his Daughter, that he
“ was determined to continue his Pursuit
“ to *London* ; but as it grew late, he de-
“ termined to tarry at *Hounslow*, if he did,
“ or did not, find them there.

“ Now this was on a *Sunday* Night,
“ when the Gentlemen Shopmen of *Lon-*

“ *don* are generally regaling themselves at
 “ their Master’s Expenditure in the Country.
 “ It happened at that very Evening,
 “ that *Jack Goodfellow*, a Rider to Mr.
 “ *Buckram* a very eminent Haberdasher of
 “ Small-wares in the City, was actually at
 “ the *George at Hounslow*; he had come
 “ thither to begin his Journey for the
 “ Western Parts of *England*, and sell every
 “ Thing which all the Nations of this
 “ World produce. These Gentlemen are
 “ all Men of Pleasure; the necessary Re-
 “ quisites for this important Employ, are
 “ primarily to have a strong Head to bear
 “ Liquor, a strong Voice to sing what is
 “ called a good Song, and a strong Coun-
 “ tenance, which can affirm, without chang-
 “ ing Colour, that their Masters are the
 “ greatest Men in the Trade, and are ei-
 “ ther the Importers, or Makers of all they
 “ sell. These Gentlemen are the Oracles
 “ of the Country Shopkeepers; they are
 “ acquainted intimately with all the Mi-
 “ nisters of State, know when the King of
 “ *Prussia* will pay the *Silesia* Loan, in an
 “ Hour, when the King of the *Romans*
 “ will be settled, and all the Intrigues of
 “ the Court of *France*, to an iota; which
 “ last they never fail of cursing to the Pit
 “ of Hell, concluding that whoever wears

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an Inch of their Manufactures, is an
Enemy to his Country.

NOTHING is so common as for these
Gentlemen to metamorphose the Face
of the whole World; they make *Berlin*
a Sea-port for the *Prussian East-India*
Company's Ships, and place *Venice* in
the Middle of the Continent. *Egypt*
Travels into *America*; and the River
Oroonoko runs through the dry Desarts
of *Arabia* at their Word. And if any
Gentleman remarks their Mistake, like
the Mock-Doctor in the Farce who has
transposed the Heart and the Liver, he
cries, Sir, these Things might be so in
Books formerly, but our Ministers have
thought fit to alter all that at present.
I'm sure my Lord Duke of —, and the
Earl of —, told me so at *White's* last
time I dined with them. In short, he is
considered by all those who know no-
thing in the Country, as a Person of the
greatest Moment and deepest Know-
ledge; and by all who have common
Sense, as the most impertinent and ig-
norant of Coxcombs.

Honest *Jack* then was a Man of Taste
and Pleasure; it seems he and three
Gents of this Order, in Imitation of
the Great, kept a Wench quadrupartite
between them, each being on a Journey

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“ nine Months at different Times of the
 “ Year; by which it so happened, that
 “ one being only in *London* at a time,
 “ each had his three Months Rotation and
 “ Possession of this Lady, who was trans-
 “ ferred to another at his coming back,
 “ even more easily than *East-India* Stock
 “ not so much as the Name being changed
 “ in the Books, only by simple Hand-
 “ delivery, like a breeding Mare or other
 “ Quadruped.

“ THIS Traveller then had brought the
 “ Fiddle of his Heart in a Post-chaise
 “ with him to *Hounslow*, to pass the Even-
 “ ing, the last he could enjoy for nine
 “ Months; and as he was a Lover of that
 “ kind of Music, he was determined to
 “ have a Tune or two that Night, to take
 “ Leave of his Instrument.

“ IN plain *English*, Mr. *Goodfellow* and
 “ Miss *Charlotte* being arrived at *Houn-*
 “ *slow*, and having supped together, were
 “ retired to one Chamber, mine Host of
 “ the *George* being too well-bred a Man
 “ to demand the Certificate of Marriage
 “ of those who have the Goodness to sleep
 “ in the same Bed at his House.

“ NOT more than an Hour after this
 “ arrived Mr. *Standish*, chagrined with his
 “ Daughter's Flight, with the Fatigue of
 “ his Journey, and his ill Success of not

“ over-

The MARRIAGE ACT. 247

“overtaking the Fugitives, he was deter-
“mined therefore to kill them both where-
“ever he found them. At his alighting
“at the *George*, his first Question was,
“Whether there was a young Gentleman
“and Lady who had come thither in a
“Post-chaife that Evening? to which the
“Chamber-maid, it seems the Landlord
“was gone to-bed, answered there was.
“Did they tarry any Time here? says
“*Standish*. Yes, says the Girl, they are
“gone to-bed together about an Hour
“since.

“*Mr. Standish*, at the hearing these Words,
“being in the greatest Rage internally,
“immediately concluded that this Couple
“could be no other than *Wright* and his
“Daughter; he therefore determined to
“take Vengeance upon both of them, and
“asked in what Chamber they lay; for,
“says he, I must absolutely speak with
“the Gentleman directly, and am come
“hither on purpose. The Chamber-maid
“therefore mounting the Staircase, shew’d
“him the Door: There, Sir, the Gentle-
“man and Lady are in that Room, says
“she.

“At this Time *Mr. Goodfellow* was soft-
“ly wrapp’d in the Embraces of Sleep,
“more particularly at this Moment than
“another, for the same Reason that Sir

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“ *Charles Easy*, in the *Careless Husband*, is
 “ taking a Nap. It happened also that he
 “ was then visited by a terrifying Dream,
 “ which was no less than that his Master
 “ had discovered that he had often robb’d
 “ his Money-drawer, and defrauded him
 “ considerably in other Ways, for which
 “ he was pursuing him with Officers.

“ *Mr. Standish* then coming at this In-
 “ stant at the Door, turned the Lock, and
 “ to his great Dissatisfaction found it was
 “ thoroughly fastened, so that he could
 “ not enter without Violence; he therefore
 “ attempted to force the Door; at which
 “ Time *Mr. Goodfellow* awaking with the
 “ Noise, just heard the Person without
 “ answer to the Servant who was complain-
 “ ing of his Ill-manners; The Dog, says
 “ he, has robbed me of—at which Words
 “ he leapt from *Miss Charlotte*, and with-
 “ out staying to hear the rest, or taking so
 “ much as one parting Kiss, he ran to the
 “ Window, threw up the Sash, and made
 “ a bold Leap into the Yard, concluding
 “ from the Words he had heard, and the
 “ Dream he was awaked from, that it
 “ could be no other Person than his Ma-
 “ ster, who was come to apprehend him.

“ No sooner was this Gentleman gone
 “ through the Window, than *Mr. Standish*
 “ was entered at the Door, when, drawing

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The MARRIAGE ACT. 249

" a Pistol from his Pocket, he ran to the
" Bedside, where, to his great Surprise,
" he found all his blooming Expectations
" lost, and that the Bed did not contain
" his Daughter, but a Lady altogether un-
" known to him ; he therefore asked her
" ten thousand Pardons for his Mistake,
" assured her that he meant no ill Design,
" and told her the Affair of his Daughter.

" AND, pray Sir, says Miss *Charlotte*,
" because your Daughter is turned Bunter,
" and has run away with a Fellow, do you
" conceive there are no modest Women in
" the World? Must your Insolence, in
" pretence to look after your Wench, au-
" thorise you to break into the Chamber
" where a Gentleman and his Lady are
" in-bed together? Cannot the Modest
" sleep in Peace, because your Daughter
" is a Whore? Sir, your unparalleled
" Barbarity has made my Husband leap
" through the Window ; he thought it was
" Fire, being suddenly waked from his
" Sleep ; and God knows what may be
" the Consequence of it.

" To this the Attorney answered as
" meek as *Moses*, That he was extremely
" sorry for his rash Proceedings ; which
" was indeed very true, being terribly
" afraid of a Prosecution ; and withdrew,
" not a little disconcerted. The Lady

“ dress’d herself, and, going into the
 “ Court, she called upon Mr. *Goodfellow*,
 “ and told him it was a Country Madman
 “ in Pursuit of his runaway Daughter, and
 “ not Fire. It seems Mr. *Goodfellow* had
 “ received no other Mischief by this Leap,
 “ than being horribly terrified, and up to
 “ the Knees in rotten Dung, which how-
 “ ever had kindly received him as softly
 “ as the Bear did *Hudibras* in his Fall.

“ WHEN hearing the Voice of his *Char-*
 “ *lotte*, which never before so truly found-
 “ ed like the Voice of the Charmer to his
 “ Ears, he left the Hayloft into which he
 “ was crept, and came all stinking to the
 “ Arms of his sweet Lady; when, after
 “ washing himself, and swearing Vengeance
 “ on the Attorney, he again withdrew to
 “ his Bed and his *Charlotte*, where we
 “ shall leave them to sleep if they can.

“ MR. *Standish*, thinking it prudent,
 “ withdrew without further Search, hav-
 “ ing succeeded so ill in this first, not a
 “ little terrified with the Consequences of
 “ this Mistake; and Mr. *Goodfellow* was
 “ glad to find him gone the next Morn-
 “ ing, because he knew the Affair would
 “ not well bear the public Examination;
 “ however he swore Vengeance and De-
 “ struction wherever he should meet him,
 “ and to pursue him to the World’s End for

“ Satis-

The MARRIAGE ACT. 251

“ Satisfaction, meaning perhaps the Land’s
“ End, to which he was proceeding to
“ take Orders; for these Gentlemen, as
“ has been already said, are great Adepts
“ in Geography.

“ THE Landlord also join’d in this
“ Declaration, swearing if he had known
“ the least Hint of the Matter, he would
“ have rose and threshed the Dog within
“ an Inch of his Life. Damn him, says
“ he, to disturb an honest Gentleman and
“ his Lady in the Middle of the Night, in
“ looking after his B—— of a Daughter,
“ tho’ mine Host had seen Miss *Charlotte*
“ at his House with every one of her
“ Keepers more than once. If I knew his
“ Name, I would not take the Law of
“ him, but ride ten Miles to do myself
“ Justice on his Bones; these unmannerly
“ Dogs think they may treat a Publican
“ as they please; a Gentleman is always
“ known by his Behaviour. Upon which
“ Mr. *Goodfellow* calling for a Negus,
“ mine Host of the *George* and he, took it
“ off together, swearing a Vengeance on
“ the Attorney which neither of them in-
“ tended to take.

“ Now it seems, during this Affair in
“ the Night, my Landlady had waked
“ mine Host, and desired him to rise and
“ see what was the Matter: No, no, pshaw,
“ let

" let them alone, says he; what the Devil
 " does the Fellow bring his Whore here
 " for; some Quarrel about her, I sup-
 " pose: as they are probably both my
 " Guests, let them decide it themselves;
 " what have I to interfere in other Gen-
 " tlemens Quarrels, and spoil the Busi-
 " ness of my House. On which he turned
 " round, and slept as soundly as a Mar-
 " mote in Winter, or as if there had not
 " been a Mouse stirring in the Inn.

" THE Negus being finished, Mr. Good-
 " fellow, with much tender Expression,
 " committed his *Charlotte* to the Stage-
 " Coach, recommending her to the Care
 " of a Gentleman who was going to *Lon-*
 " *don*, he then mounted on his Bags, which
 " were already mounted on his Saddle;
 " when, covering them with his Great coat
 " from the prying Eyes of Gentlemen out
 " of Business, and cocking his Gold-lac'd
 " Hat, he proceeded on his Gelding,
 " whose Tail and Head were nicely cock'd
 " up also; indeed the Beast was a Beast
 " of great Delicacy, and had a Tenderness
 " in his Fore-feet, not to be found in
 " many human Hearts, which made him
 " walk much like those Ladies who affect
 " to shew all the World they are accu-
 " stomed to a Coach, by the Tenderness
 " of their stepping. On he goes, with a

" Folio

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"Folio of Patterns, and another of False-
hoods, to sell all the Commodities that
have hitherto been made in the Uni-
verse; and find Lies and Conversation
for his Customers.

"Thus having freed the Inn of its
Company, and made a clear House, we
beg our Reader's Patience till we rest
ourselves a little in it. Alas! our Ge-
nius, tho' as fleet as another, is not
able to follow Mr. Standish Post, with-
out taking some Refreshment, which
we accordingly take the Liberty to do
in this Place, and thus close the Chap-
ter.

CHAP.

C H A P. LXVI.

Mr. Standish takes himself away by Night, and proceeds to London. A very fruitless Search in Quest of his Daughter. A Sample of two Letters, neither very polite nor long. Another of a quite contrary Nature. A Resolution of leaving the World by one Person, prevented by another's coming into it. Miss Standish in Keeping; very different Behaviour at two different Times of that Lady to her Destroyer. Her Progress thro' the various Stages of a kept Mistress till her Death.

“ **M**R. Standish proceeded to London,
 “ where having searched in vain
 “ a whole Week, he returned again to his
 “ own House; having neither seen or heard
 “ of his Daughter, after she arrived at
 “ that great City: he therefore determined
 “ never more to acknowledge her for a
 “ Child; and gave her up to the wide World
 “ and Destruction, with a Resolution to
 “ think no more of her.

“ Two Months past, without Miss
 “ Standish having the least Impression made
 “ on her Chastity. She had resisted all the
 “ Attacks and Wiles of Mr. Wright, who
 “ thought

“ thought that if he could once prevail on
 “ her to grant him the last Favour, and she
 “ should prove pregnant, her Father would
 “ give him the two thousand Pounds, and
 “ his Consent, to save her Character; both
 “ which he would have gladly receiv-
 “ ed, having but little of the latter of
 “ his own; but he did not chuse to divide
 “ them.

“ THE common Methods of Oaths,
 “ Vows, &c. having fail’d, he agreed with
 “ one of his Comrades to go to *Vauxhall*,
 “ which was then open’d; and desired he
 “ would get another Lady to keep Miss
 “ *Standish* Company, no Matter if it be
 “ one of the Town, provided she can dis-
 “ guise herself for that Evening, says he.

“ THIS then was settled, and a Box be-
 “ spoke; the other Gentleman appearing
 “ to entertain the Company, the Gentle-
 “ men and the other Lady indulged them-
 “ selves in Champagne, Miss *Standish* re-
 “ fusing it; at which her Female Compa-
 “ nion laugh’d at her, saying it was Lady’s
 “ Liquor, and no stronger than small Beer;
 “ you may drink a Hogshead, Madam,
 “ says she, without the least Influence or
 “ Effect.

“ PERSWADED to repeat her Draughts
 “ by this unsuspected Woman, she drank
 “ till she became absolutely intoxicated;
 “ when

“ when leaving the Place with the Com-
 “ pany, not knowing where she went, they
 “ all four retir’d to a Bagnio ; and that
 “ Evening accomplish’d, what all the Per-
 “ swasions of the World would not have
 “ effectuated without that delusive Liquor.

“ ALAS ! Such is the Condition of frail
 “ human Nature, this Favour once ob-
 “ tained by Force or Art, is ever after ea-
 “ sily repeated by the Person beloved. She
 “ no longer refused his Embrace, and soon
 “ found the Consequences of it. This gave
 “ her great Pain, she beheld her lost Con-
 “ dition with infinite Contrition, and a De-
 “ jection little short of Despair seiz’d upon
 “ her Soul.

“ *WRIGHT* perswaded her to ac-
 “ quaint her Father in what Condition she
 “ was, he will then consent to our marry-
 “ ing, says he, which you know cannot be
 “ done without that.

“ AH ! Mr. *Wright*, says she, How shall
 “ I disclose to a Parent, the Situation I am
 “ in ? Can you conceive it possible for a
 “ Daughter to tell a Father she has brought
 “ Disgrace upon herself and him. I can
 “ with more Ease finish this Life, which
 “ promises nothing but Misery, said she
 “ sighing. Perhaps if you write to him,
 “ and ask his Consent to marry me, he may
 “ grant that ; tho’ he may give me no

“ For-

The MARRIAGE ACT. 257

" Fortune; you will preserve me from Infamy I am sure, if he yields to your Request.

" In this the poor Girl was much deceived, he had already enjoy'd before Marriage all that he desired or could possess after, except her Fortune; and was not one of those whose Sense of Honour would greatly urge him to Gratitude, or Reparation of Injury. However he promised to write to her Father, and know his Determination.

" At this Part of the Account, Lady *Hearty* sighing, turn'd her Eyes to Sir *Oliver*, and secretly stole a Kiss; blessing herself for having met with a Man of so different a Behaviour. All the Company perceived the Kiss, and penetrated the Reason; not one Lip or Motion, however giving the least Sign or Suspicion that they suggested the Cause of it.

" THE Letter was as follows:

Sir,

" THIS is to acquaint you that I am ready to marry your Daughter, provided you will advance her two thousand Pounds on the Day of Marriage, and
" two

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“ two more at your Death ; if not, you
“ must even take her back, and give her
“ to the 'Squire. I presume there is an
“ Heir ready gotten to his Hands.

“ *I am,*

“ *Your Humble Servant,*

“ HENRY WRIGHT.

“ THIS Letter he wrote, and imagined
“ with it to frighten the Father, but he
“ was mistaken ; old *Standish* was now ten
“ times more irritated against him and
“ her than before, and answer'd in the fol-
“ lowing Manner.

You Rascal,

“ YOU have already made my Daugh-
“ ter a Whore, and now you expect I
“ will give you Money to make her your
“ Wife, but by Heavens, I would rather
“ hear of her being on the Streets of *Lon-*
“ *don*, than married to so vile a Fellow as
“ I know you to be.

“ *Yours,*

“ SAMUEL STANDISH.

“ THIS

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" THIS Letter he shew'd to Miss *Standish*,
" who now beheld her miserable Condition
" with a Sense, which none can know who
" never tasted that Calamity, nor ever
" conceive the least Idea of, who have not
" conversed with those unhappy Beings in
" *London*, who have past thro' a Trial ten
" times more penal than the Ordeal.

" *WRIGHT* perceiving her in this
" Condition, swore a thousand times he
" would marry her if it was possible. Says
" he, my dear *Sally*, you know the Laws
" prohibit me from that Happiness: Curse
" the Inventor, says he. However it is only
" delay'd, the Time will come, and this
" shall make no Alteration in my Love.
" In which he spoke very true, for all that
" was originally of that Passion, was to-
" tally extinct in him; and he safely vowed
" eternal Truth and promise of Marriage,
" when the Laws would not permit him to
" put those Vows in Execution.

" SAYS he, my Dear, I will go into the
" Country to fetch some Money to serve
" you during your Lying-in; and then
" wait till you are of Age. When we will
" be married.

" HE then left this unhappy Creature,
" with very little Money, in a Lodging not
" too well provided with what was neces-
" sary; the Woman who kept the House,
" being

“ being in a Sort of Necessity herself; by
 “ this means she was obliged to pay her at
 “ the End of every Week.

“ SHE wrote to Mr. *Wright*, but to no Pur-
 “ pose, he never answer'd her Letters; her
 “ Money being all exhausted, and the Hour
 “ of her Lying in at hand, she beheld her-
 “ self as the most miserable of all Beings.
 “ Life and the Shame which she felt within,
 “ were become so terrible to her Appre-
 “ hensions, that she determin'd to finish
 “ her Days, and thus hide her Head from
 “ Reproach for ever.

“ IF this Law had never been made
 “ against Marriage, says she, I should have
 “ been still virtuous, tho' poor; and what
 “ is Poverty compared to what I now feel for
 “ my lost Character and Reputation? even
 “ at this Moment, when I know the Stings
 “ of both at one Instant. I am undone!
 “ There is no Resource for me a Wretch,
 “ she cried. She therefore determin'd to
 “ write another Letter to Mr. *Wright*, to
 “ tell him her Resolution, and to destroy
 “ herself if he did not immediately come
 “ to her Assistance.

“ SHE intended waiting the Event of
 “ this Letter, which it was not answer'd
 “ in a certain time, she determin'd
 “ should be executed before she should
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Mr. *W*

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The MARRIAGE ACT. 261

Mr. Wright,

" **T**OO late I perceive that I am totally
" undone, and deserted by him alone
" from whom I expected and deserve Re-
" lief. Believe me, unless you return to
" sustain me in the approaching Hour of
" Pain, I must, I cannot avoid putting an
" End to that Being, which you have ren-
" der'd at present the most miserable. You
" who know my Soul, can you suppose
" that I dare to face the Day Light, after
" this fallen State, unless you are present,
" and avow to the World that I am yours.
" Make haste to my Redress, which unless
" you do, I here take my everlasting Fare-
" well of a faithless Man, and of the World.

W^m *I am, still alas!*

W^m *Too much Yours,*

" **SARAH STANDISH.**

" SHE intended waiting the Event of
" this Letter, which, if it was not answer'd
" in a certain limited Time, she determined
" to finish that Being, before she should
" bring

“ bring a Child at once to Life, Wretched-
 “ ness, and Infamy.

“ THIS, however she was prevented in;
 “ the Time being not yet lapsed which
 “ she had determined to tarry, when she was
 “ seized with Labour, and delivered of a
 “ very fine Boy. During this Time of her
 “ Confinement, she was obliged to pledge
 “ many of her Cloaths for her Sustenance;
 “ the Woman with whom she lodged, be-
 “ ing employed in the transacting the Af-
 “ fair, always defrauding her in some Part
 “ of what they produced.

“ NOTHING can express the Misery she
 “ felt at her Heart, deserted by *Wright*, no
 “ Friend to fly to, no Parent to receive her,
 “ no Asylum for ruin’d Innocence, no Mo-
 “ ney to sustain her. Her Soul sunk to de-
 “ spair, with conscious Shame; and now
 “ no longer preserving her Resolution to
 “ destroy herself, the Child of which she
 “ was delivered, having brought a new
 “ Sense of Tenderneſs into the World along
 “ with it; she was compell’d to live for
 “ that very Being, which she wish’d to
 “ have extinguiſh’d with herself before she
 “ saw it; ſuch different Sensations come
 “ into our Souls with our Progeny, She
 “ could not bear the Thoughts of desert-
 “ ing that helpless Infant to the Mercies of
 “ the World.

" DURING the Time of her Lying-in,
" the Girl who had been with her at *Vaux-*
" *ball*, the fatal Night of her undoing,
" came to see her ; a Liberty which she
" had sometimes taken indeed : Tho' she
" was a Girl of the Town, she was not one
" of the most abandoned ; and tho' not
" possessed of all that Delicacy of Soul
" which Miss *Standish* knew, yet of Sensi-
" bility enough to hate the Life she was
" engaged in.

" THIS Girl as she was now in keeping,
" and in Abundance of all Things, find-
" ing the Distress Miss *Standish* was reduc'd
" to, generously supported her in her Afflic-
" tions, and perswaded her to send the Child
" to the *Foundling-hospital* ; which alas ! She
" was with much Reluctance prevailed on
" to do.

" SHE look'd down upon it at its going,
" away ; saying, unhappy Babe ! born in
" Misery, deserted by thy Parents, whom
" thou never must know. Alas ! Thou
" goest to live on Charity, unconnected,
" unsupported by those who should watch
" thy Infant-Steps, and lead thee into Life.
" May thy Fate yet be better than that of
" her who bore thee. She then kissed her
" Child with great Tenderness, and weep-
" ing over it, she was with Difficulty pre-
" vailed on to sever it from her Bosom.

" How-

“ However, it was carried to the *Hospital*,
 “ and the fortunate Ball was drawn in its
 “ Favour.

“ AFTER this she heard no more of
 “ *Wright*, she then determined to wait on
 “ some Lady; but alas! Such is the Force
 “ of Truth in virtuous Minds; when she
 “ was ask’d with whom she lived last? how
 “ long she had been in *London*? and what
 “ Part of the Country she came from?
 “ she blush’d, and betray’d that Sensation
 “ which she felt within, which being always
 “ construed into a Loss of Chastity by the
 “ kind-hearted of her own Sex, was suffi-
 “ cient Reason to expel her from all Service
 “ of that Sort. So un pitying are Women
 “ to that Frailty, which is the most natu-
 “ ral of all to human Kind.

“ FINDING it impossible to succeed
 “ in this Way, she was recommended by
 “ the same kept Mistress to her Milliner.
 “ Who being engaged in the honourable
 “ Profession of Procuring, for her intimate
 “ Friends; had gotten rich, whilst others
 “ who had not joined this latter Trade to
 “ that of making Caps, had starved in
 “ their Employment.

“ THIS Lady living in one of the Streets
 “ of *Covent-Garden*, had her Shop much
 “ frequented by Gentlemen, and always
 “ fill’d with pretty Wenches; much such

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"another Place for the Choice of beautiful Girls, as the Repository is for Horses; where each may be seen bought, and warranted sound, from the Hands of the Keeper.

"To this Milliner Miss *Standish* was recommended, her Cloaths had been redeemed by the kept Mistress, whose Heart was ten times more open to the Sufferings of her Fellow-creatures, than Thousands of those whose Fortunes have been made by Marriage, and whose Ill-humour only preserved them from Ruin. Such is the Fate of Beauty and Good-nature; that happy Combination so amiable in itself, alas! too frequently makes the Possessors miserable by the Excellencies which they inherit, joined with the Inhumanity of Men, who have lost, or never felt, a Sense of Honour becoming their Species.

"AMONGST those who visited the old Lady's House, there was an old Letcher, a Bencher; who frequently came to look over the Girls, and had often taken a Damsel from that Shop. He was one of those whose Appetite demanded Variety, and whose whole Joy consisted in having something totally new. He considered Miss *Standish* in that Light, a fresh Virgin; and as she was really very hand-

“ some, was willing to give a good Price,
 “ which he hinted to the good Woman of
 “ the Shop.

“ *THIS* Gentleman's Intentions being
 “ known, this pious Woman, who never
 “ missed a Sermon or Lecture at the Meet-
 “ ing-house which she belong'd to, was de-
 “ termined to exert every Talent to pro-
 “ cure this Favour for her Friend, whom she
 “ had so often served. Indeed he had pre-
 “ served a long Intimacy with her, and as-
 “ sisted her in first going into Business. Ever
 “ since that Time she imagined she never
 “ could serve him sufficiently, so much her
 “ Sense of Gratitude operated, to the Ruin
 “ of the Innocent and gratifying the Cri-
 “ minal.

“ To effect this, her Custom was, when-
 “ ever any Girl was pitch'd on in her Shop
 “ by this or any other Gentleman who paid
 “ generously (for she had a marvellous
 “ Good-will towards gratifying every one's
 “ Desires who behaved like a Gentleman,
 “ as she call'd it) to select that young
 “ Creature from the rest, make her the Fa-
 “ vourite, and invite her to drink Tea with
 “ the Enamorato, in her Dining-room.

“ *AFTER* this she constantly harangu'd
 “ on the amiable Qualities of the Man
 “ who was just gone. What a Pity it
 “ was that he had sworn so solemnly never

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The MARRIAGE ACT. 267

Price, to marry; in this manner she treated
man of Miss *Standish*. It is a thousand Pities,
being says she, Miss *Sally*; he loves you to Dis-
to never traction; yet, says she, I don't see there is
e Meet- so much in Marriage either. Who lives
was de- more genteely than Miss *Fanny* ———
to pro- Miss *Lucy* ———, they ride in their
nom she Chariots, whilst Wives go on Foot; and
ad pre- dress better than half the married Wo-
and af- men of Quality in *England*. Who leads
s. Ever the Fashion so much as Miss *M*———,
e never her Hats, her Hoops, her Sacks, her
uch her Colours, her every Thing is the stand-
ie Ruin ing Mode. I would rather have her
he Cri- Custom than that of a Dutches; for my
Part I know no Life so agreeable as that
of a kept Mistress. A Wife is the Slave of
a Husband, and a Man the Slave of a
kept Mistress; there is the Difference.
And what Woman in her Senses would
hesitate one Minute, to decide which she
would prefer.

“INDEED, says she, the Act of Parlia-
ment against Marriage, seems design'd
to promote this Spirit of Intrigue and
Keeping; and a good Act it is, Heavens
bless those that made it. I find since
that, rich People marry their ugly Daugh-
ters to the Nobility and Gentry, who
keep Girls, and don't care Six-pence for
the Person of those they espouse. This

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“ is a national Good ; the Money, which
 “ the ugly Wife brings, goes to support
 “ the beautiful Mistress ; and thus two are
 “ provided for instead of one. And Trade
 “ flourishes I am sure ; thank God, I have
 “ never had so good Custom as since that
 “ Act was made. And I am sure I would
 “ rather be the Mistress than the Wife, if
 “ fine Cloaths, fine Jewels, fine Coaches,
 “ and Love, can make a Woman happy ;
 “ and to be sure those who made that Act,
 “ knew what they were doing at that Time.
 “ Indeed *Sally*, says she, I wish you well,
 “ and should be glad to see you well settled.
 “ The old Gentleman (he is not so old
 “ neither) doats upon you. I believe he
 “ would give you more than I shall say ;
 “ I would have you think of it ; go get
 “ to your Business, I cannot avoid wishing
 “ you well, I have always had a peculiar
 “ Love for you, ever since you came to
 “ me.

“ By this means and a certain Head-
 “ Maid which she kept in her House, as
 “ Masters of Duck-pools do a Decoy-duck,
 “ to quake and prattle all the others to their
 “ Destruction ; this old Procureur had
 “ never fail’d seducing the Girls of her
 “ Shop, who had been lik’d by those
 “ Men who frequented it.

“ SHE

The MARRIAGE ACT. 269

" SHE had more Difficulty in prevailing
 " on this young Lady, than any other
 " she had ever ruin'd. However the old
 " Man promising that he would settle fifty
 " Pounds a Year upon her, the Mistress
 " joining in the Praises of a Settlement, the
 " Happiness of an Independency, and the
 " sweet Disposition of the old Gentleman;
 " she at last with not much less Reluctance
 " than going to an Execution, was sacri-
 " ficed to the Lust of that old Monster,
 " whom every Hour made her detest more
 " and more, till at length he became ab-
 " solutely intolerable to her Sight.

" BEING thus far advanced in Life,
 " Miss *Standish* had soon lost all that Sim-
 " plicity and Air of Innocence, which was
 " so delightful in her originally; and really
 " look'd almost as impudent as any first-rate
 " Woman of Quality walking the *Park*.

" IT seems *Wright* had retir'd to the
 " Country, with Intent to follow his Pro-
 " fession; but had unhappily miscarried in
 " his Business. The Country-people be-
 " ing so totally ignorant in the Knowledge
 " of the polite World, as to imagine a
 " Man a worse Creature for having ruin'd
 " an innocent Girl, and therefore had de-
 " clined employing him.

" THIS drove him to *London* to seek his
 " Bread; where having found that Miss

“ *Standish* was in good Keeping, he had
 “ the Impudence to seek Relief from her
 “ whom he had deserted in the utmost
 “ Distress.

“ He had learnt the Name by which she
 “ was known at present, and where she
 “ lodged, and thus went directly to her
 “ Lodgings, ask’d to see her, and was intro-
 “ duced to her Company. Imagine what
 “ Amazement seized her when she saw the
 “ Face of *Wright* !

“ AFTER a Moment’s Pause, she said,
 “ are you, inhuman Wretch, still living?
 “ And dare you approach her whom you
 “ have ruin’d! eternally undone? Hence
 “ from my Sight, Monster; and prove all
 “ the Misery I have known on thy Ac-
 “ count.

“ He attempted to expostulate, but in
 “ vain; she drove him from her Presence,
 “ and bid him never more approach her
 “ Doors.

“ A FEW Hours after this, her Keeper
 “ came to cuddle away the Evening, and
 “ exhibit the most contemptible Sight and
 “ Character in this World. An old Fel-
 “ low, hoary and wrinkled, dallying in Lust
 “ with Youth and Beauty.

“ CHICKEN, says the old Man, I have
 “ received a Letter from an old Friend,
 “ desiring me to look after one *Wright* of
 “ your

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" your Country. It seems he knew what
" County she came from, tho' he knew no
" more. Do you know any Thing of him,
" says he ?

" *WHAT Wright*, says she, suspecting
" the old Man had discover'd her former
" Amour ? There are many in *Dorsetshire*.

" I DON'T know what *Wright*, Chicken,
" says the old Benchet, patting her Cheek
" and leering libidinously, it is one who
" has run away from the Country in Debt,
" and an old Friend of mine desires me to
" get him arrested, it seems he has de-
" frauded him. Yes, says Miss *Standish*,
" Rage still possessing all her Soul, I know
" him, he is a Villain, get him confin'd
" in Jail, he deserves all Kinds of Punish-
" ment.

" AND will Chicken be pleased, if I get
" him thrown into Jail ? says the old Fellow,
" playing with her Bosom, and grinning like
" a Satyr in her Face. Yes, says she,
" every one should be pleased with seeing
" Villains receive the Punishment they me-
" rit ; nothing will give me greater Joy.

" ENCOURAGED by this Speech, old *Slo-*
" *comb* for that was his Name, imagined
" he should greatly add to the Happiness
" of his Mistress, if he could arrest *Wright*,
" which he soon effected, and posted away

" on Wings of Joy, to tell his Chicken
 " what he had done.

" WHEN entering the Room he cried,
 " there Chicken, 'tis done ! He is in Jail,
 " the Rascal had not a Farthing to buy
 " him Bread, he will suffer now.

" AND have you sent my *Wright* to Jail?
 " says she.

" YES indeed, Chicken he is gone, I
 " knew it would please you.

" IMPOTENT old Monster, says she,
 " Why had not you told me once more
 " your Design, before you put it in Exe-
 " cution. Fly this Moment and release
 " him from that hideous Place, or never
 " more behold this Face. Fly and release
 " him from those Horrors which he feels.

" WHY, Chicken, I thought it would
 " delight you to have him there.

" YOUR Thoughts will never penetrate
 " the Heart of Woman. Would you con-
 " fine to all the Horrors of a Jail, a Man
 " who never has offended you, without
 " consulting twice? Fly and release him in-
 " stantly; you should have ask'd a thou-
 " sand times, and still remain'd irresolute.

" OLD *Slocomb* could not conceive the
 " Cause of this Change in her. She im-
 " mediately order'd a Coach, and without
 " one Moment's Delay hurried away to the
 " Fleet ; when demanding to see one Mr.

" *Wright*,

T.

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“*Wright*, who had that Day been confined
“ a Prisoner, she threw herself into his Arms
“ pressing him to her Bosom, dissolving
“ into Tears and Tendernefs. Alas! she
“ had driven him from her Presence, and
“ Resentment induced her to believe she
“ had exiled him from her Heart; but she
“ deceived herself, this Suffering of his
“ awakened every latent Spark of Love,
“ and kindled all that Passion up a-new;
“ so much are Women in general more
“ faithful to their Vows and Love than
“ Men.
“ SHE immediately sent for the Attor-
“ ney, discharged the Debt, set him at Li-
“ berty, and bad him see her the next
“ Day. She then return’d to the Company
“ of *Slocumb* without letting him know what
“ she had done, and endeavour’d even to
“ laugh away that Behaviour which she had
“ shewn in regard to *Wright*. The old
“ Man was doatingly fond of her, and re-
“ joicing to see her return in good Humour,
“ fumbled away the Night, and thought
“ himself happy to have escaped so well.
“ *WRIGHT* having thus renewed his
“ Acquaintance with Miss *Standish*, the Cor-
“ respondence rested not there, Love had
“ his Share of their Conversation, and she
“ received him to her Arms, with as much
“ De-

“ Delight, as she did *Slocomb* with Detesta-
 “ tion.

“ At last her Keeper died, and left her
 “ fifty Pounds a Year Annuity. This was no-
 “ thing to one who had lived so long in Ex-
 “ pence, and maintained *Wright*.

“ SHE was after this, at different Times
 “ kept by a *Jew*, a young Merchant, a
 “ Captain of a Man of War, an Officer in
 “ the Guards, a Member of Parliament,
 “ a Lord, and an East-India Director; till
 “ being too much hacknied, she listed in
 “ the Troop of the Porter at *Shakespear*’s
 “ Head, and was obliged to receive all
 “ Comers. At last she was infested with
 “ that Disease so fatal to Gallantry and
 “ Beauty, at which Time she sold her An-
 “ nuity.

“ FROM this she recover’d, and was re-
 “ duced to ply the Streets, and solicit
 “ drunken Husbands, ’Prentice Boys, and
 “ straggling Attornies Clerks to give her
 “ a Glas of Wine, till being once more
 “ infected with that horrible Disorder, and
 “ not having wherewithal to be cured in
 “ her Lodgings, she was sent into *St. Tho-*
 “ *mas’s-Hospital*.

“ DURING the latter Part of her Trans-
 “ actions, *Wright* had never deserted her,
 “ he was not one of those into whose Com-
 “ position Gratitude did not enter at all;

“ on whom no Obligation operated longer
 “ than he who receives is feeling the Effect
 “ of it. Tho’ he had behaved with much
 “ Inhumanity at first, he never forgot her
 “ releasing him from Jail; that last Oblig-
 “ ation remained. He therefore never
 “ deserted her in her Distress, and had
 “ written as a hackney Writer, on Purpose
 “ to get her some little Sustenance for some
 “ Time.

“ EVER since the Day of her leaving
 “ her Father she had gone by different
 “ Names, never making use of her own;
 “ and as the old Man had never heard any
 “ Thing of her, he concluded she was
 “ dead.

“ IT happened that at last, some Busi-
 “ ness brought him to *London* with a
 “ Neighbour, who had a Son a Surgeon
 “ that attended *St. Thomas’s-Hospital*; thi-
 “ ther they went together to see his Son,
 “ who desired them to walk over the *Hos-*
 “ *pital* and see the different Wards, amongst
 “ which they enter’d into those which are
 “ kept for Salivations.

“ WHEN they came into one of these
 “ Wards, they perceived one Bed was sur-
 “ rounded by People who seemed in some
 “ Hurry, which drew the Attention of
 “ *Standish* to look into it more particularly.
 “ When his Daughter looking up beheld
 “ her

“ her Father’s Face, and being just in the
 “ Moment of dying, she had but the
 “ Power of Saying, My Father, and with
 “ these Words expired in the Arms of
 “ *Wright*, who was then supporting her in
 “ the Bed. Harden’d as the Heart of
 “ *Standish* had hitherto been, he was greatly
 “ touch’d by this unexpected Incident, and
 “ withdrew with much Profusion of Tears.

“ Thus ended the Life of *Sally Stand-*
 “ *ish*, endowed with much Beauty, much
 “ Sense, and much native Modesty, who
 “ might have graced the Table of a Peer,
 “ and would have been happy with *Wright*,
 “ had not this Law prevented their being
 “ united together.”

“ UNHAPPY Girl! Says Lady *Worthy* and
 “ Lady *Oliver*, is it not hard that young
 “ Creatures should be condemned a Prey to
 “ Man, by a Law which seems to be made
 “ for no other Purpose, or at least for Pur-
 “ poses equally pernicious.

“ WELL, says Sir *William* and Sir *Oliver*,
 “ we shall live I hope to see this Law abro-
 “ gated, or there is an End to Religion
 “ and Virtue. It is impossible that the com-
 “ mon People will reverence their Teachers
 “ when they know them open to penal
 “ Laws, and held in Disesteem; from
 “ which they are exempted; and Virtue can
 “ never support itself, when the Attacks

“ on

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"on it are increased, and the Defence
"lessened.

"MR. *Thoroughgood* I believe is suffici-
"ently tired with Reading, we will there-
"fore in Commiseration to him leave the
"remaining Part till another Time, and
"after having taken a Walk retire to sup.

"You see Ladies, says Lady *Worthy*,
"how dangerous it is to indulge a Hus-
"band; he is become as arbitrary as the
"best of them already, and gives his Or-
"ders as peremptory as a Sultan. Alas!
"We have nothing to do but obey."

THE Reading being finished, they all
amused themselves with a Walk, and spent
this Evening as the former, which if our
Readers have forgotten, they may turn back
to Page 184 of this Volume and thereby save
us the Trouble of writing it again.

P. A. C.

CH A P. LXVII.

To shew the Author's Knowledge in dividing his Chapters for no Reason, and his Vanity in imitating the famous Author of the De l'Esprit de Loix.

THE next Day after Breakfast, it being extremely hot, Sir *William* proposed to Mr. *Thoroughgood* the finishing his Account of those Mischiefs which arise from this Law made against clandestine Marriages, in his Grotto; to which all the Company agreed.

ACCORDINGLY they retired thither, and Mr. *Thoroughgood* began what shall be found in the next Chapter; for we are determined to imitate all good Writers, particularly the Author of *De l'Esprit de Loix*, and shew the World that we know how to divide our Chapters for no Reason at all, as well as he, and other illustrious Writers.

CH A P.

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CH A P. LXVIII.

The Lulworth History. The Metamorphosis of a Maid-servant into a Mistress: Her Imitation of the Patriarchs, and procuring a Son to her Husband: Fondness for her Son-in-law, in preventing him first from marrying with her he loves, and promoting his running away with her, after each has been previously married to another. An Escape of a Husband from his own Wife, and a Wife from her own Husband. A learned Debate, Whether it be better to pursue the getting in a Harvest, or the getting back a Wife; a judicious Resolution. Mr. Lulworth and Mrs. Humphrys find a Satisfaction in each other, which neither of them found before, either he in his Lady, or she in her Lord.

THE Company being seated, and the Ladies as attentive as an old Maid to a Death-watch which clicks, poor harmless Insect, at her Bed's-head, Mr. Thoroughgood asked if the Company were acquainted with the *Lulworths of Wiltshire*? Some said yes, and some the contrary; well, says he, it is of no Consequence.

“ THE

“ **T**HE last Gentleman of this Name
 “ had one Son; his Wife, by whom
 “ he had this Child, died when he was ten
 “ Years old. The Father had lived a gay
 “ Life, and married when he was elderly;
 “ however, not contented with seventy
 “ Years, one Wife, and one Son, he was
 “ coaxed into a second Marriage by a fa-
 “ vorite Maid-servant, who pretended to
 “ love the Child to a most extravagant
 “ Degree; and being well skilled in the
 “ Art of Insinuation, the Faculties of the
 “ old Gentleman being a little weakened
 “ by Age and former Gaieties, she pre-
 “ vailed on him to marry her. This Al-
 “ teration of her Condition did not a bit
 “ slacken the Affection which she pretended
 “ to have for her now Son-in-law; she
 “ even carested him more than before.

“ SHE was however very unhappy in one
 “ thing, which was in not breeding soon
 “ after Marriage; yet of so good a Dispo-
 “ sition was this Woman to find a second
 “ Heir to the Estate, and please her good
 “ Man, that she condescended to have
 “ that supplied by another which was de-
 “ ficient in her Husband; and in Imita-
 “ tion of the Patriarchs of old, went to-
 “ bed to the Handman, because her Con-
 “ fort was stricken in Years. This lucky
 “ Expedient supplied a second Son, to the

“ old

“ old Gentleman’s no little Joy. Not-
“ withstanding this, she continued her
“ Fondness to the Father and eldest Son,
“ and gained such an Ascendant over the
“ old Man, that at his Death he made her
“ Guardian to his Heir, who was then
“ sixteen, and left her four thousand Pounds
“ in Money, besides what he gave to
“ her Child, which was all he could give
“ away, the Estate being settled in that
“ Manner.

“ THIS Sum by no means pleased her ;
“ it was unequal to the supporting her in
“ the Way she had lately lived ; she there-
“ fore cast about how to make something
“ out of the Person who was her Ward,
“ and supply that by Art which was defi-
“ cient in the old Gentleman’s Will.

“ IN the Neighbourhood were two Gen-
“ tlemen of good Families, but very un-
“ equal Riches. The Gentleman of the
“ greatest Fortune had a Daughter, who,
“ tho’ her Body was not as ugly as *Ca-*
“ *liban* in the *Tempest*, yet it was haunted
“ by a Soul of as little Tenderness and
“ Delicacy, as was that of that Being’s.
“ The Daughter of the other Gentleman,
“ whose Fortune was but small, was as
“ well shaped as the Statue of the *Medi-*
“ *cean Venus*, of as fine Complexion as
“ the *Leda* of *Corregio*, with a Sweetness
“ of

“ of Expression that would have made
 “ *Guido* paint no other Face, if he had been
 “ alive; and a Mind and Education cor-
 “ responding to it.

“ CAN you bear all this Mrs. *Thorough-*
 “ *good*? says Lady *Worthy*, is not this a
 “ little too extravagant and pathetic for
 “ simple Description? Not at all, my La-
 “ dy, says she; I always distinguish be-
 “ tween the Writer and the Husband, and
 “ never mind how much he praises Beauty
 “ in his Writings; I have his Heart, and
 “ have no Apprehensions of losing it.

“ IT is well imagined in you, says Lady
 “ *Oliver*, I believe more Wives have ren-
 “ dered themselves unhappy by want of
 “ noble Sentiments, than by any other
 “ Means; I am convinced that Generosity
 “ and liberal Behaviour in Women, is the
 “ best Preservative of Love and Fidelity
 “ in their Husbands.

“ THERE you are certainly right, Ladies,
 “ replied all the Husbands; when Mr.
 “ *Thoroughgood* proceeded, well pleased with
 “ his Wife's Reply.

“ IT would be no difficult Matter to di-
 “ vine which would have been naturally
 “ the Object of young *Lulworth*'s Affec-
 “ tion; against this the Mother-in-law
 “ was to guard, knowing that something
 “ might be obtained from the first, by
 “ making

“ making a good Bargain; but the other
“ Gentleman had little to give, and there-
“ fore was by no means the Object which
“ the Widow looked on with a favourable
“ Eye.

“ BESIDES, she had great Hopes, if she
“ could by any means prevail on the Heir
“ of the Estate to marry Miss *Hatchet*,
“ which was the Name of the richest of
“ the two Families, that he might never
“ have an Heir, as she was sickly, and
“ thus the whole *Lulworth* Estate devolve
“ to her Son.

“ AT the same time she was planning
“ this, she saw young *Lulworth* began to
“ feel some Passion for Miss *Bellamour*,
“ which was the other Lady whom we
“ have mentioned, and therefore knew
“ that no Time was to be lost; for tho’
“ he could not marry these two Years
“ without her Consent, she was convinced
“ the more he loved her, the greater
“ would be the Difficulty to dissuade him
“ from espousing that Lady, and to per-
“ suade him to marry the other.

“ SHE discovered that he made frequent
“ Visits to Mr. *Bellamour*’s, and when he
“ talked of the young Lady, she always
“ joined in her Praises, and even extolled
“ her Beauty more than the young Gen-
“ tleman himself. Mrs. *Lulworth*, to take
“ off

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“ off all Suspicion of having any Disinclination to Mr. *Lulworth*'s addressing Miss *Bellamour*, visited that Family more than ever, and improved the Acquaintance with the Mother of this Lady into great Intimacy.

“ AT the same time there lived in the adjoining Parish a Gentleman, or rather Gentleman-Farmer, of five hundred a Year, of about forty-five Years old, who was much smitten with the Charms of Miss *Bellamour*.

“ THIS Gentleman would have been considered as a very good Match for this young Lady by her Parents, had not they entertained secret Hopes of her being married to Mr. *Lulworth*; this had prevented their giving him a positive Answer, either in favour of his Desires, or Denial of them.

“ IN this manner Matters stood at Mr. *Bellamour*'s. At the same Time 'Squire *Hatchet* was looking about how to make his Daughter Mistress of *Lulworth-Place*; he had therefore made a kind of a Friendship with that favourite Servant to whom old Mr. *Lulworth* had been so vastly obliged in getting him a second Son; and notwithstanding which Kindness, he had the Ingratitude not to leave him a Shilling in his Will; in this Manner it

“ often

“ often happens, that the most conspicuous
“ Favours are unrewarded. However, there
“ were particular Friends of Mr. *Lul-*
“ *worth's*, who used to vindicate this his
“ Behaviour, in protesting that the old
“ Gentleman was entirely ignorant of the
“ Kindness which was done him by this
“ Man, or Things would have been other-
“ wise ordered.

“ WHATEVER was deficient in the Ma-
“ ster's Will, the Mistress made up by
“ her Goodness; and ever since that Time
“ had considered Mr. *Thomas* as her Bosom
“ Friend, consulting him very closely on
“ all Matters of Consequence relating to
“ her Person and Affairs, still avoiding all
“ Thoughts of marrying him, as many
“ silly Widows have done, and thus con-
“ verted a very Pains-taking and industri-
“ ous Servant, into an idle and imperious
“ Husband.

“ To this Gentleman-Servant 'Squire
“ *Hatchet*, knowing his Importance, and
“ that young *Lulworth* could not marry
“ without his Mother's Consent, had made
“ a kind of an Overture of his Design,
“ who imparted the Secret to Mrs. *Lul-*
“ *worth*, which was the very thing she
“ wanted to be proposed.

“ It seems he had told Mr. *Thomas* that
“ he would give ten thousand Pounds with

“ his

“ his Daughter, and knowing, as has been
 “ already said, Mr. *Thomas*’s Power with
 “ his Mistress, he had offered to remun-
 “ rate him handsomely, if the Marriage
 “ between Mr. *Lulworth* and Miss *Hatchet*
 “ could be brought to take Effect.

“ THINGS being in this Situation, the
 “ Widow visiting at Mr. *Bellamour*’s one
 “ Day, the Lady of the Family turned the
 “ Conversation to Mr. *Lulworth*’s marry-
 “ ing, that it was pity he did not think
 “ of a Wife.

“ WHY, says the Widow, I should be
 “ glad he was married, and would have
 “ urged it to him before now : But, alas !
 “ poor young Gentleman—Madam, I must
 “ say no more ; it is too great a Secret to
 “ be trusted to any one.

“ THIS naturally inflamed Mrs. *Lul-*
 “ *worth*’s Curiosity to know what it was,
 “ for she differed from all her Sex, and
 “ loved a Secret to her Heart. After ten
 “ thousand Promises of never suffering it
 “ to pass her Lips, Mrs. *Lulworth* still
 “ demanding the strongest Assurances of
 “ Secrecy, told her that it was impossible
 “ Mr. *Lulworth* could ever have any Chil-
 “ dren, for * * * * *, * * * * *
 “ * * * * * all which being
 “ whispered, we hope to have succeeded in
 “ penning a Whisper as well as the celebra-
 “ ted Mr. *Bays*. “ THIS

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“ THIS Piece of Intelligence, Mrs. *Bel-*
“ *amour* communicated to her Husband ;
“ at the same time adding, that Mr. *Hum-*
“ *phrys* (the other Lover,) was a very good
“ Match for her Daughter, that Happi-
“ ness was not always the Companion of
“ Riches ; that five hundred a Year, and
“ a good Husband, was in her Opinion suf-
“ ficient for any Woman or Family. Which
“ Mr. *Belamour* agreeing to, they dropt all
“ Thoughts of Mr. *Lulworth*, and gave Mr.
“ *Humphrys* a positive Answer in his Fa-
“ vour.

“ Now it seems Miss *Bellamour* had con-
“ ceived some beginning Passion for young
“ *Lulworth*, who was formed to please
“ Woman, and would gladly have received
“ his Addresses; however these having ne-
“ ver been proposed, and their Parents sug-
“ gesting they never would, she listened
“ to their Advice, and received Mr. *Hum-*
“ *phrys* as a Lover.

“ ONE Day the Widow *Lulworth*, who
“ had still preserved an Ascendant over the
“ Son-in-Law, talking of his marrying ;
“ he told her he could like Miss *Belamour*
“ very well for a Wife. And why don't you
“ address her, Sir, says she ? Do you like I
“ should, Madam, says the Son ? Yes indeed,
“ says the Widow, she is very pretty, and
“ you

“ you have Estate sufficient to make you
 “ happy, without a Fortune on her Part.

“ SHE therefore perswaded him to ask
 “ leave of the Father to address her, not
 “ in the least doubting, but that the Mo-
 “ ther notwithstanding her Vows of Se-
 “ crecy, had communicated the whole Af-
 “ fair to her Husband ; this, says she, you
 “ may do by Letter, and thus save your-
 “ self the Pain of being refused to your
 “ Face, if she is already engaged to Mr.
 “ *Humphrys* ; and if she is not, you will
 “ have their Answer under her Father’s
 “ Hand, in case of any future Accident.

“ MR. *Lulworth* in consequence of this
 “ material Advice, wrote a Letter to Mr.
 “ *Bellamour* ; and, in consequence of the
 “ Secret before imparted, received a Refu-
 “ sal ; which the Widow had perfectly fore-
 “ seen from the Knowledge which she had
 “ in Woman.

“ SHE therefore pretended to be in great
 “ Rage, for this Treatment of her Son,
 “ whilst his Mind was all in Tumult
 “ with the Slight of a Refusal ; at which
 “ Times People are led to almost any
 “ Thing, and easily transferred from one
 “ Passion to another.

“ SHE therefore told him, that she thought
 “ his Refusal very extraordinary, and ex-
 “ tremely affronting. Was I Mr. *Lulworth*,

“ says

“ says she
 “ that I
 “ did not
 “ part I
 “ ference
 “ *Belam*
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you " says she, I would shew the *Belamours*
 t. " that I could be received where *Humphrys*
 ask " did not dare to shew his Face; for my
 not " part I don't perceive there is so much Dif-
 Mo- " ference between Miss *Hatchet* and Miss
 Se- " *Belamour* in Person. And surely their
 Af- " Fortunes are by no means to be com-
 you " pared together. I would advise you, Sir
 our- " says she, to address that Lady immedi-
 our " ately, and convince them, how much
 Mr. " you are superior to *Humphrys* in the Con-
 will " sideration of those, who are vastly above
 er's " the *Belamours*.

t. " FIRED by this Perswasion of his Mo-
 this " ther-in-law, and Resentment of his Re-
 Mr. " fusal, he determined to make his Ad-
 the " dresses to Miss *Hatchet*; but not in so
 efu- " much Hurry, as to prevent his Mother
 ore- " from making a Bargain, by means of Mr.
 had " *Thomas*, that four of the ten thousand
 " Pounds should be secretly given to her,
 " and the other six as a Fortune with the
 " Daughter.

reat " MATTERS being thus adjusted, Mr.
 on, " *Lulworth*, thro' mere Pique in missing
 ult " Miss *Belamour*, married Miss *Hatchet*,
 rich " and even before Affairs were settled be-
 any " tween Mr. *Humphrys* and Miss *Belamour*.

ght " MR. *Lulworth* being thus disposed of
 ex- " according to his Mother-in-law's De-
 rth, " sign, he brought his Lady to *Lulworth*-
 says " place,

“ place, and the Widow retired to a House
 “ not far distant; still taking Mr. *Thomas*
 “ along with her, protesting that he was
 “ become so useful, that she knew not what
 “ to do without him.

“ AND now the new married Lady be-
 “ gan to shew the Perfections of her inter-
 “ nal self, she interfered in all her Hus-
 “ band's Pleasures, kept eternal Quarrels
 “ with the Servants, affronted all those
 “ Gentlemen who visited at the House,
 “ and almost starved every one but her-
 “ self.

“ IF we delighted in abusive Altercation,
 “ we could here exhibit as entertaining Scenes
 “ as are to be found in any Comedy upon
 “ the Stage, including Farce to the Bar-
 “ gain; decorating our Dialogue with
 “ Words not to be found in the Lady's
 “ Calling; and yet such, as she had stept
 “ out of her Profession on Purpose to make
 “ Use of, and shew her Skill in the Lan-
 “ guages.

“ THIS Behaviour did not fail of pro-
 “ ducing a thorough Detestation of his
 “ Wife in the Mind of Mr. *Lulworth*; her
 “ Presence grew intolerable to his Eyes,
 “ and his Passion for Mrs. *Humphrys* be-
 “ came ten times greater than before; it
 “ seems this last Lady had by no means
 “ met with the Man who was agreeable to

“ her

her Temper; he was morose and absolute
and too much of the Farmer to please
her, who was by Nature the complete
Gentlewoman; he exacted her Attend-
ance in Things not suited to her deli-
cate Disposition, and had a Roughness
in all his Manners, which was quite in-
compatible with her Temper.

“ NOTHING being to be had agreeable
at home, Mr. *Lulworth* was very fre-
quently at his Mother’s in-Law, always
imprecating Curses on the Day he mar-
ried, and vowing how much he loved
Mrs. *Humphrys*.

“ THIS put a Thought into that good
Widow’s Head, that if she begot an In-
timacy with Mrs. *Humphrys*, possibly
something might turn out from it, in her
or her Son’s Favour.

“ ACCORDINGLY she soon made an Ac-
quaintance with that Lady, who return-
ing the Visit, met Mr. *Lulworth* at his
Mother’s: These Visits being repeated
pretty often, the Wife of this Gentle-
man added the Bliss of Jealousy to that of
her other Delights; and Mr. *Humphrys*
was not quite easy, having been incited
to Discontent by an anonymous Letter,
which Mr. *Lulworth*’s Lady had sent
him.

“ THIS exasperated the Disagreement in
 “ both Houses, and increased the Passion
 “ which those two had conceived for one
 “ another.

“ IT came at last to that Degree, that
 “ Mr. *Lulworth* proposed to Mrs. *Hum-*
 “ *phrys* to fly with him to some distant
 “ Part of the World: Let us, says he,
 “ quit this execrable Place, and let the De-
 “ vil, or my Wife which is worse, take
 “ your jealous-pated Husband.

“ THIS she refused at first, but as she
 “ was determined never to forsake Mrs.
 “ *Lulworth's* Acquaintance; which in Fact
 “ was rather that of the Son, than his Mo-
 “ ther; the Manner of Living with her
 “ Husband became so horribly disagree-
 “ able, that she at length consented to leave
 “ that Part of the World, and seek Happi-
 “ ness with Mr. *Lulworth* wherever he
 “ pleased. Things being thus settled, this
 “ Pair of amorous Fugitives finding a fa-
 “ vourable Opportunity to leave their
 “ Abodes, he quited his Spouse, and she
 “ her Husband, without so much as stay-
 “ ing to take leave, or one Good-day,
 “ Deary.

“ THEY took the Rout for *Dover*, the
 “ best accustomed Port of *England* for the
 “ Exportation of run-away Wives, Cut-
 “ throats, Thieves, Sharpers, Gamblers,

late Members of Parliament after a new Election, bankrupt Merchants, plundering Jews; return'd *French* Lackies, Cooks, Friseurs, and Tooth-Drawers, who have found no Market at *London*; travelling Lords and Squires, for the Honour of *England*; and *English* Horses for the *French* King's Service.

BEING arrived at this Place, Mr. *Lulworth* did not tarry to enter his Commodity regularly at the Custom-House, but by a Fee, given *a propos*, got his Baggage lightly examined; and immediately hired a Vessel to carry him to *Dunkirk*, thinking the Road to *Paris* too common, and imagining that *Humphrys*, if he followed him, would take that Way.

HOWEVER, he needed not to have given himself any Trouble on that account, it was in Harvest-time, when this Escape happened; and Mr. *Humphrys* kept great Part of his Estate in Hand. He therefore leaning on a Pitch-fork debated with himself a few Minutes, whether he should quit his Harvest and follow his Wife, or desert his Wife and follow his Harvest. He prudently considered that there was nothing to be had in recovering her, but what he had possessed already; and that the Present which a good Woman can bestow on her Husband,

“ band, may be communicated at a Di-
 “ stance, and will thrive as well without
 “ her Presence as with it; that on the con-
 “ trary, unless a Harvest be well got in,
 “ the Loss would be very considerable; that
 “ to get rid of a Wife, was to be freed from
 “ no small Expence; and to get in good
 “ Corn, putting Money in his Pocket. Thus
 “ like *Jupiter*, weighing the Worth of Things
 “ in the Scales of his Intellects, and bal-
 “ lancing between a Wife run-abroad, and
 “ a Harvest not got home; he gave up his
 “ Lady, and stuck to the wheaten Mow.

“ Thus far the Schemes of the Widow
 “ *Lulworth* took Place; she was however,
 “ much afraid, lest the World should
 “ imagine her to have had a Concern in
 “ this Escape, and visited Mr. *Lulworth's*
 “ Lady, protesting her Innocence as she
 “ did to Mr. *Humphrys*, and the great
 “ Pain she was under, that she should ever
 “ have suffered them to meet at her House
 “ together: You cannot think how it has
 “ troubled me, says she. Mrs. *Lulworth*
 “ told her Mother, she cared not if her
 “ Husband went to the Devil, that she had
 “ never been the better for his Company
 “ these twelve Months past; she was as
 “ easy without him as with him, and would
 “ not give Six-pence to have him back
 “ again; that she could now live her

“ own

own Way, and be interrupted by no Husband alive; and hoped he would never set his Foot in *England* more.

“MR. *Humphrys* was not without his Consolation too, in the lessening his Expences; he perceived there was much Money saved in losing his Wife; that Mercers, Milliners, and Mantua-makers Bills were now unknown at his House, and the Expence of a One-horse Chair entirely saved: Therefore he began to think Mr. *Lulworth* the Loser, who had gotten his Wife, and he the Gainer that had lost her. And having one Son, he cared not Six-pence for the Disgrace which many People imagine attends the wearing Horns, which make a Man no otherways a Beast, than those in the Revelations, in Vision only.

“MRS. *Lulworth* had no Progeny; it seems she was of the Cat-kind, and given to scratching in her Amours, and Mr. *Lulworth* of the Dove in his Disposition, all billing; by which it happened that those two would no more breed together than the Rabbit and Duck of Monsieur *De Reaumur*, or a Tyger and a Lamb.

“FROM *Dunkirk*, Mr. *Lulworth* and his Companion retired to *Brussels*; where being extremely well received (Mrs. *Humphrys* speaking *French* very well) and to-

“tally unknown, they lived as Man and
 “Wife, and had several Children in the
 “Breach of the seventh Commandment.

“Thus the Widow succeeded in her
 “Schemes, and her Son’s Children are like
 “to inherit the *Lulworth* Estate: The whole
 “Family of those which are born of Mrs.
 “*Humphrys*, will find some Provision in
 “this Instance; the Father granting them
 “Leases of three Lives, on as much as
 “he possibly can of his Estate, and living
 “with Oeconomy, has saved some Money,
 “which he has placed in the *French Funds*,
 “with a Design to provide for his favourite
 “Female Friend and her Children; and
 “still intending to marry her, if *Humphrys*
 “and his own Wife shall die before them.”

“THERE ended Mr. *Thoroughgood*, when
 the Ladies observed the Folly of leaving
 Children more in the Hands of Guardians
 by a new Law than heretofore; and prompt-
 ing all the evil Dispositions of the human
 Heart into Action which lay sleeping before.

“FOR, says Lady *Wortby*, tho’ these per-
 “nicious Actions have been done, before
 “this Act took Place, in some Degree;
 “yet, as at present, the Ward is so much
 “more in the Guardian’s Hand, and young
 “Persons so easily deluded, I should not
 “wonder if half the Trustees in Eng-

land

“land sell those who are committed to
“their Care.”

“How happy would this Pair who
“fled together, have lived, if they had been
“wedded, for the only true Reason for
“which People should be united together,
“because they love each other? They
“would then have done Honour to that
“Country, of which they are now the Dis-
“grace; and without this Act the Mother-
“in-law would scarce have undertook to
“have trafficked in the Commerce of a Son
“committed to her Care.”

“WELL, Mr. *Thoroughgood*, I much ap-
“prove of your Manner of Writing your
“Histories, said Sir *William* and Sir *Oliver*;
“and whilst you were reading them, a
“Thought came into my Head, whimsical
“enough, says Sir *William*.” “What was it
“pray? says Lady *Hearty*.”

“It was, says he, that the preceding Parts
“of our Lives, added to these Accounts,
“might furnish out a Novel not undivert-
“ing, and certainly useful; as by that means
“a great many Evils, naturally attending
“this Marriage-law, might be brought to
“View, which now lie unobserved by most
“People.”

“A HISTORY, which I by no means de-
“fire to behold, says Lady *Hearty*. I am
“not quite so fond of my Life, to wish to

“ see it in Print, and shiver again at the Re-
 “ cital of what gave me so much Pain in
 “ the Transaction.”

“ INDEED, says Lady *Worthy*, I should
 “ laugh at many Incidents at present, which
 “ yielded me much Pain in their Time of
 “ passing; particularly, Sir *William*, says
 “ she, that Scene, which passed at Mr.
 “ *Thoroughgood*’s, when you first came thi-
 “ ther; I believe we both look’d silly enough
 “ after our Swooning.”

“ WELL, says Sir *William*, I imagine
 “ you may rest in Peace, few People will
 “ think your Lives worth reading; and
 “ much fewer worth writing.”

“ THAT may possibly be true, says Lady
 “ *Worthy*, yet in the Name of all these La-
 “ dies, I insist on these Histories being
 “ printed, and that I have the Direction
 “ to whom they shall be dedicated.”

“ WITH all my Heart, says Mr. *Thorough-*
 “ *good*; to whom pray would your Lady-
 “ ship have them addressed?”

“ TO the honourable C——s T——d,
 “ says she, made more noble by his elo-
 “ quent Defence of Virtue, Innocence, and
 “ Beauty, than all the Royal Blood of *Eu-*
 “ *rope* could give him, or a Pedigree traced
 “ from the Creation. That young Men
 “ should be the Protectors of Female Ho-
 “ nour in this Manner, and Fathers sleep
 “ over

“over or design their Daughters Ruin,
“is something very surprizing. The fairest
“Female and first in Family and Fortune
“of this Kingdom, should generously pre-
“sent him with her Person and Estate; to
“shew that *English* Women are sensible of
“the Regard he has shewn their Liberties
“and Happiness.”

“We join your Ladyship with all our
“Hearts, said the other Ladies;” and the
Gentlemen approved their Resolution. Mr.
Thoroughgood is accordingly to address these
little Histories to that Gentleman, in hopes
that he will receive with Good-will, that
which tends to exemplify what he foresaw,
and said, would be the fatal Consequences of
this Law against clandestine Marriages. And
here we end this Chapter.

C H A P. LXIX.

A Recapitulation of the several Parts of this true History, with a small Insinuation that the Source of all these Things arose from Design rather than Chance; and an Appeal to the Readers of Great-Britain, whether it may not be a Link of that Chain that is to bind them in Slavery?

BESIDES these Instances which we have here brought of the pernicious Effects which will be consequential of this Law, there are innumerable others which may happen, something like these, diversified a thousand Ways.

THE Liberty of Youth is by this fairly brought to an End; for though the Face of the Act only says, that Children and Wards shall be in the Hands of their Parents and Guardians till twenty-one; yet such is the Nature of the Law, and such is human Nature itself, that some way or other the Parent and Guardian can accomplish all their Designs on their Children and Wards.

PRIDE and Avarice will determine all People who are rich, to marry their Daughters to Men of Quality and Fortune; and

nothing

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nothing is more easy, than by Flattery, by Terror, or by Persuasion, to bring every one of them to espouse whom their Parents please, especially when they are prohibited from marrying whom they like.

BEFORE this Act, Parents had no more Power over the Affections of their Children, than what was right in Nature; they could only reason with them, and not lay the Chains of Slavery on their Minds; that Passion which Nature has planted in Youth to effectuate an Union of the Sexes, is as unintelligible to People advanced in Life, as Music to the Statue at *Charing-Cross*.

THE Objects and Pursuits are changed, the soft and soothing Passions which accompany the Hours of Youth and Love, are derided by those who have long possess'd them, and one total Oblivion erased the happiest Moments of their Life. Who that has felt the Sensations which true Passion affords, would exchange it for an Universe of Riches? and a Law that encourages the Union of Wealth, bids fairest to bring Misery to Mortals in all Conditions; the Poor will be yet poorer; and the Rich, chain'd to those they detest, will never taste the Joys which Wealth would otherwise afford them. What are the splendid Coach, the Pomp of Equipage, the Parade of Dress, the Table of Dainties, the Tumult

mult of Routs, the Suspence and Anxiety of Intrigue, compared to the Joy of loving and being beloved; the gracious Smile, the Heart-felt Tendernefs, the Look of Affection, the Repose in those we love, impart more solid Consolation than all other Acquirements on Earth can give without them.

WHOEVER then would divert Mankind from following the Dictates of most refined and uncontaminated Nature, is an Enemy to the Race of Man; and he that thinks it can be effectuated without universal Mischief, is a Stranger to the Ways of Providence; the most unvariable Rule of which is, that nothing contradictory to its original Laws shall ever be accomplished, either of a physical or moral Nature, without bringing Ruin on that People which has instituted it.

IF a Mechanic should invert all the Principles which compose the Knowledge of that Science; if he should assign the Wheels to be the Principle of Motion, the Spring to run round and be moved, the Weight to vibrate and regulate, and the Pendulum to urge, would not all Mankind deride such a Machine and Mechanic, because it is impossible it can perform its Office.

IF an Architect, who had a weak Employer, should undertake to build him a

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House, where all the common Rules of Building were inverted, the Proportions as they rise still growing bigger, till the Parts beneath sink under the Weight above;

Who would not say, that in the first of these Instances Ignorance was the Cause of it, and no good Machine could be the Product of the Hands of so ill an instructed Mechanic?

IN the second we must allow, that the Architect, if he understood his Art, was actuated with no honest Principles; that he meant to ruin his Master by his intended Blunders, buy the Land, and then build on it himself.

A MINISTER who knows so little of the Springs of human Actions, and human Happiness, as to subject all the Movements of the Heart in the Old and Young, to the pernicious Powers which arise from Money, is extremely ignorant of what makes the Happiness, and Welfare of a Nation; he is the Mechanic we have first mentioned.

IN the mean time, he who has thus augmented the Influence of Gold, tied Children as Slaves to the Will of their Parents, in this Article, and did all in his Power to bring together two Mountains of *Peru*, and all this with Design, is the Architect which we have last mentioned.

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FROM which of these two Causes the Marriage Act has been produced, we leave others to judge; either of them seems Reason enough for our painting the Consequences, and that the Law should be abrogated.

If from the first, then it would not be amiss to examine, whether one so imperfect in the Knowledge of Mankind, should be still at the Head of the Administration for governing it?

If from the second, tho' the Law is annulled, the Person should be continued with Honour in his Employment, because he has Sagacity enough to dupe a whole Nation to their Ruin. This no honest Man can dare to gainsay, or be so much an Enemy to his Country as to deny.

WHAT we have done in this Novel, was no more than to give, as it were, a Chart, to shew the Rocks, Shoals, Eddies, and Currents of this Law; and though, with many other Adventurers, we may be said to have sailed in search of undiscovered Countries; yet we take the Liberty to say, that from the Knowledge we have in human Nature, we dare to pronounce that the Consequences will be such as we have shewn; and that tho' we may not have assigned the very Track which will lead to

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all these Mischiefs, yet we have sufficiently shewn the Truth of their existing.

IN this we imitate *Columbus*, who, tho' from actual Knowledge and Examination of the Globe, he was able to prove that there was another Part of this Earth still undiscovered, yet could not give an exact Map of the Land, nor know the Winds which would blow to conduct him to it; and yet he knew that such Parts must exist, and Variety of Winds would waft him to the Discovery.

WE therefore think a more acceptable Piece of Service cannot be done our Country, than thus laying down what will be the probable Consequences of this Law, to preserve the Freedom of all, to save the Bloom of Beauty from the Chains of Avarice and Pride, the Clergy of the Land from Contempt and Contumely, and our Religion in consequence from Dishonour; for the Slight of the Divine naturally draws Neglect on his Ministration; and thus the strongest Security and Bond for Probity and Confidence in Man, is absolutely annihilated.

It will be worth the while for every Man of this Nation to examine, first, Whether this Law should pass in any Shape in a Country constituted like ours? Whether more Mischief than Good is not to be expected

ed from it in any Way of planning? And, lastly, Whether, as it is now past, any Thing can be more prejudicial and pernicious to the Happiness of all Kinds of People?

THIS we have endeavoured to do; and in each Instance we think the Story is told without Acrimony; we shall therefore take the Liberty to say, that we could have conducted the whole with much more Bitterness, and given a more stinging Finishing to every separate Story, but we chused to decline that Method, and only take this Occasion to say that we have trodden the Paths of Good-nature, and deviated sometimes from the most natural, on purpose to give way to that Impulse which inclines us to soften the whole, rather than inflame it.

CRITICS, of a certain Kind, may be apt to imagine that Miss *Barter* does not appear to be influenced by this Act at all in the Choice of her Husband: A little farther Reflection will set that in another Light; those who cannot dispose of themselves, are by no means in a Situation of judging of what they should have; the Desire of being free from Parents, and ranging openly in the World, will make young People, who are held in Thralldom, marry whatever may be proposed to them. And

in

in this Situation she was when Lord *Sap-
plin* propos'd his marrying her; and we
intended to shew the Consequence of false
Ambition in the Heads of mercantile Men
of low Extraction.

HAD she married the Man who lov'd
her, she might have been as happy as such
a Disposition could have been; but as the
whole Affair was transacted through pure
Interest on one side, and a false Love of
Honour on the other, nothing could be
expected otherwise than it has happened;
Riches produce no real Pleasure or Hap-
piness; when one Party does not know the
different Situations and Sensations which at-
tend the want of it: And tho' Love and
Poverty are but bad Inmates in the same
House, yet two People without that Pas-
sion, tho' with the Wealth of the *Indies*,
will hourly grow more odious to one ano-
ther; the being tied to what we do not
love, soon degenerates into being tied to
what we hate.

WAS it possible that a Law could be
framed, which could compel those to love
who are wedded together; or was there
any Law which could make People happy
without loving one another, who are mar-
ried; there could be no Objection to this.

PARENTS may prevail over the Actions
of their Children, and oblige them to give
their

their Hands where they refuse their Hearts; the very Pain which the Solicitation imparts, of those who have a natural Authority over their Children, though not an absolute one, will often drive them to marry what they dislike, to avoid that eternal Din of urging them to it; the Plague of a present Pain often hurries Mankind, for the sake of avoiding it, into something which is really worse, and is only chosen because it is distant.

Is there any Law which ought to exist, which tends to destroy the Bliss which should be consequential of the nuptial Rite? or can any Possession atone for the Deprivation of that Felicity?

How ridiculous is the Union of two great Fortunes in the Views of real Happiness! will twice two hundred thousand Pounds make a Couple happier than a tenth Part of the Money? will he that drinks from the great River of the *Amazons*, slake his Thirst sooner than he who drinks from the Brook which bubbles at his Feet? If these Things can add Happiness to human Minds, and Increase of Wealth communicate Increase of Felicity, even then the Legislative Power should have been used to prevent such a Union; because these Ideas of Felicity are founded on a Basis destructive to the Community which

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which each Individual makes a Part of. If the Person of great Riches be a parsimonious Man, his Desire of them is generally to exercise the despotic Inclinations of his Heart over those who have an equal Right to Freedom with himself in this Kingdom. It is a Pride discordant to the Nature of this Government, and the Happiness of all, and should therefore be restrained. If it happen that Pleasure and Gaming be his Pursuit, it is still more ridiculous to give a Man of Quality a Power of spending the Property of others, who has already, or will hereafter, spend too much of his own. The good Works of Charity which arise from the Union of Riches, we imagine will scarce be urged as an Argument against what we have said. In neither of these can mutual Happiness be found; Wealth added to Wealth makes no connubial Joy; it either augments Ambition and arbitrary Views, or increases Dissipation and Extravagance; in each Instance the Felicity which should attend an Union of Persons, is more effectually prevented, as the ruling Passion, being increased from the Power of pursuing it, renders each Man more eager in following one or the other, and of consequence less attentive to that which brought him the Means of acting in that Manner; the Wife is neglected,

glected, and Gratitude is never known to exist in those Bosoms.

A MINISTER therefore who knew human Nature, loved his Country, and endeavoured to preserve the due Equipoise of this Government, would have made a Law diametrically opposite to this, and prohibited People of very great Fortunes from uniting together, for the sake of universal Happiness and public Good.

LET us examine this very Instance of *Lady Sapplin*. The worst Thing which could have happened, excepting that which did, was, that she might have married *Samuel Waitwell* when he was a Servant in the Father's House; and even in this Case she would have probably been happier than she was in the other; even in supposing that the Parents had been reconciled, and *Waitwell* had spent the Money, the Commission of Adultery would have been omitted in the Affair, a Crime of no trivial Consequence in a State, whatever Cuckolds may imagine, who thrive beneath their Makers; or the Persons who dignify them with Horns, Honours, and Riches, may conceive.

NOTHING can increase the Practice of Adultery so much, as being wedded to what we hate; and nothing brings that Custom so universally into Fashion, as submitting

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mitting Children absolutely to the Will of their Parents in that respect, for any time : Generally speaking, vicious Passions will prompt the Rich to continue to dispose of their Daughters before that Age is lapsed when they can determine for themselves ; and tho' they cannot force them to marry during any Age, they may render Life so vastly disagreeable, that they would rather wed any thing, and any Person, to escape from the present Persecution, which there is no other Way of avoiding. The reigning Vices of old Age, Pride and Avarice, are vastly increased by the Power which this Law gives to Parents. Old *Barter* and his Wife are an Instance how much it governs them ; and yet what national Advantage could arise to this People, in supposing Lord *Sapplin* had behaved discreetly ; or what Disgrace to it, in supposing she had married *Samuel Waitwell* ? or even to *Barter* himself ? The Child of those who were once Servants, would have been married to one of their Father's and Mother's Condition, and his Riches have descended to one who was as good as himself ; the Money would have remained amongst them, or been dissipated in the Nation, and no greater Good can arise from one than the other. It is ridiculous to ennoble a Family for Wealth alone, or to imagine, because

because a Female has a large Fortune, she becomes the Rank of Nobility; or that Riches can communicate the Honours and Esteem which arise truly from generous and noble Actions; it is ridiculous we mean in the Eyes of a Legislative Mind, who ought to influence by other Motives, and dignify for other Reasons, tho' his private Interest and peculiar Views may lead him to that Conduct. Would *Eliza* have been happy, if she had married Sir *Roger Ramble*? or could she have supported Life in Company with such a Person? is there a Heart which would not have sorrowed at such an unequal Union? And give us leave to say, that all Parents imagining that Years impart Wisdom, which have only altered Tastes, are extremely apt to be arbitrary in their Determinations, and dress in the Furs, which become old Age, the boiling Blood of Youth.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, we allow running away to avoid Marriage is by no means a laudable Pursuit, tho' we have chosen in this Instance to turn it to the Happiness of the Lady, with Design to instruct those who must be in the same Circumstances hereafter, that there is a Path which leads to Security without flying with them they love, and that though every Thing is not preferable to a pretended Union of discordant
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Hearts; yet there is one Way more eligible than that of being tormented into Marriage with what they hate.

IN fact it is plainly seen, from Principles established in Nature, that such a Disposition as *Lady Saplin's* could have been rendered greatly happy by no Law, tho' she was made miserable by this. And the delicate and refined Soul of *Eliza* stood in need of none, and must have been made wretched by it. The visionary Happiness of the first was extinct as soon as lighted, and tho' she could be prevented from running away with a Servant before Marriage, she could not after. Those must be strange Heads indeed, who imagine a Law which suppresses unequal Marriages, and encourages unequal Adulteries, can be right in Nature, or beneficial to public Society; and those Heads must yet be much more miraculously perverted, who do not conceive that this Law can have no better Drift.

IT has been the universal Maxim of all Nations, that Virtue is the Support of Government, and the Source of Happiness; not only in the Transactions which pass between Kingdom and Kingdom, between Man and Man, but between the Sexes also.

THIS Law then, as is very visible in the Instance of Miss *Loyd*, has added another prevailing Art of Seducing, to those who

would ruin the Young, Virtuous, and Innocent; and tho' it may be urged, that all who are thus seduced know the Consequence of a Marriage in this Manner, yet it must be allowed that a Marriage, transacted in this Way, is a much more seducing Method than was before known; where no such Rite could have been past without being binding. In Consequence of which, that Institution which softens the Paths to Ruin, and makes criminal and virtuous Actions so nearly resemble one another, is extremely ill-judged; founded in the Ignorance of human Nature, or in an Inclination to confound indiscriminately Vice and Virtue.

THE young Lady in Love with an artful Man, is easily perswaded that no human Power has a Right to change, what has been hitherto considered as sacred. The Desire within prompts her continually to this Belief; and those who have the greatest Knowledge of our Actions, and the Springs from which they are put in Motion, will readily accede to the Insufficiency of Reason, with respect to the opposing the Impulses of Love and Passion. Nature or Custom has bequeathed to the Assistance of Reason the Passion of Shame, to support it in its combating the Influence of unlawful Love. But this new Act has extirpated that Coad-

jutor,

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jutor, by placing a false Power of ineffectual Marriage, to cheat and seduce the Mind into its own Destruction.

HAPPY Nation, where the Laws attempt by all possible Methods, to eradicate the Notions of public and private Virtue ! Happy Virgins of *Britain* ! whose Protectors have given you into the Hands of your Destroyers ; it is a Law for the breeding Wolves, and slaughtering of Lambs ; and a long List of ruined Virgins, by means of this Act, will undoubtedly be as acceptable to its Abettors, as a Number of scalp'd Christians to an *Indian* Chief, or Wolves Heads sent by *Lewellin* Prince of *Wales*, to the ancient Kings of *England*.

By this Method of making the Marriage-rite a Delusion to ruin Innocence, an ineffectual Bond which is rejected under these Circumstances at Pleasure ; it will throw a Contempt upon it at all Times, the Ideas of its being a sacred Institution will be annihilated, and common Minds be less induced to sustain and cherish those they are united to, and that Progeny which is the Effect of it ; the Manner in which Objects are considered makes their whole Import to the Behaviour of Mankind ; the Woman who thinks Matrimony a sacred Rite, will be less likely to be tempted to Adultery, than she who conceives it as a common Bargain and Con-

tract. This will receive a Husband as a Horse, which she has purchased to carry her thro' the World, and which she may quit for another, if she can meet one more sure-footed, with better Paces, or more Beauty; and Men part with their Wives, as easily as with a Cow which does not afford a good Pail of Milk. Was there ever a Nation, which imagined that the Obligations to Virtue should be lessened in the Minds of its Inhabitants, that had either Understanding, Probity, or Love of its Country, remaining.

WE have brought a 'Squire from *Wales*, to shew how Friends and Relations should behave in such Circumstances; and yet there may be more Women seduced, than will find Men of Courage to support their Cause, and make their Seducers their Husbands; and the Streets of *London* swarm yet more with ruined Girls, whilst those who deceived them, laugh at the Crimes and Destruction which they have produced.

THIS Law is perhaps the most singular of its kind, that ever was enacted amongst any People; no Nation where Government has hitherto been established, ever rendered their Priests obnoxious to Pains and Penalties, from which the Laity has been excused, the very Betrayer of the Clergyman and the Virgin, this sacred to Religion and that to

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Virtue, stands disculpated from the very Crime for which the Priest is doom'd to what *Socrates* thought worse than Death, and *Cato* slew himself to avoid, Banishment from his native Land; and what *Lucretia* stabbed herself to shun, perpetual Infamy. Can the Art of Man devise a more partial Law, can Religion be more severely wounded, and Men induced more readily to despise that Influence which should direct and govern all their Lives. The Hearers of Sermons will receive much Influence on their Minds from the Admonition of those who are open to a Punishment from which they are excused; a preaching Slave will have great Power over Mens Actions; a transported Parson will be a standing Joke and Sarcasm of an insolent Peasant, who shall refuse his Tythes or Quarrel with his Rector; the Presbyterian laughs at this Disgrace spread on the Ministers of our Religion, and the sly Quaker smiles inwardly, at the Consequences of this Law. The Gay, the Giddy, might have caused such Acts to have past in Favour of Lust and Contempt of Religion; but that those whose Years should have worn out the Effects of one, and Wisdom established the Necessity of the other, should engage in it, is an amazing Instance for the Enquiry of future Ages; and a Demonstration of the Weakness or Wickedness of the present.

It may be said that Divines, knowing the Consequences of this Act, are inexcusable if they offend; but is the Legislator not inexcusable also, who tempts those Men to their undoing? If it be criminal to marry till twenty-one, let that Restraint be placed alike on all the Parties concerned, and not the least culpable be the only Person punished. Can there be wanting, Clergymen who may be tempted by Distress to Acts of this kind when so many are in necessitous Circumstances in this Isle.

BECAUSE Men are by Nature prone to Sin, is therefore the Devil a good Being, who eternally solicits and prompts them to it? The Art of governing well is not by Terror or penal Influence alone, but by making Laws into which the least possible Temptations to unjustifiable Actions should enter, and Justice be equally and universally distributed amongst all Ranks of Men; both which are violated in the Nature of this Act.

METHINKS also the very Reason for which this Law was more particularly said to be passed, and the salutary Effects which it would cause, is at the Bottom a Mistake.

MAY it not with Reason admit some doubt, whether Wards being put so much in the Hands of their Guardians by this new Law, is not a more ready Way of marrying the Youth of both Sexes to those

who

who are beneath them in Rank and fortune. Is it more excusable than their own ill Judgments, or rash Passions? Is private Interest, a less prevailing Motive with a Guardian, to divide the Fortune of the Person intrusted to his Care, and to wed her to an infamous Man, than her own Inclinations? Will Men in general prefer the Happiness of others at the Neglect of their own Interest?

It is almost certain the contrary is the Truth: Whoever would seek to secure to himself any Part of the Fortune of her who is committed to his Charge, would most assuredly apply to one whose Principles of Probity were suspicious; a virtuous Man would scarce yield to such a Proposal, and a cunning Head scarce apply to him. Thus the Danger is as great, that she will be married to a Man of inferior Birth and Fortune, as before the Act; and much greater, that she will be married to a Person of bad Character. No young Girl is designedly active in getting a bad Husband, tho' she may to get a Husband; and not one in ten active in getting any at all. Perhaps, the Person who may think of marrying a Fortune, is by no means of bad Character, and may have every Requisite, but Money to make her happy. But in the present State of Things, considering how much Riches are the Pursuit of all Men, and

how effectually the possessing them effaces the Reproach by which they were obtained ; it is ten to one that the Guardian will be active in procuring a Husband for his Ward ; that the Person so procured will be of infamous Character ; and the young Lady lose great Part of her Fortune, by means of a Combination between her Suitor and her Guardian.

WEIGH the Disposition of Guardians against the Folly of Youth, the Circumstances of one Case against those of the other, and then see if it is not probable that more *Suckey Brightleys* will be ruined hereafter by Guardians, than have hitherto been undone by Love and unequal Marriage.

THUS this Law offers but little Expectation of Redress, in this very Instance which it was professedly designed to be serviceable. It has opened a more effectual Road to the very Fault which it was intended to obviate, and placed Youth out of their own Power, subjecting them to the Inclinations of those where Virtue is less likely to be found than in younger Hearts ; and tho' the Force of one Passion may be restrained in the Young, yet that of the other is increased in the Old ; and the Ward more likely to be ruined under the Conduct of the Latter than the first ; as Avarice or the Love of Money is more certain of prevail-

vailing in the Guardian, than the Love of a worthless Object in the Ward.

THE Difference of Government and Difference in Education of the Youth of a Nation, may make one Law useful in one Country which is altogether useless in another.

IN *France* it may be right, for the sake of sustaining Families, that Children should be restrained from Wedlock, till they are of a certain Age; I do not enter into a Disquisition of that kind. But this I must remark, that the Major, whether Man or Woman, who marries a Minor, is punished with Death, and the Priest only sent to the Gallies. If the Law be right in itself, it is not rendered unjust by a partial Consideration, and the greatest Offender dismissed without the least Suffering.

THE Education of young Females in that Country, is totally distinct from this of *England*; the first secluded from the World within the Walls of a Convent, beyond the Reach of Seduction; the latter brought into Life very early, loose to the wide World. A young Lady of Condition in *France* is scarce in Company with a Man till she leaves the Convent to be married; the latter, almost as often as she pleases, open to the Temptation of Youth, Beauty, and Flattery.

THUS

THUS it seems that the very Nature of our Education should have been sufficient Reason to have prevented this Law, unless it be urged in its Favour, that on the Account of this Manner of educating young Ladies, and the easy Access of young Men to them, it was thought fit to be enacted. If this be a Reason, it is just the same kind with that which prefers lost Honour, ruined Innocence, and Infamy, to inferior Marriage, Virtue, and Reputation; a bad Exchange for those who feel it, and no great Compliment to the Understanding or Heart of the Favourers of the Law. It seems it is to prevent unequal Marriage, and propagate Fornication.

WHAT can more naturally happen, than such an Interview between young Mr. *Hearty* and Miss *Thoroughgood*? and what less likely to be the Consequence of it, considering the Depravation of Youth, than his Constancy and Truth of Passion? Tho' this be the Road of right Nature, yet few young Men at present have Virtue or Resolution enough to wed those they have seduced; and the World has unjustly and cruelly thrown a Sarcastm on those who do.

YET we hope, notwithstanding the Law against Duelling, that some Brother, Friend, or Relation, will take ample Vengeance on every Seducer, and by that Custom intimidate

midate the Base-spirited and Coward, who stands secured by this Law, from the Violation or Seduction of the most deserving of their Species.

THIS is the first Instance upon Earth, in which Beauty, Virtue, Innocence, and Truth have been condemned by a Law, to a more probable Ruin than Ugliness, Ill-nature, Guilt, and Falshood; the first are the Pursuit of all the Artful, as the very Excellencies they are favoured with from Heaven, are the Cause of their being pursued; the latter defend themselves by their native Fortifications, which are above mentioned.

How great is the Obligation then which the dissolute young Men owe to the Promoters of this Law, who have added this capital Machine of prohibited Marriage to their other Artillery of Lust? They deserve as much Reward from them, as those humane Heads who are eternally contriving new and more expeditious Methods to destroy Mankind.

YET let us be permitted to say, for one *Hearty* there will be twenty *Wrights*; and for one where Happiness will succeed such an Interview, there will be an hundred like *Sally Standish*, destined by it to Infamy, Disease, and Death.

How

How many Snares will be laid for the Open-hearted and Honest, to circumvent them, by artful Relations, to induce them to illegal Marriages, and thus possess their Estates? 'Tho' perhaps Brothers may seldom happen to attempt such nefarious Actions, in the Manner we have drawn it in the Instance of the *Sterlins*, to make it more striking; yet will it often happen from the Machinations of others, and the most deserving Woman, the most promising and beauteous Children, be deprived of Bread by those who should have been their Protectors.

WHAT Art or Excellence is there in preventing unequal Marriages, and promulging Laws for the Loss and Ruin of a whole Family by other Means? Is that Man or Woman so certainly undone, who preserve their Estates to themselves, tho' they add nothing to it, as he who marrying, or fancying that he marries, what he loves, leaves the most deserving Family in utter Ruin and Disgrace?

WHAT Elopements are to be expected, when Marriages may be made for the Advantages of Mothers-in-law in Secret; when those who love each other, and would have been happy together, are purposely kept asunder for the private Interest of those who have effected it; and after

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encouraged to be intimate for the sake of completing the Scheme which they have so effectually begun?

It remains then to decide, Whether an Act which does not obviate the very Evil for which it was intended, that must increase the Number of ruined Virgins, propagate Adulteries, bring Religion into Disgrace, be productive of unhappy Marriages, and transfer Estates to those who have no natural Right to them, should be continued or not?

If it should still remain a standing Law of this Kingdom, will it not appear that Design, rather than Inattention, has been the Cause of it; and that the same Views which have been so successfully carried on enter still into this, and make a Part of that great Circle which has been the Round too long successfully trod.

To bring a national Clergy into Disgrace, is the most effectual Auxilliary which can be added to the present general Corruption, and the most prevalent Method of spreading its Influence universally; the Authority of those who denounce Pains and Penalties against Crimes which must be communicated to all the lower Classes, before they can be subdued totally to Slavery, must be extirpated for that Intent. The Mind thoroughly tinctured in Vice, is

ready for the Bribe which ruins its Country; and not till that Time can that Design be truly accomplished. Riches must be thrown into the Hands of a few, whose Power ever increases as Corruption spreads; Venality and that being inseparable; which Effect can never be so speedily, nor so securely generated, as by this Law.

THE Men of Pleasure must be indulged in the Ruin of Beauty, Innocence, and Virtue, totally absorbed in Debauch, and not check'd by Law from every vicious Indulgence; or perhaps Opposition may come from that Quarter: For which Reason, it may be suggested, the Seducer incurs no Penalty by this Law. A People universally debauched, is certainly undone. These Things, added to other Designs which have been lately attempted, would incline one to believe, that Ignorance of human Nature is not the Cause of this Law.

THE *General Naturalization Bill*, which would have brought so many People dependent on those who granted them that Privilege, who can have no natural Attachment to this Country, would have increased a Force to subdue the Natives; for *English* will not make Slaves of *English* openly, and by Arms; the Armies of *Britain* love their Country too well to perpetrate

petrate such Intentions; though they may possibly be seduced to it by Artifices which they cannot discover.

THE *Jew Bill*, setting aside all religious Views, to introduce a Set of People who detest you as Christians; whose Articles of Faith speak of no future State, whose Minds are uninfluenced by Hopes and Fears of another World, and consequently not withheld from criminal Actions with that Restraint which binds a Christian Nation; a Race, whose Lives and Characters are, and have been, the most infamous and detestable of all the Nations upon Earth, in all Places where they have resided. Would not these spread Dishonesty and Fraud yet farther amongst us, and hold Riches in their Hands for those who have, and ever will be ready to supply the Great with Money for their private Interest, and the public Ruin.

THESE, with the Encouragements given to separate Companies in particular Trades to enrich themselves, and impoverish the People; together with the Coinage of Paper into Money to screen the Diminution of your national Cash from the inattentive Eye, and supply ministerial Emergencies, make the Parts of one whole System.

WHO then that surveys these Things, would not be inclined to imagine, that they made the Parts of one Whole, that has no
true

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true Tendency to promotee the *British* Honour and public Welfare? Who, I mean, that is not convinced of that Uprightness with which all Things are managed by those at the Helm of public Affairs?

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

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PAGE 8. l. 4. *for* Cleones, *r.* Cleomenes.

10 l. 20. *for* lean Kind, *r.* lean Kine.

87. l. 8. *for* I—*shm*—*el*, *r.* *Ishmael*.

210. l. 24. *for* Ordonnance, *r.* Ordinance.

212. l. 4. *for* Ordonnance, *r.* Ordinance.

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PAGE 65. l. 10. *r.* of a different *for* as.

66. last Line, after Morning dele ,

97. l. 29. place , after *Ishmael*.

[110. l. 23. add ; *after* manner of Thinking.

112. l. 19. *for* infiaite, *r.* infinite.

135. l. 4. dele , after *Boothby*.

163. l. 11. *for* Word, *r.* World.

241. l. 1. dele and.

274. l. 14. *for* infeited, *r.* infected.

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